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Stuff

THE CATALOG OF **SEX**

READ IT AND (BLEEP)

Daisy Gets Crazy!

Ms. Fuentes is back in her hottest photo shoot ever p.72

FALL FASHION FRENZY

Now with extra dressing

SHAMELESS SCAMS

How to Milk A Moron

FLUNK U.

Stuff sneaks back into college

The Mob's Greatest Hits

Their top 20 rackets

I AM THE BEST PLAYER IN THE NFL

Meet the TV humble Ray Lewis

PLUS

Six new beers

Yoga made useful

High-end haul

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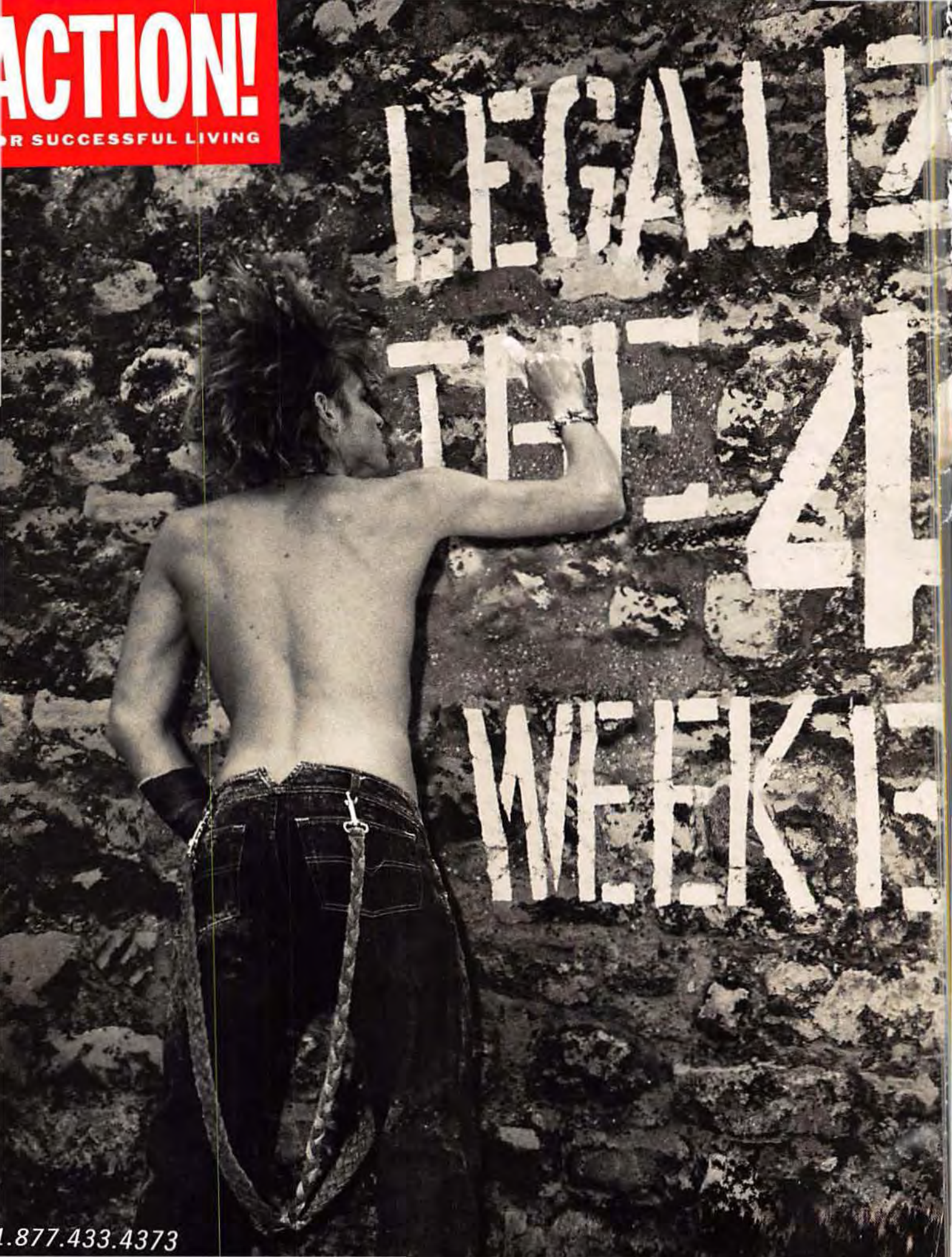
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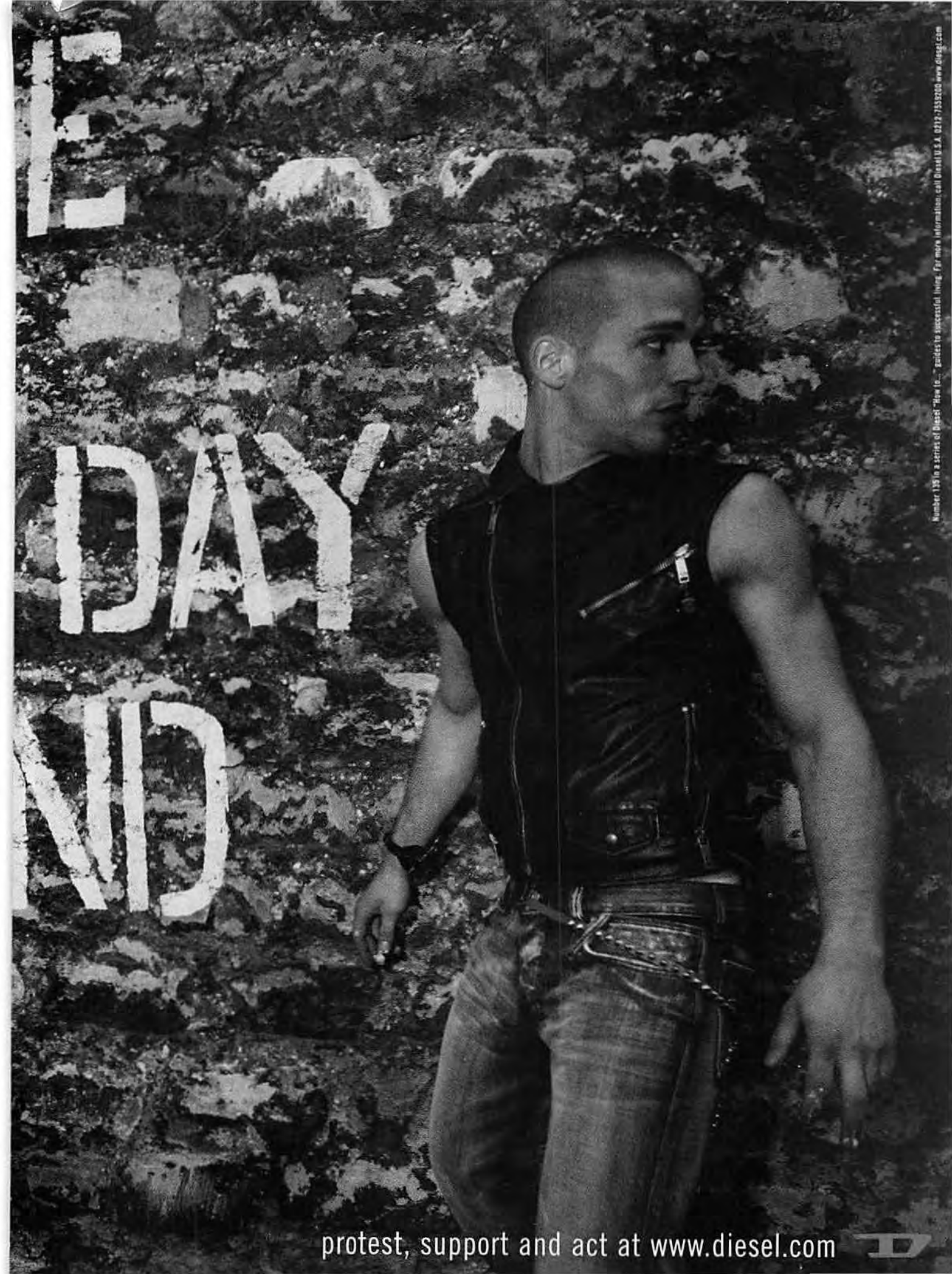
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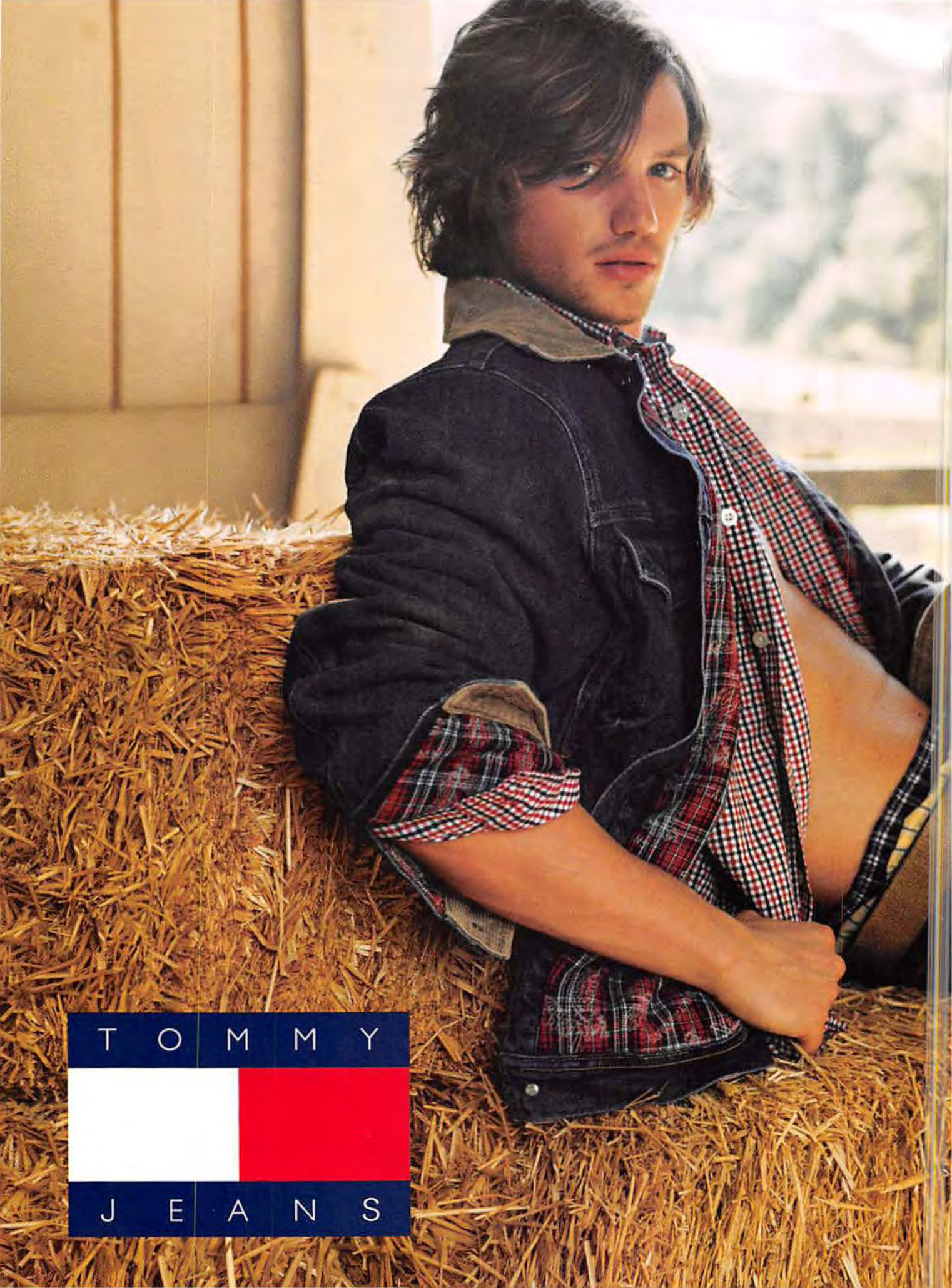
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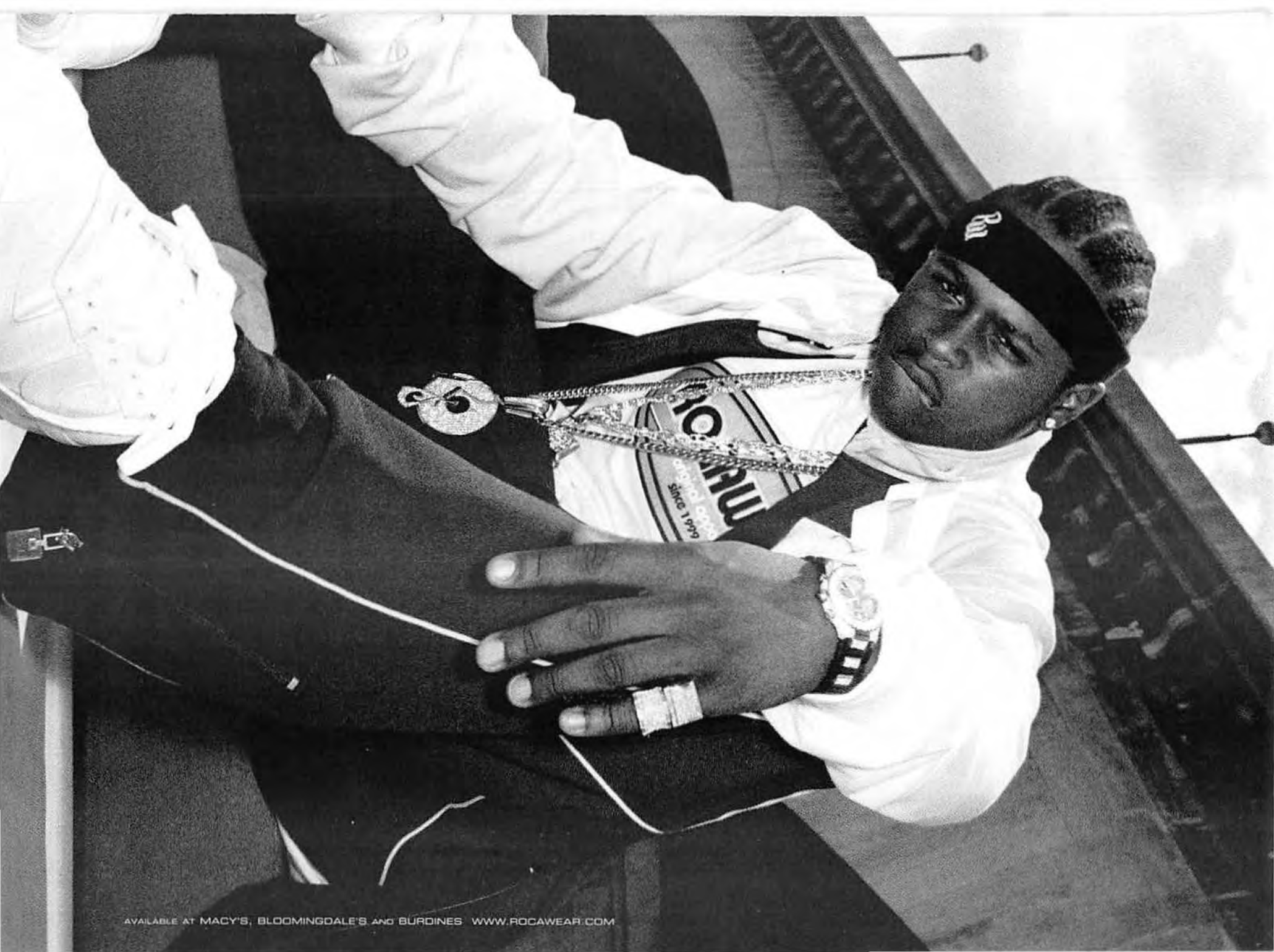
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Is that bikini top covered in sequins? Better move in for a closer look. Ewww! When we lick the picture it tastes like paper! p.122

Stuff

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On the Cover

Daisy Fuentes

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRIS CUFFARO

STYLING BY DANNY FLYNN FOR CLOUTIERAGENCY.COM

HAIR BY WILL CARRILLO FOR CLOUTIERAGENCY.COM

MAKEUP BY CATHY HIGHLAND FOR CLOUTIERAGENCY.COM

PROP STYLING BY JAMIE DEAN FOR SMASHBOX

fredperry.com

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Producers Courtenay Kendall, Loren Talbot
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CONTRIBUTORS
Writers Kirk Miller, John Parrish **Copy** Adriana Morandin, Mark A. Rhyne **Fashion** Gustavo Serrano
Photo Karin Fittante, Brian Inatsuka, Liaht Pashayan **Research** Dan Nemet-Nejat
Reporter Stefanie Sandello **Interns** Robert Connors, Markees Evans, Tracy LaGrua

WEST COAST OFFICE
West Coast Editor Laurie Kantor Finn
Editorial Assistant Gabriela de Broux
Office Coordinator Jonathan Fine (310) 859-9700

ADVERTISING
Associate Publisher Michael H. Provus
Advertising Director Mark A. Oltarsh
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Associate Publisher Aric Webb
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SSG. **Calvin Garrett.** Drill Sergeant. **AN ARMY OF ONE.**℠ In the United States Army.

These values are at the Army's core. In order for me to teach them to new recruits, I don't get in their face. I get in their hearts. **I AM AN ARMY OF ONE.** And there are 1,045,690 others just like me.

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GREG'S World

THE SLEAZY GOSSIP SHEET ALL ABOUT THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE!

$1.50

AFTER TWO NIGHTS AT HOME, EDITOR READY TO GO OUT

After taking time off "to get some sleep and dry out," *Stuff* editor-in-chief Greg Gutfeld held a bathroom news conference to announce that he is now ready to go out again and "rage!"

Before the break, he'd partied four nights in row, coming home no earlier than 3 A.M.

"It really wears on you," Gutfeld told this reporter, who was also Greg Gutfeld. "The late nights, the drinking. I thought, *You know what? Time to slow down.*"

Gutfeld also told at least one high-level source that he's planning to join a book club, "possibly as soon as the beginning of next month."

Gutfeld said he was motivated to improve himself after reading the feature by self-help guru Bill Schulz on page 128. "It's called—ready for this?—'Back to School'!" Gutfeld revealed. The assignment? "He sneaks back into college to take courses and get drunk."

Schulz' parents were incensed, said Gutfeld. "The bill was $73,000. And that didn't include the beer." But it did include the lawyer.

"IT WOULD BE GOOD TO PUT A BLACK BOX HERE WITH SOME WORDS IN IT."

—GREG GUTFELD, SPEAKING TO GREG GUTFELD

Hoping against hope that Schneider is carrying.

Editor Possibly Sees Mackenzie Phillips on Street!

Walking home from work last Friday, *Stuff* editor Greg Gutfeld saw Mackenzie Phillips—or someone who looked just like her—relaxing with a cigarette. "Her hair was dyed a light strawberry blonde," the ace journalist said. "I'm pretty sure it was her."

Greg later met himself at Bennigan's, where he had drinks and speculated on Phillips' career moves. "It was near my apartment," he said, "and I was walking pretty fast, but it *really* looked like her." She didn't seem to be smiling, Gutfeld said, "So I thought, *Hey, just keep walking.*"

All in all, it was a night to remember, Gutfeld vaguely recalled. "I ordered takeout from Gourmet Wok," he said, referring to the Chinese restaurant located only blocks from where he possibly saw Ms. Phillips.

According to industry sources, Ms. Phillips had no comment on this sighting. "She definitely wasn't asked about it," said one insider.

Gutfeld said he hoped she'd like the September issue. "On page 112, it's got a feature called 'They're Gonna Git You Sucka'"—an article Gutfeld called "an illustrated guide of scams pulled on unsuspecting victims." It's funny and useful, he was seen telling bystanders and assorted half-naked grief counselors.

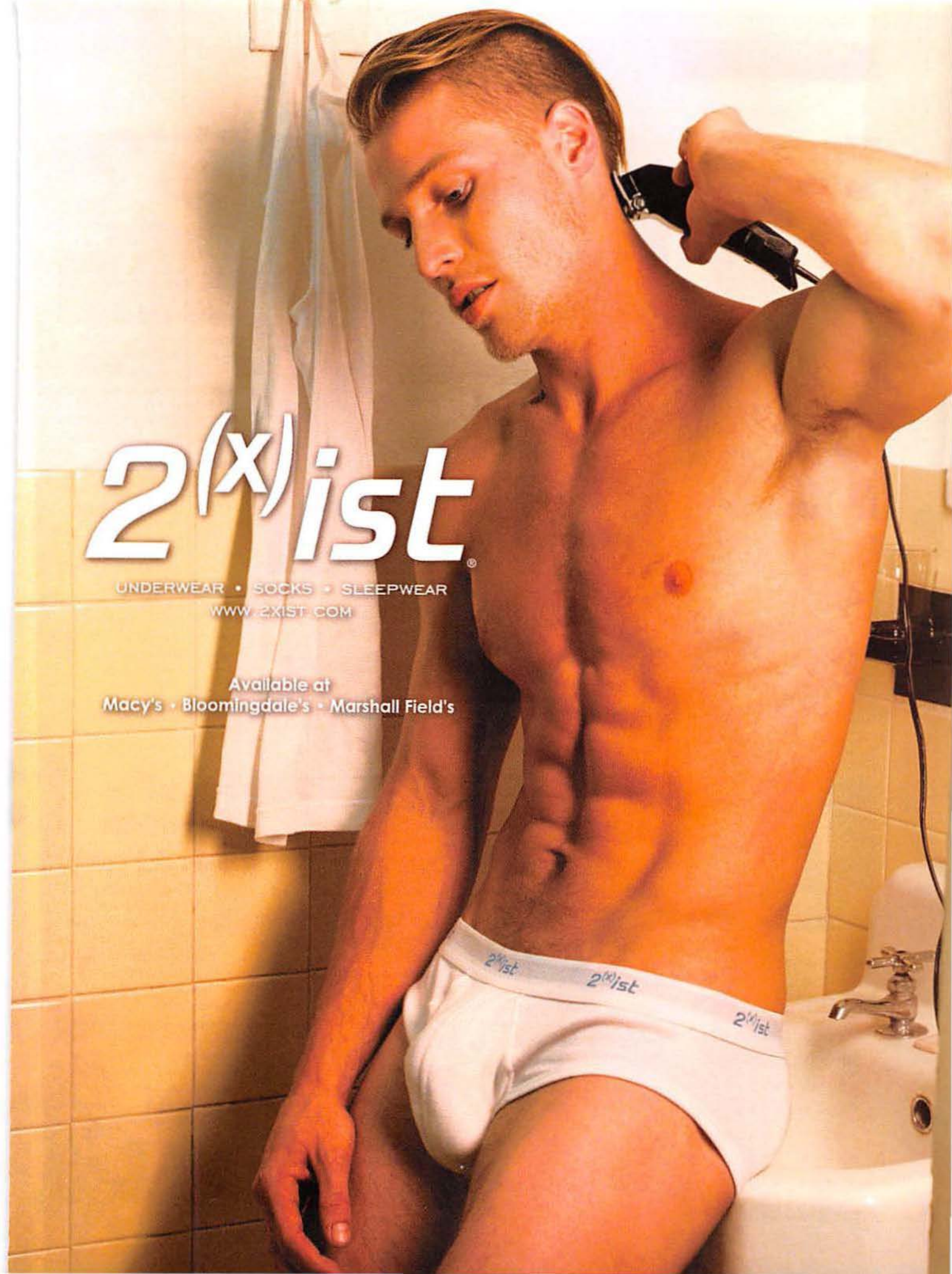
Editor's Mom Leaves Another Message

"[*Breathing*]...Hi?....[*Breathing*] I don't know if this is on....Did it beep? Oh, well, are you still there? I don't know....Anyway, I got the magazine late, so I was just looking at it. Your sister Jeannie applied for the magazine, but they spelled her name wrong. It's your sister—don't they know who you are? Oh, well. This issue is good. Very light—takes my mind off all the grim news. The world needs fun.

I enjoyed Stuff Picks. The prison tray reminds me of my time in prison—I hope nobody believes me. I don't enjoy all the sex. OK? You probably won't even hear this....Bye."

New Intern's Handshake Confuses Editor

In an embarrassing incident witnessed by at least three other employees, Greg Gutfeld was caught dumbfounded as the new intern offered him an "urban" handshake. "Really, I don't know what to do with that kind of shake—seriously," he said, visibly flustered. "Does that make me a racist?" he asked no one in particular. Then someone showed him the interview with Daisy Fuentes on page 122 and he quickly forgot everything!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The Stuff Summary

This month: Tom Junod* writes sensitively in the July issue of *Esquire* about putting his dog to sleep.

*Tom Junod is an award-winning writer for *Esquire*, an award-winning magazine that used to be enjoyed by men your father's age.

Kids' Korner

Hey, kids! Find the hidden message!

o e d f h v s a x f l d y s h
w v r t i p f p p h b d o n t
k i l l y o u r p a r e n t s
r n v k m s o f g p h p r h a
m q x p e s l y t s e p b i l
a p r m f p w e m j g o r k f

He loves the camera. Seriously, dude, it's all sticky. Gross!

Editor Loses, Then *Recovers*, Credit Card!!

In what proved to be a strange turn of events, *Stuff* editor Greg Gutfeld lost his credit card last Wednesday at a local bar—only to recover it two days later at the same local bar!

"I just called them up and asked them if they had it," Gutfeld told this reporter, who was also Greg Gutfeld. "Sure enough, they did! I picked it up that day."

Relieved that he didn't have to cancel his Visa, he promptly charged a drink—at the very same bar! "It was a celebration of sorts. Everyone there was happy for me. See, good things can happen to good people!"

Gutfeld told sources close to the men's room that he plans to sell his story to *Details*. "All I need is an agent," he said. "I want somebody who packs heat at a contract negotiation and isn't afraid to blow the brains out of some limp-brained publisher if things don't work out."

Gutfeld said he had been influenced by two things: an ex-*Details* editor who is now turning tricks for *FHM* in the second-floor men's room at Port Authority Bus Terminal, and by a story on page 118 in the current issue of his own magazine, called "The Mob's Greatest Hits."

"I found it moving," Gutfeld said, "as well as inspiring."

"I love the way the best rub-outs are done by health-savvy men in track suits," agreed the former *Details* staffer from his office under the sink.

"PLEASE PUT AN INTERESTING QUOTE HERE....SOMETHING THAT MAKES ME LOOK SMART AND IMPRESSES MODELS."
—GREG GUTFELD, SPEAKING TO GREG GUTFELD

EX-GIRLFRIEND E-MAILS EDITOR!!!

Sources close to Greg Gutfeld reported that the woman who jilted Greg years ago, only to marry her neighbor, had recently e-mailed the *Stuff* editor to ask him "how I'm doing" and to "take a look at some chairs she liked."

Gutfeld, who has yet to respond, immediately contacted a number of friends to tell them the news. "I'm really happy for Greg," said Ron, a close friend. "He's been waiting for an e-mail like this for two years!"

After some hesitation, Gutfeld decided not to respond to the e-mail. "Let her wallow in her own misery," he told himself over beers at an empty Irish dive, where he sat alone reading "Bed, Blond & Beyond" on page 138.

"Besides, I'm involved with somebody else," he said, looking at his right hand. "And we're very happy."

Toilet Brushes With Fame!

NEW COMPETITION!

Asks Greg Gutfeld: "Have you ever urinated next to someone famous? I have. Last year in a bar, a guy from Hanson sidled up next to me to take a whiz. His bodyguard stood behind me. That made me very nervous and, having a gentleman's bladder, I was forced to cut my visit short. I never really recovered. If you have stories like these, please send them to me. You could win $100 in toilet paper or $100 in cash, whichever you prefer."

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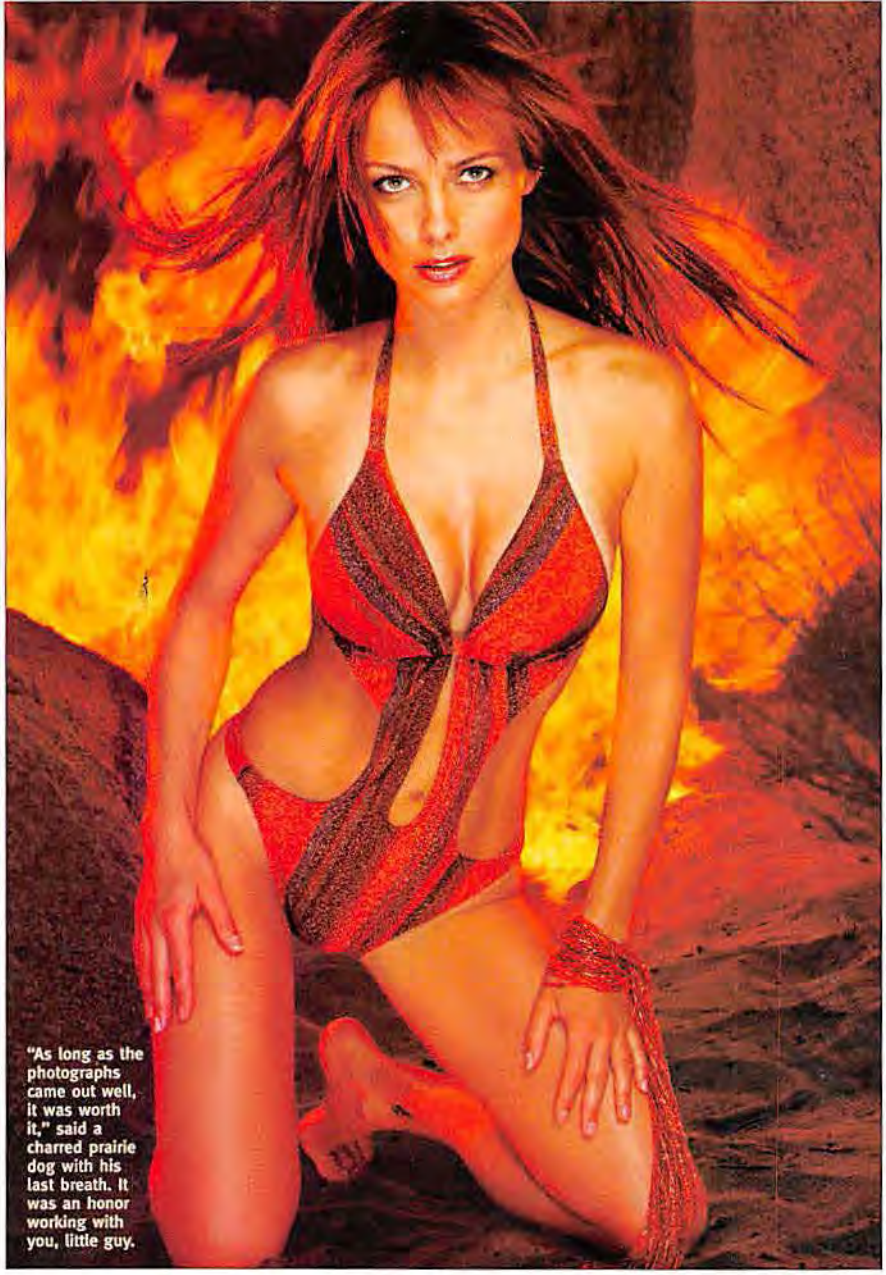
Dear Stuff

Please write!
We never talk anymore!



"As long as the photographs came out well, it was worth it," said a charred prairie dog with his last breath. It was an honor working with you, little guy.

Iza? Bella!

Wow! I was thrilled when I saw the cover of the July issue. Izabella Scorupco is my all-time favorite Bond girl. She is even more stunning than I remember, and the pictorial itself is outstanding. I applaud your creative staff for coming up with such an impressive, eye-popping background. It's unlike anything I've ever seen!

—Stephen Lee Roldan, Aiea, Hawaii

That's what we pay them for, Stephen. Well, that and mowing our lawn. They're saving up for a new mower. Their old one is all bloody!

Girls with guns

I saw your June article "Psycho Sex Files." In case study No.6, you imply that any woman who protects herself with a gun is a psycho. Furthermore, your "expert" Gilda Carle indicates that a gun provides a false sense of security because it "could be turned on her if she's not careful." People who carry guns are careful by nature. The woman in your article was very open about the fact that she carried a gun. This indicates that she had obtained the proper permits and took the required training classes. You could also apply Gilda's argument to any police officer or military serviceman. Would she like to disarm *them*?

—Rev. Robert M. Morse, Wyandotte, Mich.

We were somewhat *disarmed* by your letter. First, we wondered why a member of the clergy is reading *Stuff* instead of, say, the Bible or at least *Reader's Digest*. Then why you would be so passionate about packing heat. Things must be pretty wild there in Wyandotte. We hear the fair is going to be outrageous this year!

Momma's boy

In regards to Greg Gutfeld's editor's letter (July): My mom works for Continental Airlines, and I am pissed. First, if you have a gripe, it is with Expedia.com, not Continental. You bought the ticket from Expedia for your 77-year-old mom, then you trash Continental for charging you to rebook the flight and not kissing your ass for changing the date. I have news for you: All airlines charge to rebook flights. If you took time to compare them with the other airlines, you'd see that Continental cares about customer service. Next time, trash the people who deserve it!

—Phillip S., Mobile, Ala.

Unfortunately, Phillip, your mom wasn't the one who talked to us. If she had been, perhaps we could have avoided all this unpleasantness. And perhaps we'd now be dating your mom. We bet she's sexy! ▷▷▷

A TRAEGER LI'L TEX GRILL

WIN!

We don't cook much, but when we do we prefer to do it outside. That way we can keep an eye on the kids. (We live next to a school.) If you feel the same way, send us a witty or at least semiliterate letter. If we deem it the best, you'll win a new Traeger Li'l Tex barbecue grill, valued at $600. This wood-fueled monster has 357 square inches of cooking space, perfect for spontaneous get-togethers with your pets. You may be wondering why, with a surface so big, they call it Li'l. Guess you've never been to Texas. No one there can spell.

Send your lengthy ramblings to: Letters, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or e-mail 'em to: letters@stuffmagazine.com. For rules, see the Where to Buy page—or talk to Vic. He sleeps near the bridge.

Photography: (Izabella) Steve Shaw; Styling: Shelly Caudill; Hair: Daisy Newkirk for Celestine Agency; Makeup: (Jill) Schober for Nars/Celestine Agency.

Jealousy rears its ugly head.
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LETTERS

Perfect stranger

I was taught as a child that nothing on earth is perfect. You guys have proved that wrong. Alexandra Adi (July) is nothing if not perfect. She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. From her hair to her toenails, she's the perfect picture of perfection.

—S.S., Bethel Springs, Tenn.

Dude, have you seen Phillip S.'s mom? Talk about perfection—she's sexy *and* courteous!

Rash behavior

I'm an inmate at Hays State Prison. In your July issue, I came across the Big Red Rash prank. I found it so funny that I pulled it on a fellow inmate, which was funny as hell! However, it ended in a brawl and I got 21 days in isolation. It was worth it.

—Shawn Buchanan, H.S.P., Trion, Ga.

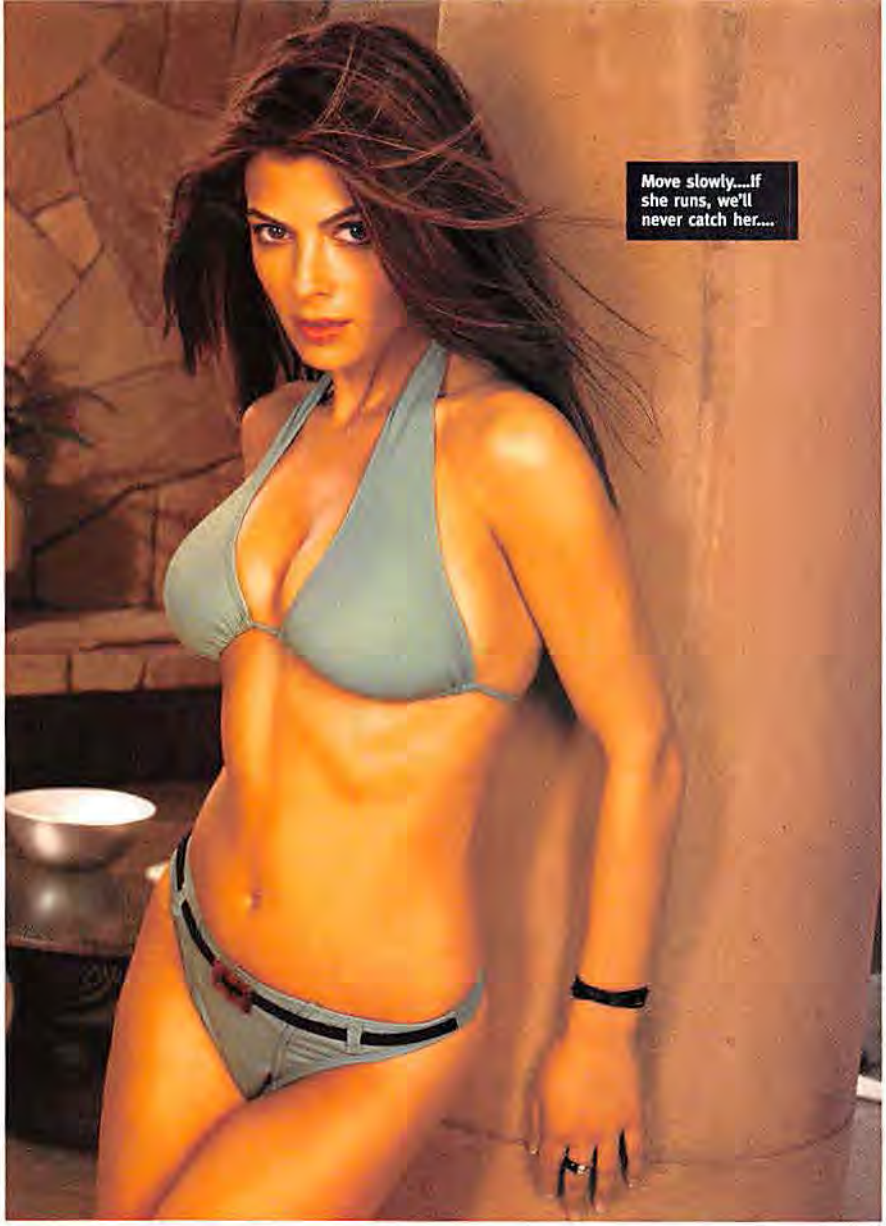
We agree that three weeks in a dark, stinking hellhole is a small price to pay for the satisfaction of a well-executed practical joke. Speaking of executions, be sure to try next month's stunt, the Got Your Gun When You Weren't Looking! It's a killer.

General confusion

The *Stuff* military survey (July) was ignorant and ridiculous! Of course soldiers don't trust journalists. Look at the kinds of articles you print! You take the most ignorant individuals and ask them ridiculous things. Military families have been enduring more than any other Americans could ever realize for longer than your magazine has been around. These men and women of the armed forces are heroes. They risk their lives so that you are able to put out your pathetic magazine. Instead of writing articles bashing the military, you should be thanking them for their patriotism.

—Jennifer Riggs, via e-mail

We salute you, Jen. It takes guts to say that our men and women in uniform are heroes. It also takes guts to show more than a million *Stuff* readers that you're totally clueless, since there is absolutely nothing in that story to imply that we don't respect the military. If we didn't respect them, we wouldn't have asked for their opinions. Which, by the way, is why we didn't ask you for your opinion.



Move slowly....If she runs, we'll never catch her....

LETTER OF THE MONTH

The "169 Lies You Can Tell" piece (May) was one of the funniest articles you have ever written. I am a sixth-grade teacher, and we recently took our kids to the local park. The kids brought their lunch and decided to feed a squirrel some Doritos. Realizing I could use one of your lies (the exploding seagull), I told the students to stop because the squirrel would explode. A few of them even cried.

—Name withheld, New York City

If there were more teachers like you, those little bastards might learn some respect. Imagine wasting perfectly good chips on furry tree rats! For your tutelage, you've won an X Games bike and skateboard.

Bum advice

I'm a retired hobo (six years off the rail), and I was connected with the Wrecking Crew, whom you mentioned in "Hoboes from Hell" (July). The Wrecking Crew is not a splinter group of the Freight Train Riders of America (FTRA). We mainly rode the southern routes on the Southern Pacific. Yes, we believed in some Old West justice (if you done wrong, you'll be done by dawn). But I've still got 10 fingers, 10 toes. Look at it this way: You know that guy who totally pisses you off? You won't kick the shit out of him because of cops and lawsuits. The tramp does not fear these things. For the most part, these are loyal people who take care of their own. I trust those evil tramps more than my neighbor's kid.

—Scott Shelor, via e-mail

We didn't know hoboes could retire. How many years do you have to put in? We're kind of pissed that our guidance counselor didn't push it as a career option. When he said, "You don't want to grow up to be a bum," we believed him. ▷▷▷

Photography: (Alexandra) Charlie Langella for Racer Media; Styling: Shelly Caudill; Hair: Kali for Celestine; Makeup: Gil Schofer for Celestine; Illustration: Gary Brantham

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LETTERS

"All right, honey, now let's go get my name tattooed across your clacker!"

Big, fat lie

I am a major loser, but I feel like I have to point this out: On page 120 of the June issue, in your video-equipment roundup, you said Twizzlers are fat-free—but there is, like, one gram of fat per serving. Just thought I'd let you in on the secret. Thanks for the great magazine!

—*Heather, via e-mail*

You're not a major loser, Heather. You should work on your self-esteem. We bet there's a great guy for you out there somewhere. A guy who also likes to stand around convenience-store aisles memorizing the nutritional information on candy wrappers. Someone who can tell you—without checking—that a 1.23-ounce Toblerone bar has 190 calories and 90 grams of fat. But if you met that guy, you'd call *him* a major loser and you wouldn't want to date him. Would you? Anyway, write again if you get the chance. And send a photo, OK?

You won't leave your heart in Sierra Leone

Your June issue's "Don't Go There" article gives an inaccurate description of Sierra Leone. I am a refugee from Sierra Leone, and it is not that scary. Articles like this can place a negative stereotype on my people, and the stigma can significantly affect its economy. True, there are those few who have committed atrocious acts against their countrymen, but Sierra Leone relies on tourism. Please inform your readers that we will not eat their hearts or livers.

—*Abu Karim Mboka, Phoenix*

Gee, that's one of the best tourism pitches we've ever heard. Now that we know our vital organs won't be torn out and consumed, we're calling up Continental Airlines and booking a weekend getaway to Sierra Leone. How are the girls there?

"Yeah, she's a beauty. But 12 bucks is more than I want to spend on a clipboard. Oh, wow, look at the time....Better get back to the hospital!"

Happy ending

You guys are fucking assholes for giving out the endings of movies ("Spoiler Alert!" July). Some of us like to be surprised!

—*Jennifer, via e-mail*

The doctor says you have a tumor. Surprise! ▷▷▷

Stuff Cares

When people say bad things about us, we want to know why.

"That's right. Mmm-hmmm. Shit...hold on. This thing is back on my head again."

Every month your magazine gets worse. I've been a loyal reader for three years and have loved every issue until the last few. You went from entertaining your readers to insulting them with insipid remarks. And the editor's letter has got to go. Mr. Gutfeld has proved that he has no business writing in your magazine. I hope my subscription runs out before you print this. Actually, I just hope my subscription runs out.

—Matt J. Owens, Cape Gerardo, Mo.

We called Matt to delve further into his complaints about *Stuff*.

STUFF: Hi, Matt. I'm an editor at *Stuff*. We sometimes contact disgruntled readers to find out what went wrong. Can you tell me about yourself?

MATT: I am 31 years old. I work in a factory that makes flooring for semitrailers.

What drew you to *Stuff*?

It had more diversity than other men's magazines. Things about cars and video games, and on the next page something about a mass murderer. I found it really entertaining because it had everything.

Did you ever write to thank us for our efforts to entertain you?

No, I never did. I just didn't get around to it.

So you took us for granted?

Yeah...I guess I did.

What prompted you to write this letter?

It's like everything in the magazine has to have a punch line. I like a good punch line, but I don't feel that it needs to be in every little article. You tend to have a short description of something and then a zinger that sometimes doesn't even make sense.

In your letter you say, "...you insult [the readers] with insipid remarks." What does that mean?

I meant in the Letters section—most of the questions never get answered. It's just a funny remark that doesn't even apply.

No, no. What does the word *insipid* mean?

The jokes are a little on the thin side.

Did you like the story about creepy fish that we did in July?

Oh, yeah. See, it's that sort of stuff I like. It's all jokes, but it's an article dedicated to jokes. Unlike the Letters page.

Do you think you can write better than our editor-in-chief, Greg Gutfeld? Do you write at all?

I write. I have a couple of novels that I'm working on and I've written a lot of poetry, but I certainly don't consider myself a feature writer.

Would you consider writing for *Stuff*?

Sure. I'd jump on that.

Sorry—we're full. It's a tough business.

I'm sure that it's very competitive.

***Competitive* isn't even the word. I think the word is *spiteful*.**

STUFF ANSWERS ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY'S LETTERS

From the June 28/ July 5, 2002 issue

Your brilliant interview with [David] Bowie and Moby said more about them, their art and the state of the music business than years' worth of critical essays and made me more sure than ever that, if I ever fulfilled my 30-year dream of meeting Bowie, I'd be so terrified of his withering criticism that I'd be struck dumb.

—*A. Goldin, Montclair, N.J.*

You're right to be terrified. We showed David Bowie your letter, and he couldn't believe anyone would write such a steaming pile of crap. He also said you were ugly. And we didn't even ask for his opinion on that one!

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says:

"There are many great letters published by *Entertainment Weekly*. So from now on we're going to answer only letters from that magazine. They're beyond fawning! That's the gist!"

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LETTERS

We're all thumbs

I just read "Two Thumbs Up...Your Nose" (July), and you have got to be kidding me. First off, how could you bash *Forrest Gump*? It took on all aspects of the baby-boomer generation, from racism to the Vietnam War. There were some others you got wrong. Like *Citizen Kane*, *Fantasia*, *Rebel Without a Cause* and *The Godfather* trilogy. I am only 19 years old, but I have seen all of these movies, so I figured I should write you.

—Josh Crumpton, via e-mail

We apologize, Josh, for the typographical errors in that piece. We were actually talking about *Forrest Hump*, an adult movie we rented. Oddly enough, Hanks starred in that one, as well.

Gone with the wind

In your June issue's Letters section you said that there is no such place as Kenosha, Wisconsin. In fact, there is such a place. My brother lives in Kenosha, which is in the southern part of the state, near Milwaukee. I've been there, so the place does exist. You'd better get your heads out of your asses and check into things before you print them so you don't look stupid.

—Anthony, via e-mail

We guess you haven't heard that the town of Kenosha, Wisconsin, was wiped off the map by a massive tornado. How about Milwaukee? That's made up, right?

ART CORNER

Knight writer

I'm in the U.S. Army and am stuck in Kuwait for the next five months. I wanted you guys to see the ink drawing I included. Keep it. When I'm a famous artist, it will be a nice showpiece.

—Specialist Jason Kyle, C Company, 317th ENG

You're going to be famous? How?

CORRECTIONS

✔ Nostradamus did not predict that in October 2002 Vice President Cheney will spontaneously combust in a Greek restaurant, as we reported in our September issue. Jeanne Dixon said that.

✔ Our recent story "The 50 Sexiest Bachelors in America" neglected to mention that all of them are gay. We thought it was obvious from the pictures.

✔ Our August feature "Rock-Hard Calves in 10 Days!" should have pointed out that rock-hard calves make terrible veal parmigiana.

✔ "How to Tie the Perfect Power Knot" in April's issue was supposed to be about neckties, not snakes.

✔ A feature article next month will contain several spelling errors and a potentially libelous remark concerning Melissa Rivers. Just a heads-up!

✔ We've completely run out of limited-edition autographed photos of our editor-in-chief, Greg Gutfeld, so please stop asking for them.

✔ Several sharp-eyed readers have pointed out that John Gotti is dead and should be removed from our list of contributing editors. Consider it done.

"Vroom! Vroom!" said Tony. "Look at us! We're a hearse!" Tony was always breaking people up!

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TRUE LIES

Waylon Jennings gave me these overalls on his deathbed.

True tales from your twisted lives.

True Lie of the Month

I'm an airline pilot. A few minutes after takeoff on a recent flight, one of the attendants called us on the interphone, saying a woman was screaming that her left breast was inflating. The higher we climbed, she said, the bigger the woman's breast grew. I declared an emergency and landed. I went back to try to help the lady, and sure enough one of her breasts was much larger than the other. The paramedics later explained that it was actually the smaller breast that had inflated during the flight. As we gained altitude, the change in pressure expanded her breast implant until it popped. That's why it looked smaller once we landed. She seemed oddly relieved when they told her what happened, and she simply said, "I guess I need new implants."

—*Nick R., Toledo*

YOU'VE WON! A weekend trip and party from Kahlúa and E! We'd like to go, but those Make a Wish people won't return our calls.

Man likes bush

My cousin drives to work every day on [New York's] Long Island. He noticed a beautiful bush on the side of the parkway that he thought would look great in his garden, so one night he drove to the spot. He dug up the bush and was wrapping the roots in burlap when a state-police car approached. Two troopers got out and asked, "Just what the hell do you think you're doing?" My quick-thinking cousin explained that his wife hated the bush in his front yard and told him to get rid of it. He said he figured it was a waste to just throw it away, so he decided to plant it here. The officer said, "No way! You can't plant that here. Fill in that hole, take your bush and get the hell out of here." My cousin apologized, filled the hole and went home with his new bush.

—*Beonder, via e-mail*

Bathroom whispers

A few months ago I was driving from Montreal to Quebec City when I pulled over at a rest stop. The first toilet stall was occupied, so I went into the second one. As I began laying down some seat tissue I heard a voice from the next stall say, "Hi, how are you doing this fine afternoon?" I am not the type to chat with strangers in a highway rest station, but I answered, "Not bad." Then the stranger asked, "And what are you up to?" This was weird but amusing, so I said, "Well, just like you're probably doing, I'm driving east." Then I heard the stranger, all upset, say, "Look, I'll call you right back. There is some idiot in the next stall answering all the questions I'm asking you. Bye!"

—*Kris Klemick, Harrisburg, Pa.*

Screwing the pooch

A few years ago my mom tried her hand at animal husbandry. That's where you have two dogs screw and then sell the puppies. During Mom's first foray into the dog-humping biz, our Great Dane, Rosco, was doing his thing when the bitch freaked and ran off. This left the tip of Rosco's penis engorged and unable to return to its sheath. Frantic, my mom called the vet. The vet said the only solution was to manually relieve Rosco. So she busted out some Vaseline and, after Rosco got his, the swelling went down. Relieved, Mom called the vet back to see what else she should do. Confused, the vet said he had no idea what she was talking about. It turns out the first time Mom called, she dialed the wrong number.

—*Mike E., via e-mail*

VAN WILDER AND FIVE OTHER DVDs

WIN!

The best things in life come in sixes: beer, a half-dozen eggs, hookers...and the next True Lies prize! If you send us the best, most socially irresponsible lie, you can win *National Lampoon's Van Wilder* on DVD along with five additional Artisan Entertainment titles. It's a prize package valued at $150. Watch the movies over and over again, or use the discs as nifty coasters. We're not here to tell you how to live your life, dude. We're not your father...we think.

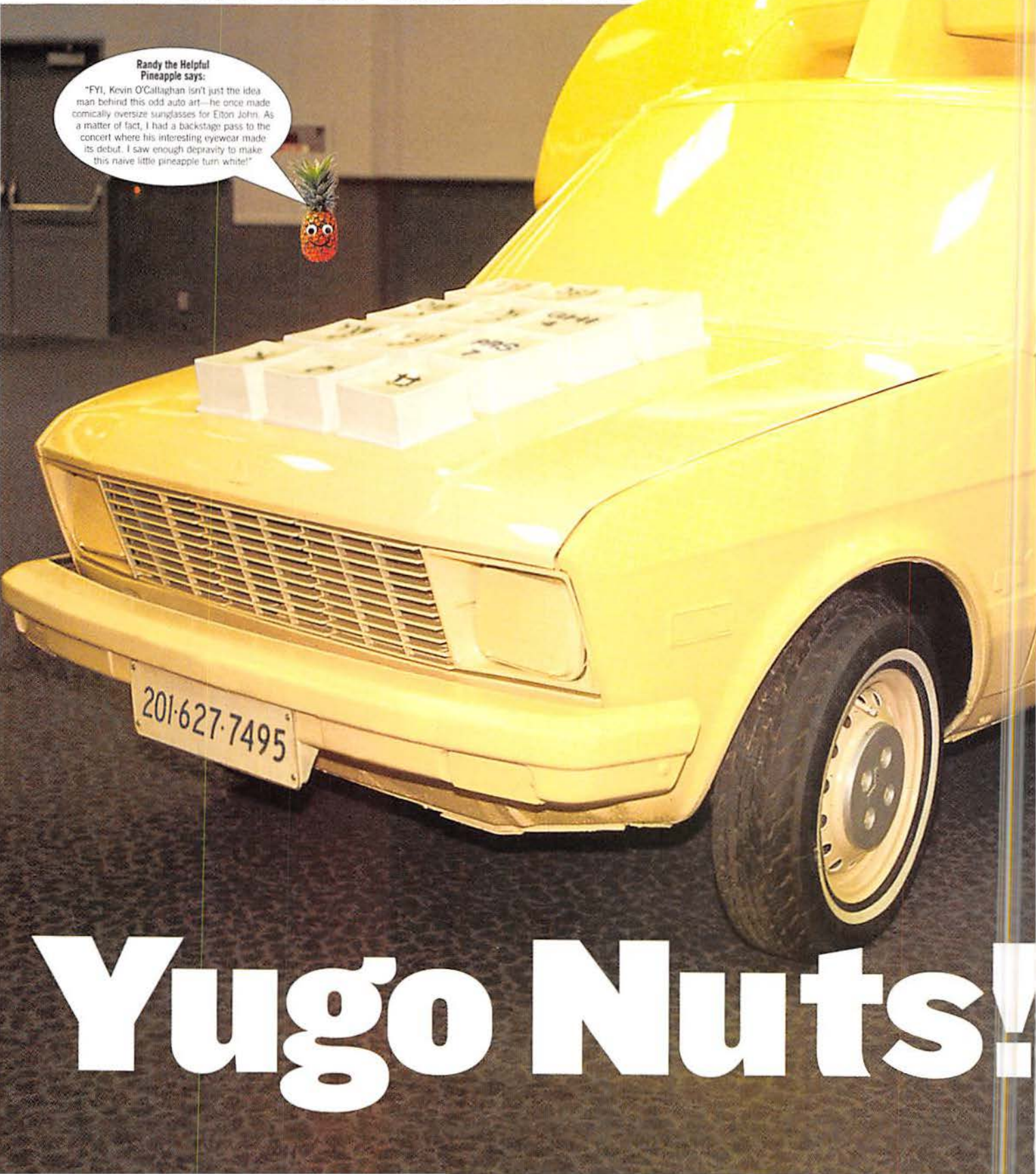
For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Send your stories to: *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or letters@stuffmagazine.com.

SKYY
VODKA

FILTER

THE ONLY STUFF THAT MATTERS



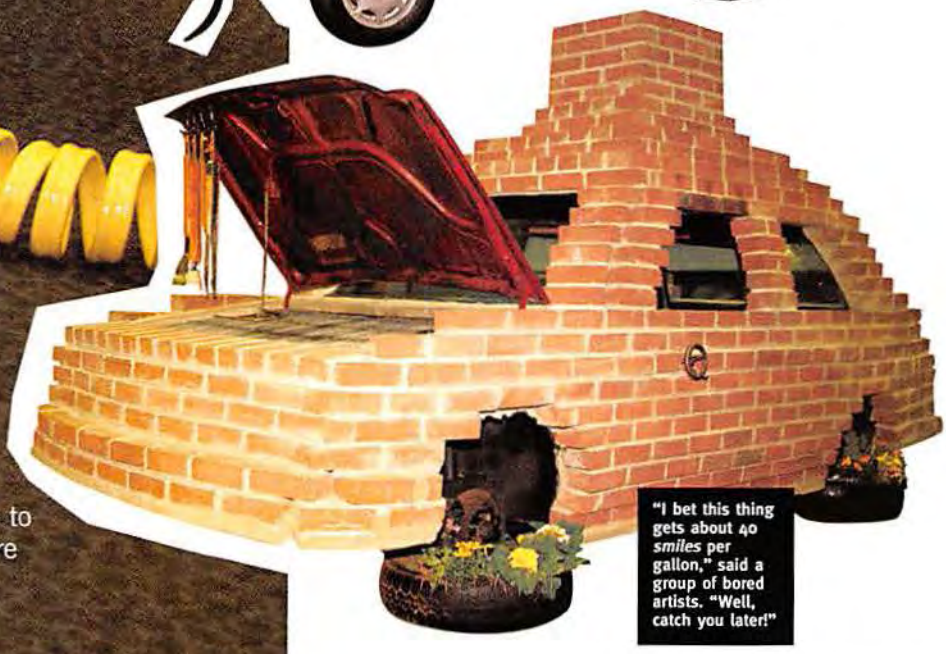
Yugo Nuts!

Low-grade automobiles make for highbrow art. Join us now as we look, learn and laugh at a little thing we like to call four-wheeled fantasticness. (You are formally allowed to call it that, too.)

The perfect conversation piece for any bachelor pad. "This date is over," she'll say. Well, that counts as conversation!

AFTER TAKING OUT an ad in a local paper that made a simple request for "Yugos, wanted dead or alive," Kevin O'Callaghan was inundated with the nostalgic, nonmoving hunks of junk. After the 37-year-old instructor at New York City's School of Visual Arts spent a paltry $3,600 for 39 of them, he challenged his students to turn the two-door terrors into something they ain't. And damn if those enterprising young right-brainers didn't up and make marvels such as a Yugo piano, a Yugo fireplace, a Yugo shower and a Yugo toaster that serves up a comically oversize slice of bread. You know what's not comical? When the other cars scurried over to quickly consume the carbs, then sped to the bathroom to immediately vomit it up. Models!

Its cheery tune brought the kids running. "Yay! The bread man is here, with drugs!"



"I bet this thing gets about 40 *smiles* per gallon," said a group of bored artists. "Well, catch you later!"

Keggy and Beery tried desperately to peer in the bar's window. Stack, guys—stack!

BOOZE BARNS

Drinkin' Logs

The perfect gift idea for the lazy alcoholic in your family: A bar in your yard.

TOO TIRED TO walk a block for a bit of ambience and Amstel? Then have we got a product for you! Shut-ins and shitheads alike are now able to buy and build a Keenmac 12x10-foot tavern right on their very own property (around $10,000 through www.keenmacpubs.com). Tell your garden gnomes to leave and gnever return as you lay out this edifice, which comes prewired for lighting, a phone, a heater and satellite TV. (It'd be like watching TV at home! Except you're not at home! You're in a makeshift saloon on your own damn lawn!) And while Keenmac may supply the FINEST SPIRITS signs, they won't supply friends. And they won't supply your bar's name, either. You've gotta pick that yourself, Mister Man! But the Ireland-based company does offer suggestions such as the Outside Inn, Jugs 'n' Bottles and the Sticky Wicket. Does it get any better than this? Christ, we sure hope so. Eh...time to drop this cooler-than-thou guise. We've already placed an order for three ourselves. Happy birthday, Ma!

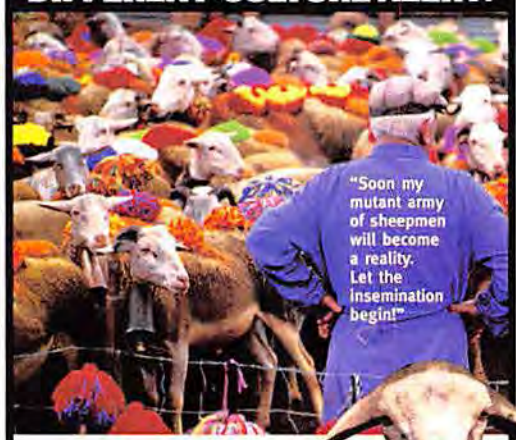
No one had walked through the door for hours. But when someone did, they'd be ready.

Sting was feeling saucy. "You know what?" he told the saleslady. "I'll take it!"

Sting and Dance

Take a look at the former Police man in the London production of *The Play What I Wrote*. He's the latest celeb to appear in the role, made to attract stars who enjoy cheap laughs and cheaper pay. Either way, what a wonderful anecdote to write about in your journal, Sting. Don't forget to light some incense and do your two hours of yoga first!

DIFFERENT-CULTURE ALERT!



EWE GOTTA BE KIDDING

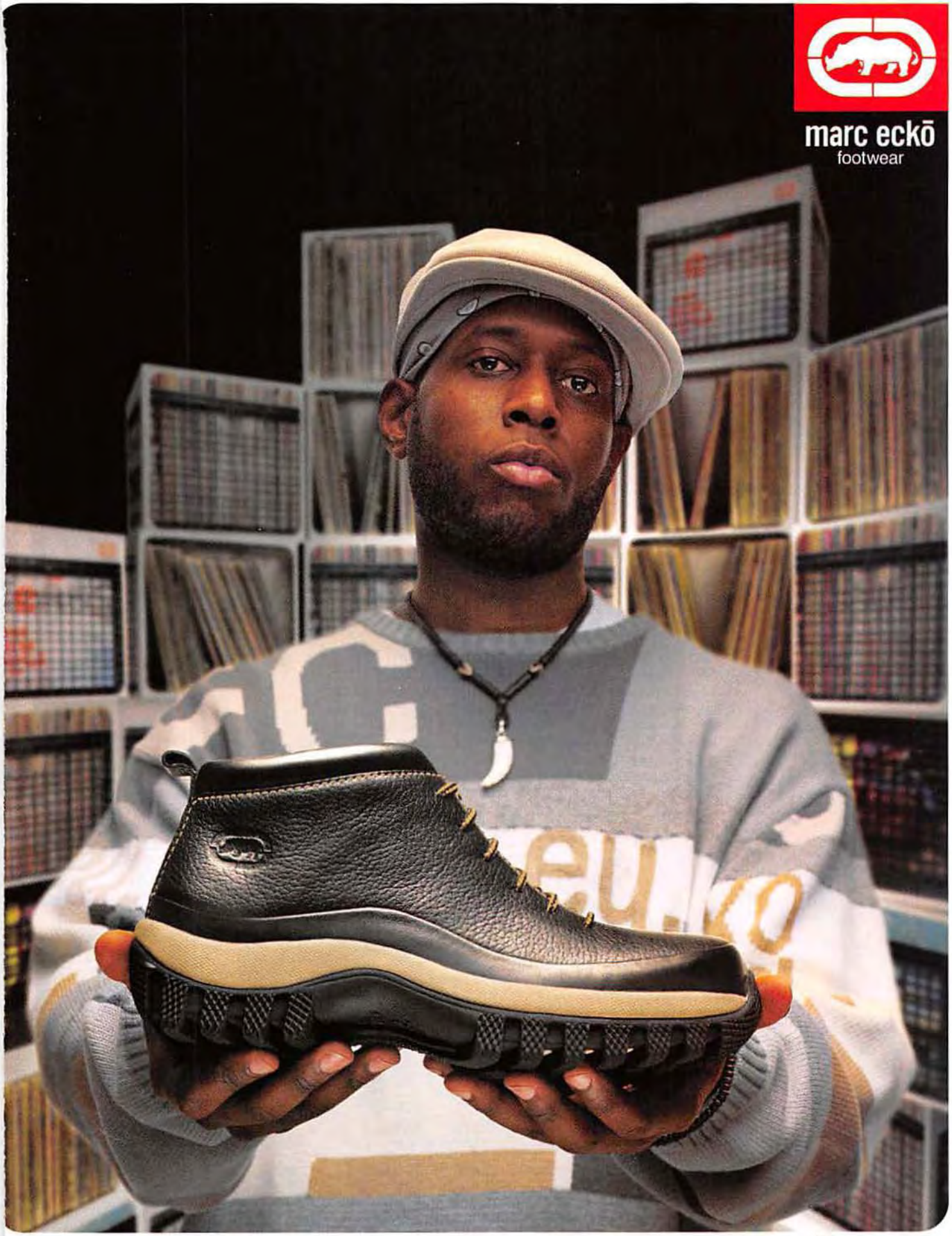
Welcome to Cevennes, France, where the sheep are as pretty as the locals are pungent. In a tradition that dates back to the 16th century, shepherds annually decorate their frightened flock with pom-poms, chokers and a bunch of bells. The humiliated hoofed homies are then led on a grueling 60-mile march to summer pastures. This practice is rooted in the belief that such costumed tomfoolery drives away witches and their evil spells. "Or at least zis iz what we tell zee sheep," chuckled a Cevennes citizen. "Otherwise, how would we ever convince zem to put on zis shit, no?"

USELESS FACTS

In February, the New Orleans airport was partially evacuated for five hours because of a suspicious package that was later found to contain gumbo.

The longest worm known, *Lineus longissimus*, has been reported to exceed 150 feet in length.

 To pass yourself off as a repairman, wear overalls and carry a toolbox. Then go to repairman school and get a job as a repairman.



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subject
Talib Kweli
featuring The 'Chavez'
cube series revival

Dirty, Rotten Scoundrels

Our monthly ranking of the truly rank.

"Wee-wee!" he giggled, moistening his pants.

THIERRY MEYSSAN

The planes that struck the World Trade Center weren't flown by terrorists but guided via remote control, as part of a far-reaching military plot by the U.S. government. At least according to this French author, whose new book, *The Horrifying Fraud*, not only details this plot, but also lingered on the best-seller list in the land of croissants and anti-Semitism for six weeks. Mental-health specialists have attributed Thierry's rants to his being saddled with the name Thierry. Oh, and being French.

That maple leaf is fucked up!

CANADIAN SCHOOLS

"Rufus is a pimp for three girls. If the price is $65 per trick, how many tricks per day must each girl turn to support Rufus' $800-per-day crack habit?" This, along with other questions referring to drugs and pregnancies, was in a math exam given by a teacher to a class of 14-year-olds at a school in Manitoba. She was promptly suspended after the test was brought to the attention of the school board. Might want to reconsider, guys. The correct answer is 4.103 tricks. And we never even took division!

We don't know who he is either!

AARON ECKHART

The messed-up misogynist in the stupid flick *In the Company of Men* is even more of a freak in real life. Apparently Eck decorated the trailer he occupied during the filming of the upcoming *The Core* with exceedingly gory pics of 9/11 victims. "It was awful. There were all these bloody faces that he clipped out of magazines or something," an eyewitness told the *New York Post*. Perhaps he was only trying to make sense of the tragedy in his own unique way? Eh, nah—he's just a prick.

Whoa! What the hell is *this* thing?

BRAS

The *British Journal of Plastic Surgery* recently cited the case of a 27-year-old man who endured ligament damage and a fractured finger upon attempting to remove a woman's bra. In addition, surveys showed that 40 percent of England's men in their thirties and forties are just as inept with the hooks and clasps within the hooter holders. Researchers recommend that Limeys take lessons to prevent future injuries. Then one researcher went back to making out with a girl's ear. (He thinks it's her mouth!)

THE WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE STUFF

LUNCH MEAT

AT LAST, THERE'S a deli meat more exotic than olive loaf! This ham, hailing from Guijuelo, Spain, comes from Iberian pigs that are raised on a strict diet of acorns. The ham, pictured here hanging in a curing room, is stabbed with a horse bone during the process. A whiff of the bone lets inspectors know if the curing is going correctly. "Damn!" says a nearby horse. "Ever hear of a *cow* bone?" But the inspectors ignore him. He's just mad because they took his bone.

NEEDLESS CRUELTY

Guess The Fatty

HINT NO.1: She had an uncredited, albeit key, role in 1996's *Orientation: A Scientology Information Film*. **HINT NO.2:** She went from starring alongside talking dogs to becoming one. **HINT NO.3:** In the late '80s and early '90s she couldn't go anyplace without—clue alert!—*everyone knowing her name*. **HINT NO.4:** The very same name sounds like that of an Irish chum of ours who calls himself Thirsty O'Malley.

"Do you like my outfit? Showing off the stomach is all the rage. Hey, you going to finish that?"

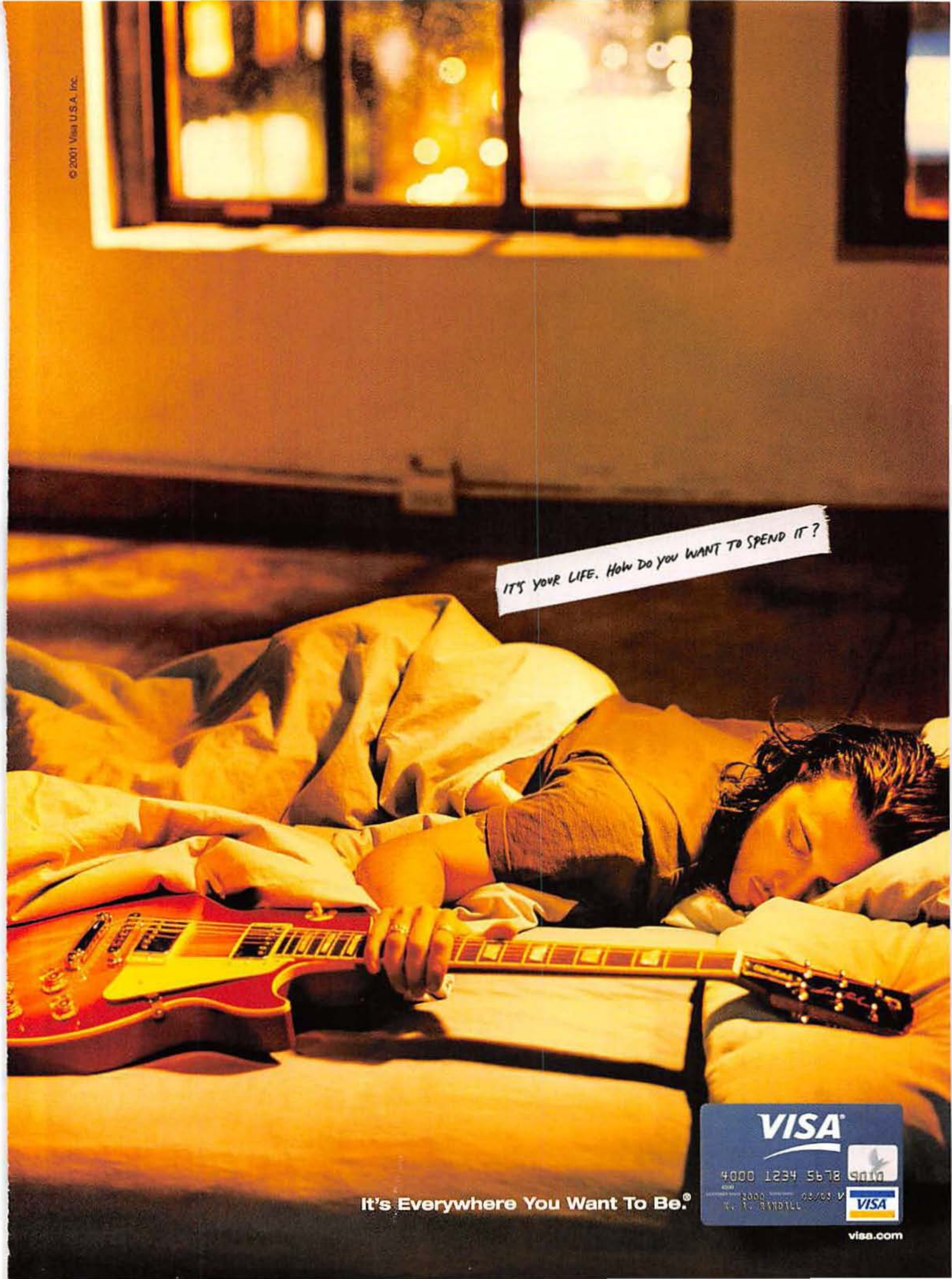
Answer: It's Kirstie Alley!

USELESS FACTS

The first time she signed an autograph as Marilyn Monroe, Marilyn had to ask how to spell her first name.

It's possible to lead a cow upstairs...but not downstairs.

 Wear a watch on each wrist. That way, you'll never waste time wondering which wrist to check for the time.



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Stuff Picks

If it's on top, it makes us happy. If it's on the bottom, we think it's crappy.

Jack in the Box Antenna Balls
For the Northeasterners out there who are unaware of the wonderfulness that is Jack in the Box, these MLB antenna cozies that the fast-food chain is giving away (featuring the head of their creepily Hitler-esque mascot) are even more of a reason to leave the isolated confines of Schenectady and enjoy a meal! (You *are* all from Schenectady, right? That's what our focus groups seem to indicate.)

Olfactory Air Freshener
Who *doesn't* want their den, bedroom or home office to reek of pussy? Answer: the Taliban. That's why this war on terrorism is a just one, people.

What a Way to Go
Our favorite in Adele Q. Brown's photo collection of stylish send-offs is this snapshot of Jim Henson's funeral, in which his Muppeteers performed a medley of children's songs for all the big kids in attendance. Speaking of big kids, would you get a load of our editor-in-chief? He's got more tapioca on his shirt than he does in his damn mouth!

EH...

FingerWeights
These digit dumbbells are touted as "the next step in total-body fitness." They're...like...dumbbells...for... your...digits. It took us an hour to write that sentence. These weights have made our fingers too pumped up for their own good!

E-Z Leaker
According to the E-Z press release, one shouldn't "let the frequent need to urinate interfere with the pleasure of long-distance riding." We never do! So what in the heck does this thing do, anyway?

Embryo Key Chain
"If this isn't the tackiest thing ever, then I don't know what tacky is," writes reader Dave Hackman. Dave, you *don't* know what tacky is. And as for you, our fetal friend, you're coming with us!

WIN!

Hey, readers: Own some sort of perplexing paraphernalia that we could make fun of? If it makes it into Stuff Picks, we'll pay you back with a $79 pair of Nike Mojo sunglasses. Just sign, seal and send it with a kiss to: The Almighty Crap Editor, *Stuff*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. For rules, see the Where to Buy page.

Photography: Damien Dance

USELESS FACTS

In Rio de Janeiro there are more plastic surgeons than there are public-health doctors.

Earlier this year, scientists declared that the universe's average color is pale turquoise. Two months later it was changed to light beige.

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WHERE STUFF COMES FROM

Bowling Pins

They stand there and take it like men. Tiny men.

Antarctica is harsh. No one understands this better than the red-striped bowler, a rare creature found only on the bottom of the world. The creatures travel in packs of 10 for protection, eking out an existence on the sparsely vegetated tundra.

The red stripes lead rich, full lives—until each springtime, when men come. The men lure them with wooden bowling-pin decoys. When the curious animals hobble close enough, the men stun them with "sizzling new pix of Brad & Jennifer" from *People* magazine.

FUN FACT

In 1959, the American Bowling Congress decreed that "as a sign of respect to these gentle creatures from Antarctica, all bowling alleys built henceforth shall face south." Bowling alleys built before 1959 were exempted.

At regional pin plants, the creatures are killed and dipped in white enamel. Not all pins have two stripes...but those that do are highly prized and fetch a handsome price indeed. Whoops—pick up that spare, Charlie!

POP QUIZ

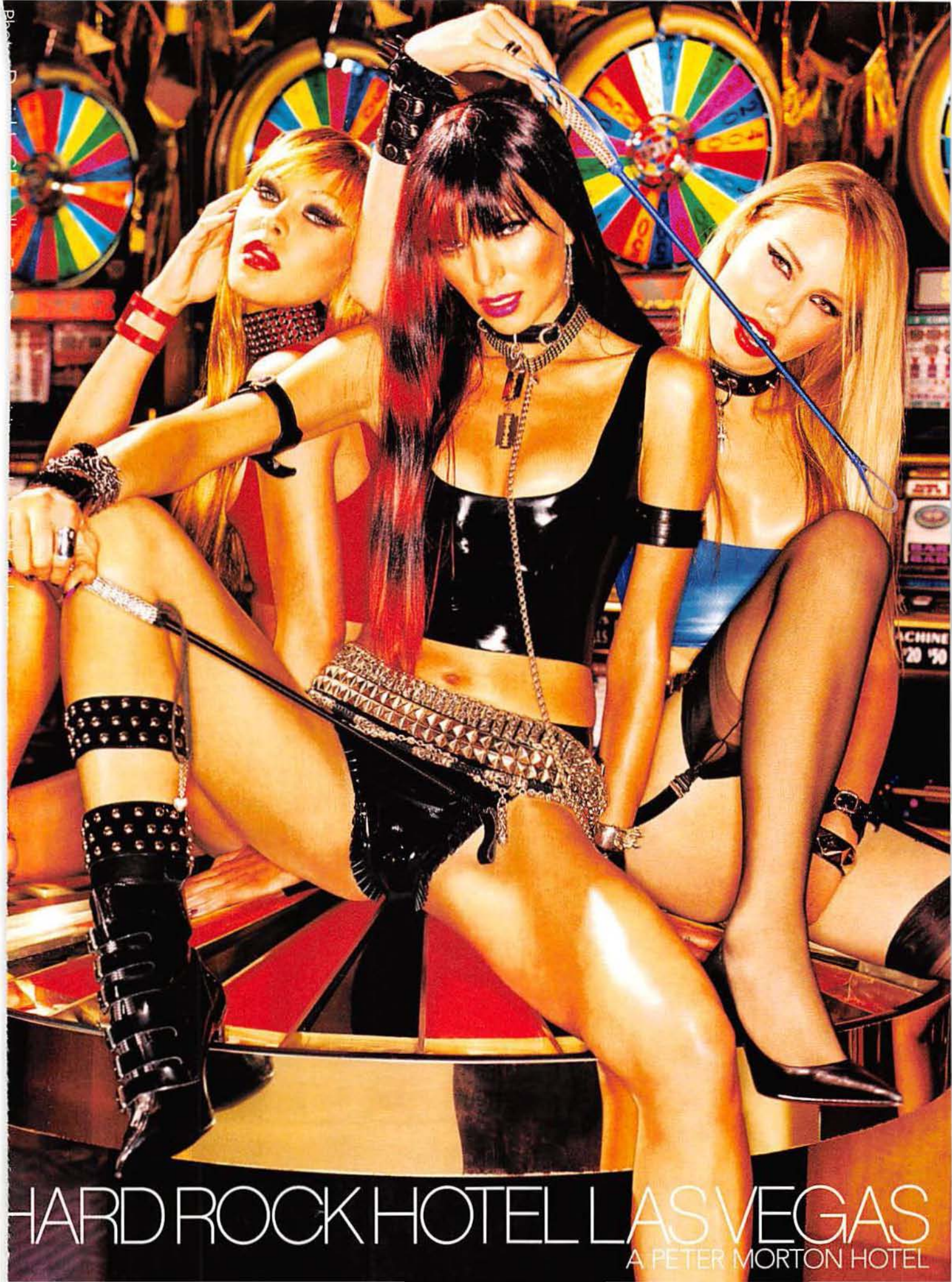
Guess the Mole

Answers: 1. Madonna; 2. Robert De Niro; 3. Kim Cattrall; 4. Sheryl Crow; 5. Rodney Dangerfield; 6. Alicia Keys; 7. Enrique Iglesias; 8. Our wacky art department having fun with it. You guys are too much!

USELESS FACTS

In November 2001, a Swiss bank lost $100 million because of a typing error.

Koalas sleep for 22 hours a day.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SKOAL

4-SPEED SWEEPS

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BIZARRE

"Oh, nooo!" screamed Beary as he fell. *Oh, no,* is right, friend. 'Cause when you finally land, you'll—wait a second! Did that mammal just up and talk?

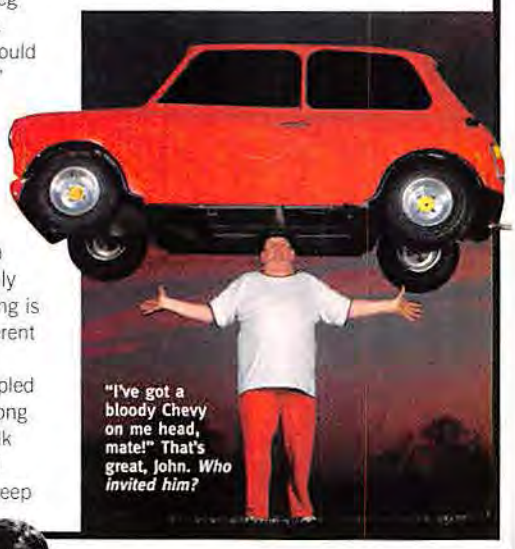
The Bear Up There

And one other wonderfully weird story on things that make you go, "Huh?"

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE OFFICIALS raced to the urscene this April to tranquilize and remove this 275-pound black bear from his very public perch. After being plowed into by a pickup truck, the mammal did the first thing that came to his mind, which was to climb up a tree near a bunch of phone lines, of course. But don't worry about Teddy—after his broken leg was mended, he was as good as new. "The way that critter jaywalked, you could say the whole caper was *bearly* legal!" chuckled a local rube who then went back to his trailer, drank a pint of Beam and shot himself in the face.

▷ Motor head

Next time you're in Derbyshire, England, be sure to give John Evans a hearty "Oy" for us. These days, the only thing this former bricklayer is cementing is world records—29 of them in 11 different categories, to be exact. And they all involve using his superthick head coupled with his 30-inch neck to support, among other things, 11 beer kegs and 96 milk crates. But perhaps his biggest cranial achievement to date is being able to keep his vertebrae vertical whilst balancing a gutted 350-pound Chevy upon his noggin. "A lot of people think you're getting on when you get to be my age," muses the feisty 55-year-old. "But I'm still breaking records." Either way, he looks like some sort of trained seal! Except pink! And he spells words like *color* with a *u*!



"I've got a bloody Chevy on me head, mate!" That's great, John. *Who invited him?*

USELESS FACTS

Jerry Lewis once had a homeless, alcoholic midget shipped to a friend as a birthday present.

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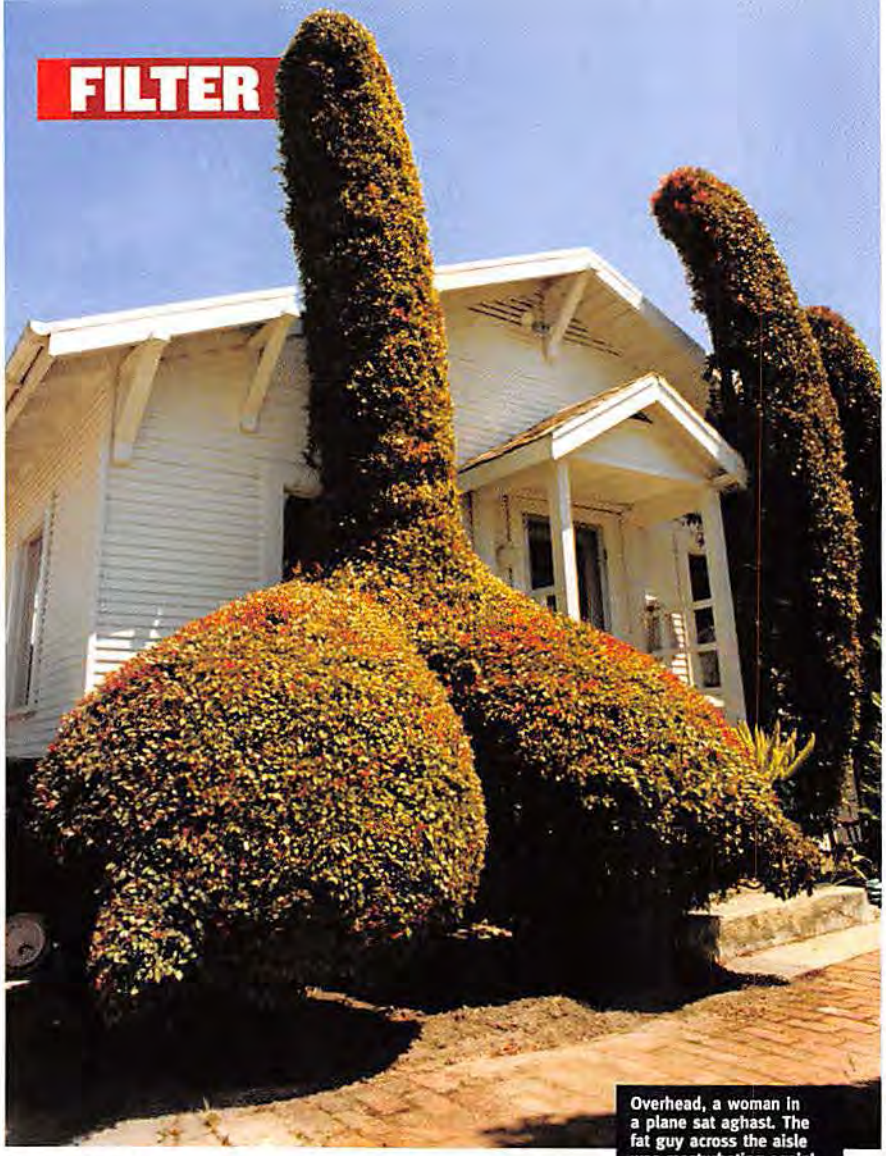

Overhead, a woman in a plane sat aghast. The fat guy across the aisle was masturbating again!

ARBORETUM

A Tree in Search of Well-Trimmed Bush

DESPITE CALLING THE cops and directing them to the decorative dick growing outside Gillian Greensite's charming Santa Cruz home, her fellow Cruzians have sadly learned that no harm will come to this terrifically turgid tree. This is a welcome victory for Greensite, who last year lost a hard-fought battle to convince the community not to tear down two 80-foot Monterey cypresses. Arborists claimed the century-old trees were termite-ridden and interfered with water lines. Gill claimed the timber was too cute to cut. The city council ultimately sided with those carrying an ax. But this time Greensite was able to hold on to her well-groomed wiener, due to a little something the authorities like to call artistic freedom. "Their motive is retaliation for my attempts to save the heritage trees in our neighborhood," says Gill of the objecters. Since the ordeal, Gillian has lost two of her other trees, which were poisoned by some still-on-the-loose shithead. "If they want to see phallic, they see phallic, I guess," sighs Greensite. "I see trees." Really? We see former secretary of state George Shultz. But different interpretations are what make art so much fun in the first place!

Perry the Pessimistic Pea Pod says:
"Gillian Greensite may love male plants, but she hates male predators. So much so that she founded the Rape Prevention Education program at the University of California, Santa Cruz. Speaking of victims, way to sit idly by as the crazed landscaper cuts me in two. Sigh. Bury my body far away from the things of man."

USELESS FACTS

Japan leads the world in condom use. They're sold door-to-door by saleswomen.

High-performance is such an understatement.
New body-heat activated Degree Gel.
Gel
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in the CLUTCH
DegreeGel.com

1

2

MOST WANTED

More gadgets than you can shake a stick at. A battery-operated, LED, 16-MB, 1.3-megapixel stick, that is.

BY SETH KELLY PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHIN OHIRA

3

4

5

6

7

1 Bell Ghisallo $125
Approach a woman by telling her the bicycle helmet you're wearing is named for Our Lady of Ghisallo, the patron saint of cyclists. Then watch her back away slowly as you make a mental note to stop wearing your helmet in restaurants.

2 Clearwater Classic $180
Orvis has so much faith in its graphite-composite rods that it offers a 25-year unconditional guarantee. Funny, our ex-girlfriend said the same thing. Don't you worry, Gretchen—once we find you, you'll never leave us again.

3 Sony S2 Sport Net MD $180
Besides adding skip-free G-Protection, Sony housed the S2 in high-impact plastic with waterproof seals and rubber gaskets. Just like the ones we chose for Grandma's casket. You never know when she might crawl out. It's scary in there!

4 Sony PCG GRX 550 $2,100
The Pentium 4-M processor at the heart of the newest Vaio shreds through intense video applications and renders 3-D games in stunning detail. The only thing more realistic is reality. Or so we hear.

5 Suunto X6 $350
From barometer to altimeter, the myriad functions on the X6 watch are sure to knock the gay-ass socks off of hikers. Unless, of course, you come across sleeping hikers. Then you'll have to wake them up to put their socks on first. Stroke your rifle while you wait.

6 Veo Mobile Connect $80
Whether you're snapping digital stills or sending live streaming video from your laptop, an adjustable focus ring keeps the image sharp. Unless the image is of something fuzzy. Like Mom.

7 Handspring Treo $300
Fit your entire life behind the 12-bit color screen of this teensy four-ounce PDA. It sure is the only way we can keep our crazy lives straight. (Next week we have a court appearance *and* a skin graft.)

8 Samsung Yepp YP-90S $230
With nary a moving part, the Yepp will never skip even if you do. Record tunes from virtually any source and then it's hopscotch till you drop! Now, about that skipping habit of yours: Stop.

9 Bose TriPort $150
The TriPort drowns out aural intrusions—such as honking horns and screaming drivers—to ensure your listening pleasure. Perfect for the toll collector who wants to "catch a few z's."

10 Logitech Pocket Digital $130
Not slim so much as emaciated, the Logitech digital camera packs 16 MB of memory into a credit-card-size frame. If it tells you it's hungry, seek help. Cameras can't talk, sport.

11 Wilson GST $80
A neoprene sublayer, composite pebbled laces and two Grip Stripes give the GST unparalleled, well, grip. Take one to the next wedding you attend. Those things can drag on forever.

12 Salt and Pepper Free
You think variety is the spice of life? No, sir. The spice of life is contained in this little, malformed Siamese twin of flavor. They make everything better. Well, except for weeping sores.

8

9

10

11

12

HYPE

STRAP ON YOUR POP GOGGLES AND GO!

First Lady

Rickter Scale

From Frederick's of Hollywood to *Baywatch Hawaii*, Alicia Rickter's got it all. Including a chance to talk to us. Lucky girl.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEITH LANDER/THEPOUTFACTORY.COM

STUFF: You were *Playboy*'s 500th Playmate. Any chance you'll come back to be the 1,000th? By my count, it will be the year 2037.
If I really diet and take care of myself, it's possible. Especially with Botox.

Is a Playmate hard to please sexually?
Sex is a very internal thing. You connect or you don't. I would be turned off if someone were doing back-flips in the bedroom. I think really slow, good, loving sex is the best.

What kind of guy are you looking for?
A gentleman. I'm going to put this out into the universe: I would like a gentleman, please.

We all would. What kinds of trials was your character, Carrie Sharp, put through on *Baywatch Hawaii*?
I had a stalker break into my house. I had father issues. I was a wreck.

Any on-set high jinks?
On Fridays we would drink on the set. I'm probably not supposed to say this, but I don't give a shit. The grips did most of the drinking, but when we'd wrap I'd have a piña colada or whatever, just to be bad.

You worked with Brande Roderick on *Baywatch*, right?
Yes. I'm at her house right now, actually.

Well, she came to our office once and completely ignored me. Do you want to apologize on her behalf?
I will apologize to you on Brande's behalf. She probably doesn't know she did that.

Well, I'm not talking to her ever again.
No! Let's fix this!

How?
I'm out by the pool. Do you want me to pee in her pool? I'll pee in her pool for you.

Really? I think you're all talk.
I promise I will.

Awww. You're the best. —*Mike Olson*

Hair and Makeup: Charlene Laughter. Location: The Pout Factory, L.A.

They just love fire hydrants. This one is painted yellow!

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

SPARTA
WIRETAP SCARS
DREAMWORKS ★★★★★

This El Paso band's full-length debut raises many questions: Will this album save hard rock? Where exactly is El Paso? Why is the media ignoring *The Osbournes*? And so on. We said debut, but Sparta wasn't born yesterday. (Example: Guitarist Jim Ward was conceived sometime in the mid-'70s!) In fact, the group is a reincarnation of last year's music saviors At the Drive-In, with a new vocalist (Ward). Basically, the group took all the good parts of their former gig (whisper-to-scream vocals, herky-jerky rhythms) and got rid of the not-so-good parts (the two white singers with 'fros). Sure, they start off with a very Drive-In-esque "Cut Your Ribbon," but skip track one (check your CD-player manual for instructions) and you'll get a sonic smorgasbord. For every diatribe like "Ribbon" or "MYE," there's a melodic ballad like "Collapse" or the jazzy "Red Alibi," whose nervous energy sounds like a beefed-up early Police. In the end, *Scars* works because it's not metal, prog-rock or emo, but it takes the best elements of each and grinds them into one spicy, savory treat—kind of like a big sausage. If only sausages could rock like this. Then eating sausage would be even more fun than it already is! —*Kirk Miller*

SOUND ADVICE

		THE BUZZ	DID YOU KNOW?	WE SAY
	FILTER **THE AMALGAMUT** REPRISE/WARNER BROS. ★★★★	Ex-NIN member Richard Patrick uses tribal drumming, techno beats and more guitar crunch. How does he make it so crunchy? Who cares?	Patrick says watching kids hit each other in backyard wrestling matches aided the album's bleakness. Must have been some bleak backyards.	The moody vibes and rich guitars on songs such as "The Only Way Is the Wrong Way" are everything the last Tool record should have been. And was. The last Tool record was good!
	THE FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON **THE ISNESS** HYPNOTIC ★★★★	The group is back with a more organic approach. That's right. No more pesticides! And you wondered why their last album made you sterile.	The duo had to scrap a mix CD because they couldn't sample a Barbra Streisand song. Actually, it was a stool sample—and it was filled with corn.	The jam-band tendencies and psychedelic guitar rock ("The Mello Hippo Disco Show") make us long for the days when we smoked pot. We were so aloof back then!
	24 HOUR PARTY PEOPLE **ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK** ESSENTIAL/FFRR ★★★★	This soundtrack is a tribute to Manchester, the city that gave us Factory Records and ecstasy-fueled raves. Your city? It has a Gap. Well, it probably does.	Legend has it that Factory Records head Tony Wilson once wrote a contract in his own blood. Hey, that's the same way we write thank-you notes!	This is the perfect mix of early U.K. punk, new wave and techno. Buy this and you'll never have to visit England. Or Australia, which is pretty much the same as England.
	DIVISION OF LAURA LEE **BLACK CITY** EPITAPH ★★★	They're Swedes. They mix '60s rock, Brit-pop and punk. But don't confuse them with the Hives. Or do. Then Division can use their credit cards.	The group got its name from a label on the side of a cardboard box. And what was inside the box? We didn't ask. What do we look like, question askers?	Despite Division's variety (e.g., the spacey vibe of "Trapped In"), they're not as catchy as the Hives. But neither's Barbra Streisand. And you don't see us insulting her.
	HAVEN **BETWEEN THE SENSES** VIRGIN ★★★	A U.K. band with whiny vocals and some Stone Roses psychedelia? Pinch us! Go ahead. Our arm fell asleep. We won't be able to feel a thing.	The band got together when the guitarist and singer fought over a used record. Their eyes locked, their palms got sweaty and the rest is history.	So originality isn't their middle name. They're still more engaging than their peers, and "Say Something" is as catchy as any Coldplay song. We should know. We're *in* Coldplay.
	NEKO CASE **BLACKLISTED** BLOODSHOT ★★★	We usually hate alt-country, but Case's tune is haunting. So haunting that this guy in our office started stalking her. Good luck, Mark.	She's a country girl now, but Case started as a punk drummer and still records with the New Pornographers. Someone's pulling a Reba McEntire!	Spooky guitar riffs, shuffling drumbeats, a big, sexy voice that fills a room...it's like the time Rosemary Clooney performed at our birthday party. Bitch was *drunk*!
	BRIGHT EYES **LIFTED OR THE STORY IS IN THE SOIL, KEEP YOUR EAR TO THE GROUND** SADDLE CREEK ★★	Sensitive rocker Conor Oberst enlists fellow Nebraskans (The Faint, Cursive) for more of his semiacoustic Midwestern mediocrity.	Oberst began his career at 14 in the critically acclaimed Commander Venus. "Critically acclaimed" is our way of saying "nobody liked them."	Sometimes we enjoy the quirky, indie-rock thing. But that's why we listen to the Eels. Well, that and because Mom plays it when she's driving us to soccer practice. —*K.M.*

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EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT PLAYING SATELLITE RADIO.

Carl took a deep breath and smoothed his hair as hard as he could. This time, he was *definitely* going to talk to Jake.

ADD IT UP

Fischerspooner

Their new album is called *#1*. And here's what makes it tick.

WIRE
154
(WARNER BROS.) 1979
FS took Wire's experimental nature, post-punk angst, bass lines...oh, and their song "The 15th," which they cover. We just took their girlfriend. Hey, they should've treated her like the princess she is!

NEW ORDER
POWER, CORRUPTION & LIES
(QWEST) 1983
Does it matter that Fischerspooner's "Emerge" is pretty much a Muzak variation of New Order's "Blue Monday"? Not in the grand scheme of things. Our doctor just diagnosed us with pinkeye.

THE KLF
THE WHITE ROOM
(ARISTA) 1991
Performance art and hype haven't been combined so deftly since this duo. The group awarded grants to bad artists and fired blanks during an awards show. Why were they shooting blanks? Probably their tight underwear.

PET SHOP BOYS
VERY
(CAPITOL) 1993
When FS chant, "Pink and wet/it's so hot now," they sound detached. See, it's *ironic*, something fans of that other droll, dance-pop group should remember. Once they're done bathing their little dogs, of course.

AUTECHRE
TRI REPETAE + +
(WARP) 1995
You can't miss the cut-up beats on "Fucker." That's because they're the only things in the song. But minimalism is cool, as this duo proved long ago. Especially if you can't write real songs. Just ask Bob Dylan.

RUPAUL
Could this cross-dresser be behind FS's success? No. But RuPaul's "Supermodel" was the brainchild of producer Larry Tee, who helped shape Brooklyn electro-clash/tech-pop. RuPaul scares us. He/she used to tell us ghost stories at bedtime!

FISCHERSPOONER
#1
(FS STUDIOS)

Wish I had pockets. And friends.

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ultra smooth long lasting

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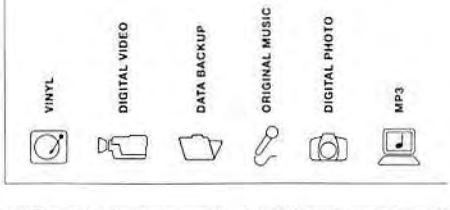

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He had a different bike for every day of the week. How'd he afford it? Mastercard. Rock 'n' roll!

Queens of the Stone Age

They have a funny name and a new album. What more could you ask for? A witty interview, you say? Brother, it's your lucky day!

Loud music doesn't have to be stupid. But it sure helps. Rock gods Queens of the Stone Age are best known for their 2000 feel-good hit of the summer, "Feel Good Hit of the Summer," with its poetic lyrics "Nicotine, Valium, Vicodin, marijuana, ecstasy and alcohol...c-c-c-c-cocaine!" But on their third album, Songs for the Deaf, bassist Nick Oliveri and guitarist Josh Homme got smart. They recruited an all-star lineup (including drummer Dave Grohl) to create the biggest, baddest rock album of the decade. We talked to Grohl and Oliveri about their artistic masterpiece (it's an abstract watercolor that signifies the changing seasons). When that got dull, we talked about music.

STUFF: Do you get shit for the name of your band?
NICK: It happens. We chose a name that no one else would have. Plus, if we were Kings of the Stone Age we'd have to work out and rub oil [on ourselves] and wear armor and shit like that. Be like Thor.

You played at Ozzfest. Aren't you smarter than those bands?
N: No. We're stupid, too. But I agree with that statement musically. I don't like much of the stuff on Ozzfest. I don't dislike it....

How'd they manage to get you, Dave?
DAVE: I thought it would be fun and refreshing to do something different for a while. And I missed playing drums.
N: We'll let him leave at some point.
D: Love 'em and leave 'em. I'm going to get them pregnant and then fuckin' leave.

Does the album title mean anything?
N: It's about people with closed minds. It's trying to open people up a little bit.

Are there any awful bands out there that make you wish you were deaf?
N: Why waste energy hating these people? You need some of these bands to be able to do something different. Without the Backstreet Boys, you can't move about the cabin freely. You need that.

What's with your love of nudity?
N: If it feels right, I do it.
D: I've been in the front row when Nick's naked. He had a horrible hammock of testicles swinging in front of my face. It was awesome until I got hit by his nads.

That happened to me once at an Indigo Girls concert. —Kirk Miller

DID YOU KNOW?
Nick Oliveri also plays guitar with the Dwarves, a legendary punk band known for lurid album covers, 10-minute live sets and a firm commitment to summer-reading programs.

Q&A

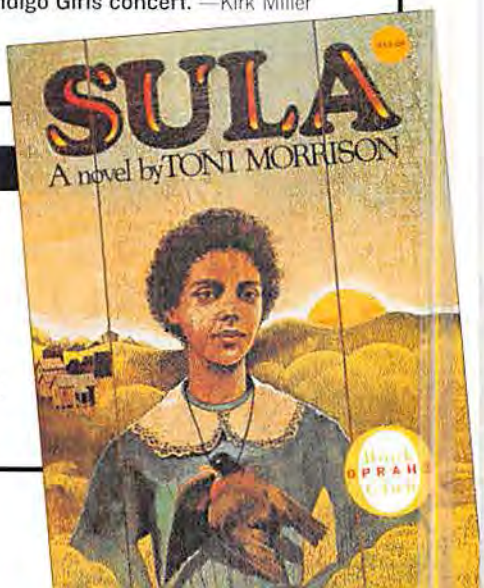
Songs for the Deaf
INTERSCOPE
New recruit Dave Grohl adds some monstrous drum work, and Screaming Trees singer Mark Lanegan lends his gravelly tones (especially on "God")—but this isn't grunge redux. *Deaf* is a crapload of low-end, fuzzy guitars and a rhythm section that'll pummel you harder and faster than any Sabbath album. Add some mariachi and piano and you've got a CD chock-full of variety. And variety, well, that's the spice of life!

NEW COLUMN!

STUFF REVIEWS A BOOK SOLELY BY ITS COVER

Sula By Toni Morrison

Meet Sula, a feisty young woman forced to deal with the fact that her town consists of three poorly drawn houses. To help deal with the shame, she wears a robin around her neck. The bird is symbolic of something...maybe freedom or the fragility of life. It doesn't help matters that toxic green gasses have leaked out of the nearby chemical plant (Sula's ailing father may work there), and the gasses have begun to surround this Macy Gray wanna-be. Good thing she's wearing her solar-powered blue dress, which gives her magical powers. But with the sun going down, will she be able to save the town in time? —*Dan Bergstein*



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Randy the Helpful Pineapple says: "FYI! The release date of *Pluto Nash* was pushed back almost a year and a half. I sure hope that doesn't mean it sucks! That's the Tinseltown gist!"

Yeah, we get it. You're a werewolf. Last week you thought you were gay.

DVDs OF THE MONTH

THE TEEN WOLF DOUBLE FEATURE

$15, MGM HOME ENTERTAINMENT

We're always looking to save cash. That's why we never throw away a chair after just one use. And it's why we love the *Teen Wolf* collection. For a mere 15 bucks, you get two classics. *Teen Wolf* has everything you'd expect from '80s cinema, including Michael J. Fox, that fat guy who stole Pee-wee Herman's bike and a character named Boof. Then there's *Teen Wolf Too*, starring Jason Bateman as a college student whose wolf powers make him the star of the boxing team. Weird! We starred on our college boxing team, too. OK, so we didn't actually box. But someone had to towel those guys off!

GREMLINS: SPECIAL EDITION

$20, WARNER HOME VIDEO

Cute things aren't always as cute as they seem. Take our baby cousin. The little freak was born with red hair! It all reminds us of *Gremlins*, the movie that makes us feel young again. (Well, that and the Botox injections.) With more than 100 minutes of parentally guided fun, this special edition has audio commentary by the director and 10 minutes of new footage. Just be sure to lock your fridge after midnight. No, not to keep out Mogwais. It's so you don't go snacking. Remember: Nothing tastes as good as thin *feels*.

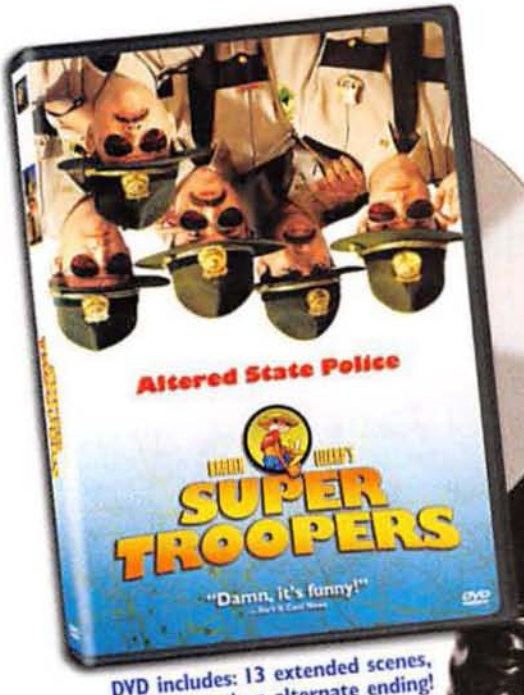
Hey, Spike. Less with the gunplay and more with the foreplay. It's an important part of a sexual relationship!

FLICK PICKS

		THE PITCH	FAT KID SAYS
	THE ADVENTURES OF PLUTO NASH AUGUST 16 EDDIE MURPHY, RANDY QUAID, ROSARIO DAWSON, PETER BOYLE DIR: RON UNDERWOOD	In 2087, some dude on the moon (Murphy) has a robot sidekick (Quaid) *and* a popular nightclub that he refuses to sell to the mob. You might say this movie's "out of this world"...if you want us to bite you.	
	SIMONE AUGUST 16 AL PACINO, CHRIS COPPOLA, CATHERINE KEENER, JAY MOHR, JASON SCHWARTZMAN DIR: ANDREW NICCOL	Out of options, a washed-up movie producer (Pacino) creates a CGI leading lady who becomes a star. But what should he tell the public? We say he should tell them the truth: Jay Mohr has webbed toes.	
	SERVING SARA AUGUST 23 ELIZABETH HURLEY, MATTHEW PERRY, BRUCE CAMPBELL, CEDRIC THE ENTERTAINER DIR: REGINALD HUDLIN	A really hot chick (Hurley) and a process server (Perry) go on a roadtrip to serve her hubby (Campbell) divorce papers. Hope they rent a roomy car. That way one can nap while the other one drives!	
	THEY AUGUST 23 LAURA REGAN, MARC BLUCAS, DAGMARA DOMINCZYK DIR: ROBERT HARMON	A grad student (Regan) looks to connect her childhood fear of the dark to the terror she feels today. Sometimes we weep quietly while we sleep. (Bet you were expecting a joke there, huh?)	
	FORMULA 51 AUGUST 30 SAMUEL L. JACKSON, ROBERT CARLYLE, MEAT LOAF DIR: RONNY YU	A shady American chemist (Jackson) travels to England to make one last drug deal, but things get crazy when his guide (Carlyle) turns out to hate Americans. Of course he does. They wear kilts everywhere!	
	CITY BY THE SEA SEPTEMBER 13 ROBERT DE NIRO, JAMES FRANCO, ELIZA DUSHKU, WILLIAM FORSYTHE DIR: MICHAEL CATON-JONES	An NYPD detective (De Niro) whose father was a convicted murderer investigates the murder of a surfer in which his son (Franco) is the main suspect. What a pickle! We're so glad we had our tubes tied.	

"NUTTY COPS, TOPLESS CHICKS, AND CAR CHASES."

– Newhouse News



DVD includes: 13 extended scenes, outtakes and an alternate ending!

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- TUESDAY WELD
- MARTHE KELLER

HAS SLEPT WITH

- MATTHEW BRODERICK
- WOODY ALLEN
- DUDLEY MOORE
- PHILIPPE DE BROCA

HAS SLEPT WITH

- SARAH JESSICA PARKER
- MIA FARROW
- SUSAN ANTON
- MARGOT KIDDER

HAS SLEPT WITH

- JOHN F. KENNEDY JR.
- FRANK SINATRA
- SYLVESTER STALLONE
- FORMER CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER PIERRE TRUDEAU

HAS SLEPT WITH

- MADONNA
- CINDY CRAWFORD
- AVA GARDNER
- ANGIE EVERHART
- BRIGITTE NIELSEN
- BARBRA STREISAND

HAS SLEPT WITH

- WARREN BEATTY
- VAL KILMER
- MICKEY ROONEY
- PRINCE ALBERT OF MONACO
- MARK GASTINEAU
- ELLIOTT GOULD
- DON JOHNSON

Al Pacino has slept with Mickey Rooney, Don Johnson, Val Kilmer and Prince Albert of Monaco. In a manner of speaking.

THE STORY BEHIND THE SONG

PAPA ROACH "SHE LOVES ME NOT"

"It's about me and my wife fighting all the time," says front man Jacoby Shaddix. "She tricks me into thinking I'm a jerk. But, fuck, man, I love the bitch. And she's like, 'I love that asshole.' It sounds more dysfunctional than it is."

Jacoby demonstrates how he pleases his dog.

SHAMELESS PLUGGING WITH BANNER AND YVETTE

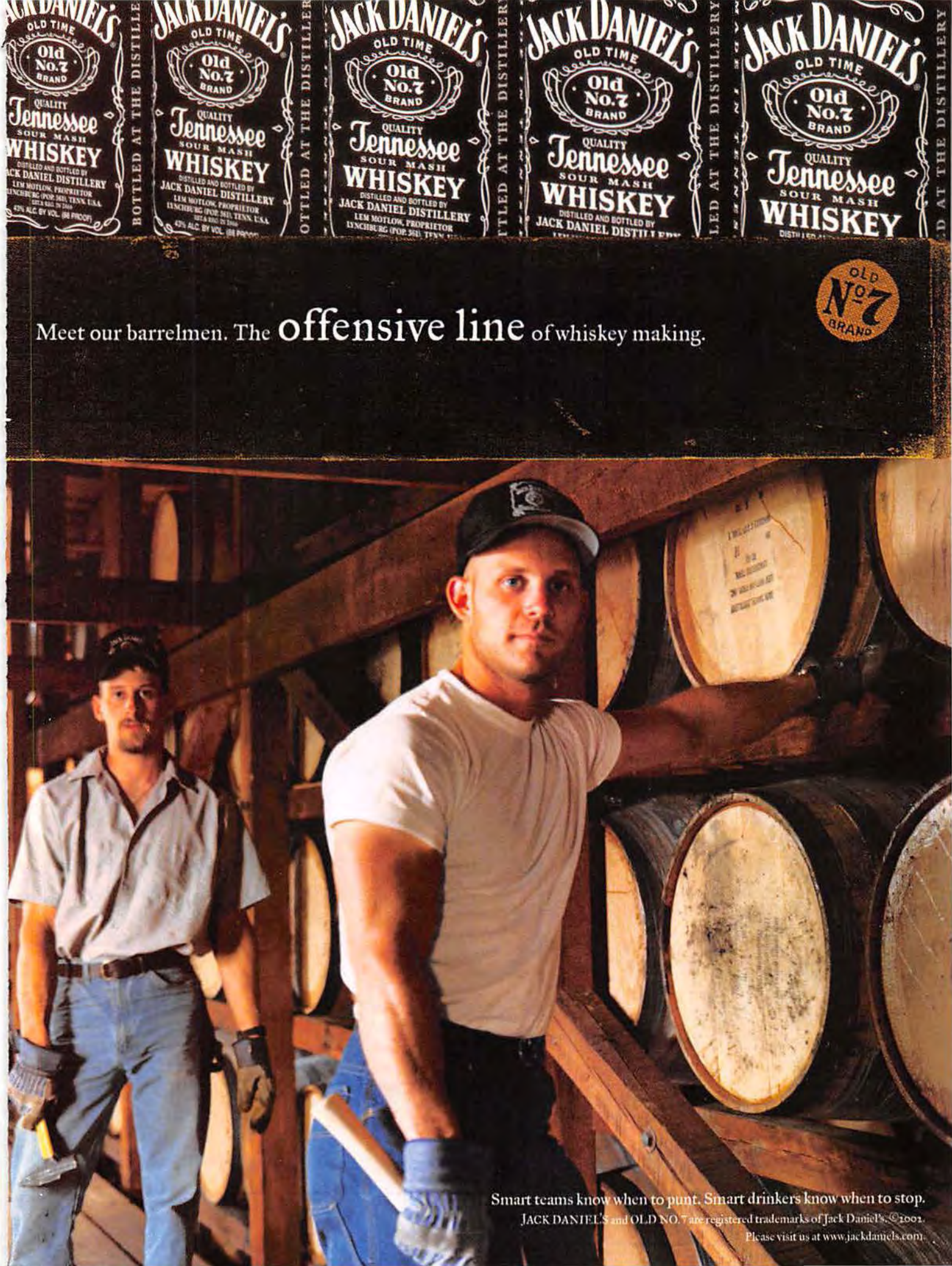
Part Nine: Gone to the Dogs

Banner: "When we return to Earth in late September, let's stay in and watch a movie."
Yvette: "How about a *Reservoir Dogs* 10-year-anniversary DVD?"

Banner: "I just hope it has deleted scenes, outtakes and two alternate camera angles of the ear-cutting scene."
Yvette: "You know it will, baby."

Banner: "Mmm...the only thing sexier than Tarantino's cult classic is your ass."
Yvette: "Get over here. I want to have a few words with Mr. Pink!"

Photography: (Banner and Yvette) Damian Dovick; Photo by Lorenzo Tedesco/Universal Pictures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That there is one odd-looking beast-type deal. Yes, sir. So, we done here? There's, like, a shitload more pics that need captions.

GAME OF THE MONTH

THE THING PC, PS2 AND XBOX

You're in a deserted Antarctic base and there are terrifying creatures hunting you. What do you want most? True love? We all do, man, but now's not the time. Maybe a pony? Not after the last pet, Mr. I-Promise-I'll-Feed-My-New-Puppy-Oops-It's-Dead! No, sir, in this polar hell, the most important thing is teamwork. And big guns, in case the teamwork falls apart.

The Thing is more about managing emotions than a huge arsenal. Your team is sent to investigate the base where the Thing is loose. You control Blake, as well as three types of specialists: medics to heal people, soldiers for firepower, and engineers to open doors (they're so chivalrous!) and fix computers. It's up to you to manage their fear level, since characters become less capable when they see creepy stuff. Like that time we caught a glimpse of Robin Williams coming out of the shower.

Caring for a team adds a new dimension to scary gaming. Leave anyone alone and their trust level starts to go down. Act strangely and they might start thinking you're the Thing. It's just like being a narc! (Well, what we *imagine* it would be like to be a narc. Now just go ahead and smoke that.) You need to ensure that party members don't get too isolated—a tough task since going outside could mean freezing to death. We suggest you spend a few days living in your freezer just to prepare for the challenge. It worked for our cousin Rodney. He's one cool dude! Because, you know, he's frozen solid. —*Simon Munk*

When is the violence going to stop? When we stop playing this game? OK, cool. So, like, in a half-hour or so.

THE PLAY LIST

MAT HOFFMAN'S PRO BMX 2 PS2, XBOX, GAMECUBE, GAME BOY ADVANCE

Mat Hoffman does crazy BMX stunts so you don't have to, and all he gets in return is loads of money. So show some respect by buying this game. The new version has interactive levels that change as you ride them—just like our bull, Señor Furioso. His mood changes more than the weather!

BRUCE LEE: QUEST OF THE DRAGON XBOX

What would *you* do if your father were kidnapped by evil martial artists? You would break into his liquor cabinet and throw a monster party? Cool. But what if you were Bruce Lee? Well, you would give the bad guys a most honorable ass-kicking in complex environments. Bruce's lucrative estate would have wanted it that way.

BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER XBOX

First it's a movie. Then it's a TV show. And now it's a video game. Man, we're getting tired of *Jingle All the Way*. Good thing Buffy is here to distract us. So enjoy this high-kicking action-adventure game by using a bunch of weapons, hanging from ledges and solving puzzles as the buxom and beautiful Buffy. Finally, an excuse to wear that tight V-neck sweater!

SOCOM: U.S. NAVY SEALS PS2

Now you can scream at your console without the dog thinking you're crazy. Just strap on the headset and shout orders to your team in this military shooter. Yelling "Bring in this hemline!" won't have any effect, but commands such as "follow" and "attack target" sure will. You can even bark at friends online if you have the right PS2 kit. You know, the expensive one.

CHRIS EDWARDS' AGGRESSIVE INLINE PS2, XBOX, GAMECUBE

Wearing in-line skates isn't just for moving furniture anymore. Now you can romp through Hollywood movie sets and boardwalks while pulling stunts such as grinds, fakies and ollies. It looks like these things are getting too hot for the park. So what the heck are we supposed to do there now? Guess it's back to skeet shooting.

CRAZY TAXI 3: HIGH ROLLER XBOX

Ever dreamed of driving a cab? Of cruising all day through the city, meeting interesting people *and* getting paid for it? Yeah, neither have we. But this game is still pretty cool. Race your passengers through a crazy version of Vegas, delivering fares before the clock runs down. Just learn a foreign language first. It's not your place to reverse stereotypes. —*S.M.*

TOP 10

Best Weapons Ever

Where would games be without guns? And knives? And pointy thingies with missile attachments? Nowhere. Here are our 10 all-time favorite implements of virtual destruction.

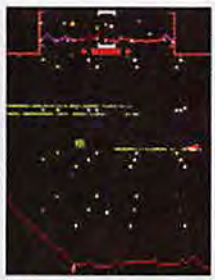
VACUUM CLEANER
LUIGI'S MANSION
GAME CUBE
It's not very violent, but it is fun. Freeze a ghost in midair, then wiggle the joystick to suck the life force out of him. We had the life force sucked out of us once. Man, we miss camp.

REDEEMER
UNREAL TOURNAMENT
PC, PS2
Pick *UT*'s alternative-fire mode and you can guide a baby nuke using a nose-cone camera. Us? We'll stick to disposable cameras. They put a confetti border on every picture!

BARE HANDS
METAL GEAR SOLID 2: SONS OF LIBERTY PS2
Sneak up behind a guard and wrap your hands around his neck. Then...*crunch*. Can't sneak up on him? Man, that wheezing needs to go. Would it kill you *not* to have asthma?

SNIPER RIFLE
MAX PAYNE
PC, PS2, XBOX
Zoom in on the sniper scope and shoot. If you've killed the enemy, the camera will follow the bullet up to the point where his head turns red and squishy. The "red and squishy point," we call it.

BASEBALL BAT
GRAND THEFT AUTO III
PS2, PC
This game might have flamethrowers and M-16s, but the bat is king. So use it to beat old ladies and anyone else who wanders by. It's funny because it's senseless!



SMART BOMB
DEFENDER PC, GAME BOY ADVANCE, DREAMCAST, N64
Defender was a serious arcade coin-op game, and the first to popularize the smart-bomb concept. We can't stand stupid bombs. They're always doing something stupid!

TRIPLE RED SHELL
MARIO KART GAME BOY ADVANCE, N64
Red shells can form a protective ring to save you from the bad guys or can be fired to blow them up. A fresh-smelling refrigerator? You'll still need to use baking soda for that.

ROCKET LAUNCHER
QUAKE III ARENA
PC, DREAMCAST, PS2
Use it to kill your enemies, or just aim it at the ground, leap and fire at the same time for a rocket-jump. Try it at home. Just make sure you have shoes on. Safety first!

LIGHTSABER
STAR WARS JEDI OUTCAST: JEDI KNIGHT II PC
Keep working on your Jedi powers and soon you'll be able to hack off limbs and deflect laser shots back at the shooter. Ah, deflection. You truly are the great equalizer.

MALLET
MICRO MACHINES V3
PLAYSTATION, PC, N64
Get this gigantic hammer and you can flatten anyone in front of you. But good luck finding giant nails. The giant hardware store is closed for giant renovations. —*S.M.*

"Sexy, Fresh & Wildly Hip!"
– Wireless Magazine

On Video & DVD September 17th!

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INSTANT COOL

FOR THE MAN WHO HAS ALMOST EVERYTHING

KILL BUGS THE FUN WAY

YAMAHA YZF-R1 $10,300

Throw caution and your own fragile body to the wind on Yamaha's latest tribute to the speed gods: the YZF-R1 supersport bike. Engineers (not the train kind, the *designing* kind) managed to wedge a monstrous 998cc engine into an all-new 600cc-size Deltabox III frame. They equipped Yammie with racing-style suction-piston fuel injection, a forward-facing air box and a 43mm inverted Kabaya front fork, all in the name of propelling you at cheek-rippling velocities. Just imagine yourself racking through the six-speed transmission, edging up to the 160-mph top-end speed. Now imagine owning a cow. No more paying for cow rides! **www.yamaha-motor.com**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SATOSHI

THE GAME-PROCESSOR PR-I $80
Clean game where they lay instead of dragging them home and stringing them up on the swing set. Razor-sharp 420-stainless-steel blades make precise cuts, while Kraton handles keep your grip tight even when wet. Icky! There goes another pair of jeans. (Wait, deer don't wear jeans. Oh, God...) **www.outdooredge.com**

HOYT HAVOCTEC COMPOUND BOW $700
Despite its compact 32-inch frame, the HavocTec's sophisticated cam system still manages to send arrows shrieking along at more than 300 feet per second. A patented high-bridge riser dampens vibrations and muffles sound. You'd hate to disturb hikers as you put arrows through them one by one. **www.hoytusa.com**

PICK OF THE LITTER
STUFF APPROVED

KILLING TIME

Everything you need to put food on the table, or just amuse the other folks at the beach.

BY SETH KELLY PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX CAO

EXCALIBUR EXOMAG
$535
Whether you want to turn a grizzly into a pincushion or just take your dart game to the next level, look no further than the Exomag. Maggie's 185-pound draw spits out arrows at 330 feet per second. And the bow's Magtip, recurve limbs and stock are covered in Realtree Hardwoods camouflage. Your prey will think it's being attacked by an angry little bush! **www.excaliburcrossbow.com**

WHITETAIL TRACKERS
$110
ScentBan technology built into the Trackers locks in offending odors, preventing your man-smell from alerting your furry prey. The UltraDry moisture-whupping system and Thinsulate lining keep your little piggies warm and cozy unless, of course, you're *hunting* little piggies. No need to keep them comfy if you're just going to put a bullet in them, you know? **www.irishsetterboots.com**

MARLIN 1894 COWBOY COMPETITION $965
An octagonal barrel and .38 Special chambering hark back to the rifles of yore that helped win the West from the people our forefathers found living there. Marlin actually designed the CC for cowboy-action sharpshooting competitions. We go for the corn on a stick. It's corn (on a stick). **www.marlinfirearms.com**

BROWNING CITORI 525 SPORTING $2,500
The newest Citori 12-gauge shotgun has fiber-optic sights and Midas Grade extended choke tubes (for producing tight patterns to knock down skeet and errant box kites with deadly accuracy). Worried that the beautifully etched receiver looks a little girlie? No one will say a word. Dude, you're holding a gun. **www.browning.com**

STUFF 1a: CHEF HATS

Once you kill 'em, you've got to grill 'em. Here's your hat! Put it on your head!

Two hats? This chef's off the hook!

Conceals baldness, and smaller hats.

Pinstripes distract from oozing facial sores.

STUFF2

FALL BEERS

That chill in the air can mean only one thing: Tuberculosis. Better grab a beer!

BY ROB CONNORS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HOGAN

OTTER CREEK OKTOBERFEST $7/SIX-PACK
Brewed in Middlebury, Vermont, Otter Creek is the beer of poets. Seriously, the town was a hangout of Robert Frost's. One sip reminds us of why we should take the road less traveled: Less traffic makes beer runs a breeze! www.ottercreekbrewing.com

MAGIC HAT JINX $7/SIX-PACK
Nestled on the outskirts of Burlington, Vermont, Magic Hat gives white, suburban Phish-heads a humorously named beer to call their own. The peat-smoked whiskey malt provides a hint of a smoky taste and an above-average 6.9 percent alcohol content. That's more than O'Doul's and Budweiser *combined*! www.magichat.net

BRECKENRIDGE AUTUMN ALE $7/SIX-PACK
Combine a thick German lager with a crisp American ale and you have Autumn Ale. It's a gestalt of yummy tastes, a mixing of cultures. Something the Germans will surely embrace—right before killing you. www.breckbrew.com

HARPOON OCTOBERFEST $7/SIX-PACK
Harpoon's red hooch is smooth with some bitterness. It's also a Marzen, or March, lager. March was once the last time before Oktoberfest that Germans could brew. Thanks to the wonders of refrigeration, they can now brew year-round. Even in summer, you ask? Yes. Even in summer. www.harpoonbrewery.com

SAMUEL ADAMS OCTOBERFEST $8/SIX-PACK
As the leader of the microbrewing game, Sam Adams is known for great seasonals. The reddish-amber color of the OctoberFest evokes lovely New England foliage, and the name evokes quaint fall festivals, such as Oktoberfest. www.samadams.com

ABITA FALL FEST $7/SIX-PACK
The pride of Abita Springs, Louisiana, proves you don't need cool weather for a good fall beer. Fall Fest is brewed with German hops and chocolate malts for a full-bodied taste. *German* and *full-bodied* makes us think of Heidi Klum. We hear she loves beer. www.abita.com

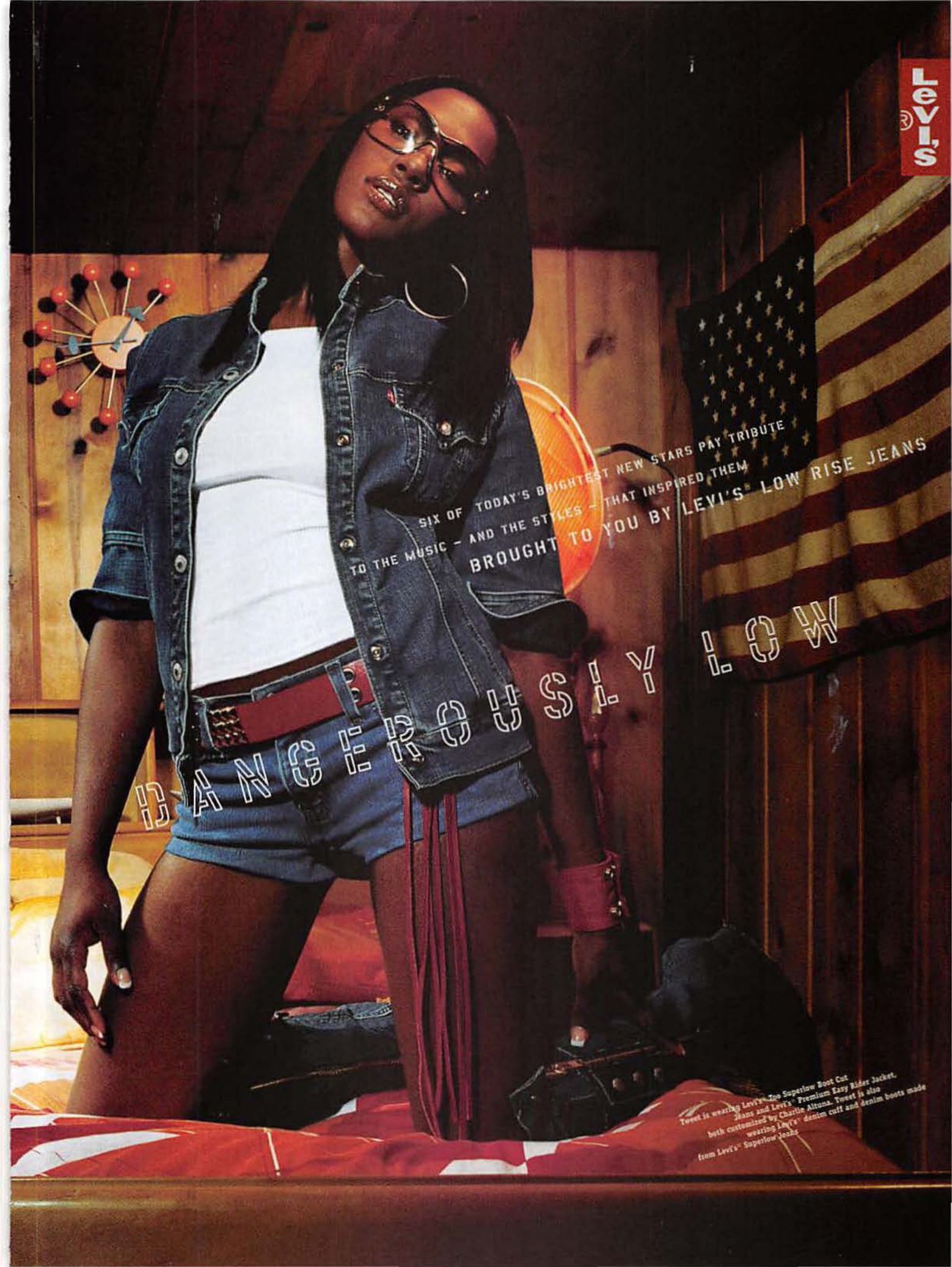
STUFF 2a: COOLERS

You can put beer in these to keep it cool—and away from Grandma.

Coleman Camo, $86, www.camohunter.com The handle makes pushing hard.

Collegiate Team, $50, www.texantailgaters.com Makes perfect sense for people named Gerald!

Kool Mate 50, $140, www.igloostore.com Condiments in the *cooler*? The future is now!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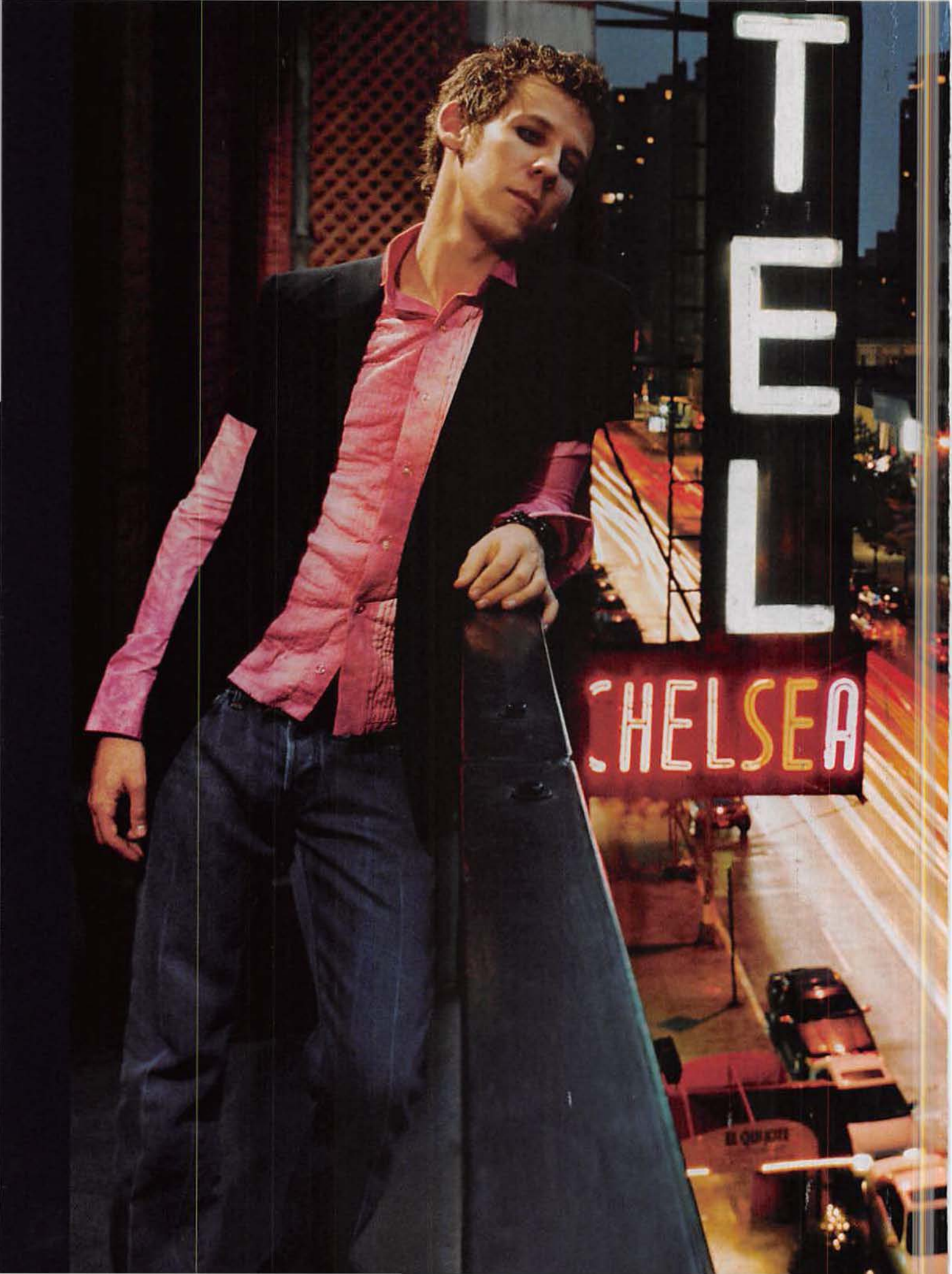

TEL
CHELSEA

BEN LEE

AUSSIE PUNK-POPSTER TURNED GOTHAM-ADMIRING SINGER-SONGWRITER

"TO BE A MUSICIAN, you're kind of frowned upon — it's not seen as legitimate work," says Ben Lee.

The Australian singer-songwriter is only 23, so he seems to have come to such a hard-bitten conclusion at a rather young age. But then, he gained his first taste of international acclaim as the 13-year-old leader of punk-pop quartet Noise Addict. By his late teens, Lee had relocated to the United States, where he recorded three indie-pop gems: 1995's *Grandpaw Would,* 1997's *Something to Remember Me By* and 1999's *Breathing Tornados.*

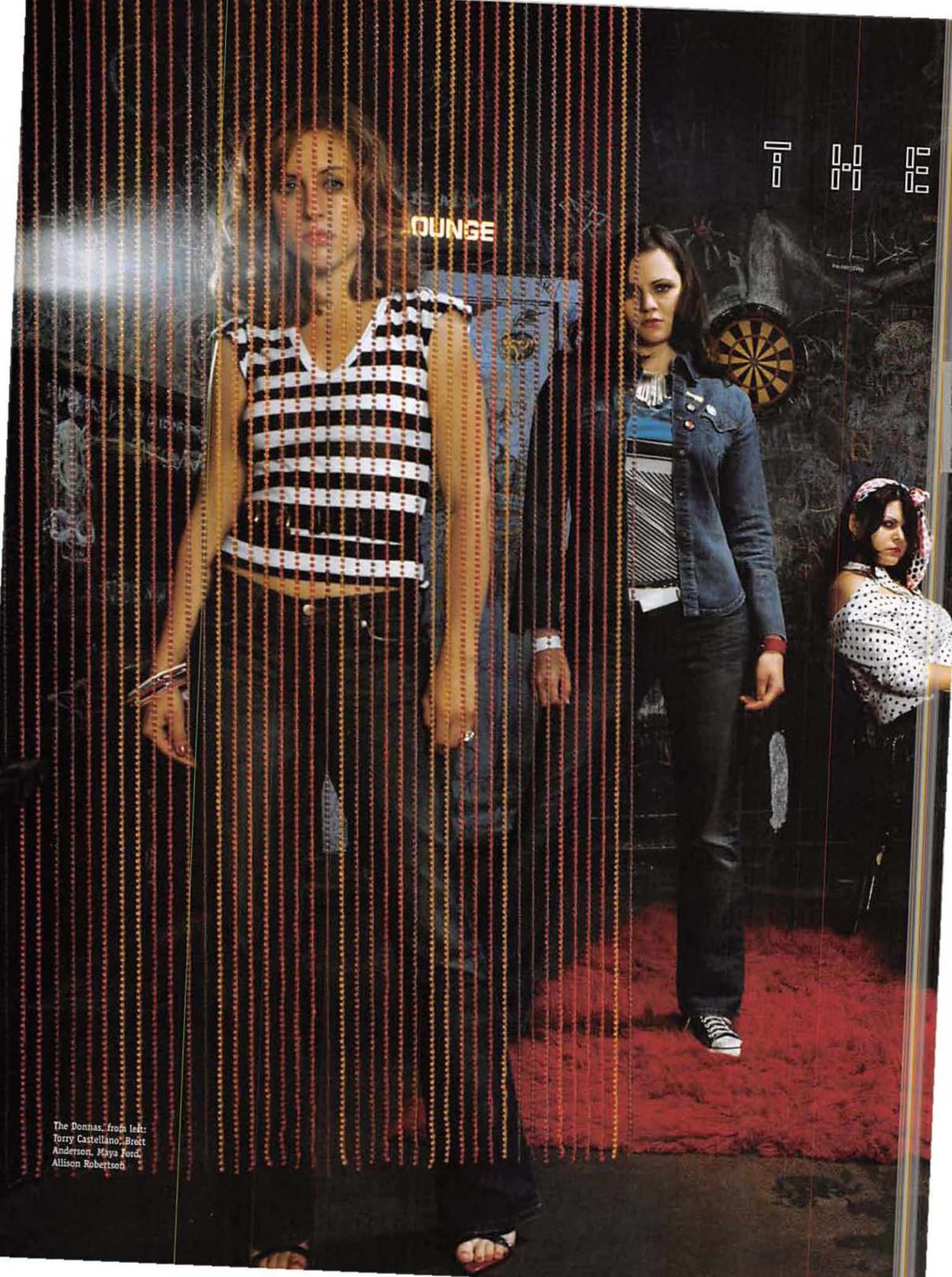
Given his reputation, it's not too surprising when Lee confesses, "I can be a little precocious and arrogant." Nonetheless, he claims to enjoy the collaborative process in the studio, recruiting guests including Phantom Planet's Jason Schwartzman to work on his forthcoming new record. While the as-yet-untitled album will boast a dance beat or two, Lee's muse is influenced far more by the rich vein of bohemia that flourished in New York City in the late '60s and early '70s.

"What that era brought to popular music was a license to be imperfect," he says, "but also seedy and sexual and sordid. It's done wonderful things for all of us."

The singer's admiration does, however, have its limits.

"I've encountered a certain nostalgia for New York's bohemian history that goes inherently against the beauty of living in New York," he says. "To be nostalgic for another time in New York is to want to control a city that can't be controlled. I have reverence for that time, but not nostalgia. I never want to live in any other time than right now."

Ben Lee is wearing Levi's® Premium Skinner™ Low Rise Jeans



The Donnas, from left: Torry Castellano, Brett Anderson, Maya Ford, Allison Robertson

DONNAS

FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK . . .

THE DONNAS HAVE BEATEN YOU TO IT

IF ANY BAND is happy to inhabit the spirit — not to mention the clothes — of old-fashioned, no-frills rock, it's the Donnas. Even though the four only recently reached drinking age (an event marked by last year's *The Donnas Turn 21*), they've been playing their signature old-fashioned, no-frills metal for a decade, ever since they first got together as junior-high students.

"There were all these guy bands that were going to play a show at school," remembers singer Brett Anderson (a.k.a. Donna A). "We thought there needed to be a girl band. We played four songs. It was definitely scary to get onstage. I mean, I was only 13. Were we well-received? Not really. It wasn't cool to like us."

"People at school began to start rumors," adds guitarist Allison Robertson (Donna R). "They said we were lesbians, that we were on heroin."

Four albums later, however, the joke is on the band's former tormentors.

"Actually, I think they're still laughing at us," Robertson says. "People are always saying, 'Don't you think everybody in your high school feels bad and wants to be your friend now?' There are a few people who come to the shows. But a lot of them still think we're big dorks."

Who, then, makes up the Donnas' principal fan base?

"We have a lot of fans in jail," Anderson confesses. "They want presents. Like . . . our underwear."

Sadly, the band's incarcerated supporters will have to be content with a new album, which the Donnas are currently recording for release later this year. Anderson won't discuss the record, but she's happy to confirm that the Donnas don't intend to jump on the increasingly crowded nü-metal bandwagon.

"I do not like nü-metal," she says dismissively. "It sounds too overproduced. When you make it that computerized, it can't sound heavy — it sounds metallic, but it's not metal. Everybody says rock is coming back because boy bands are wearing metal T-shirts and other groups are dressing up like hair-metal bands. What they mean is that the style's coming back. It's just fashion. Rock is rock. It never went away."

The Donnas are wearing Levi's® Superlow Jeans. Allison and Maya are also wearing the Sawtooth Shirt, Brett is wearing the Levi's® Premium Easy Rider Jacket and Torry is wearing the Wing Tee

"MY PERSONAL TASTE is definitely for songs and melodies — I like it tight, I like a good rock song," says Phantom Planet's Jason Schwartzman. "I think the British have kept that torch alight. What's really great about those bands from the '60s and '70s is that they would record an album and get it out there immediately. Some of those groups put out two records a year!"

It's not surprising that the drummer loves songs and melodies, given that Phantom Planet's new album, *The Guest*, is stuffed to its guitar-rock gills with memorable tunes, particularly the joyously anthemic single "California." On the other hand, there's seemingly little chance that the quintet will release two albums a year anytime soon, given the four-year gap between *The Guest* and its predecessor, *Phantom Planet Is Missing*, their 1998 debut. It would be easy — but also incorrect — to assume that the band's extracurricular activities (both Schwartzman and singer/guitarist Alex Greenwald have burgeoning film careers) caused the delay.

"The truth is, there was a huge merger with our record company," says Schwartzman, 22. "It was a crazy time for a band trying to emerge through all that conflict and chaos. No one was around to work on our record, because no one knew if they were going to have a job the next day. The next four years were a process of finding a new label. We just had to keep focused and keep rocking."

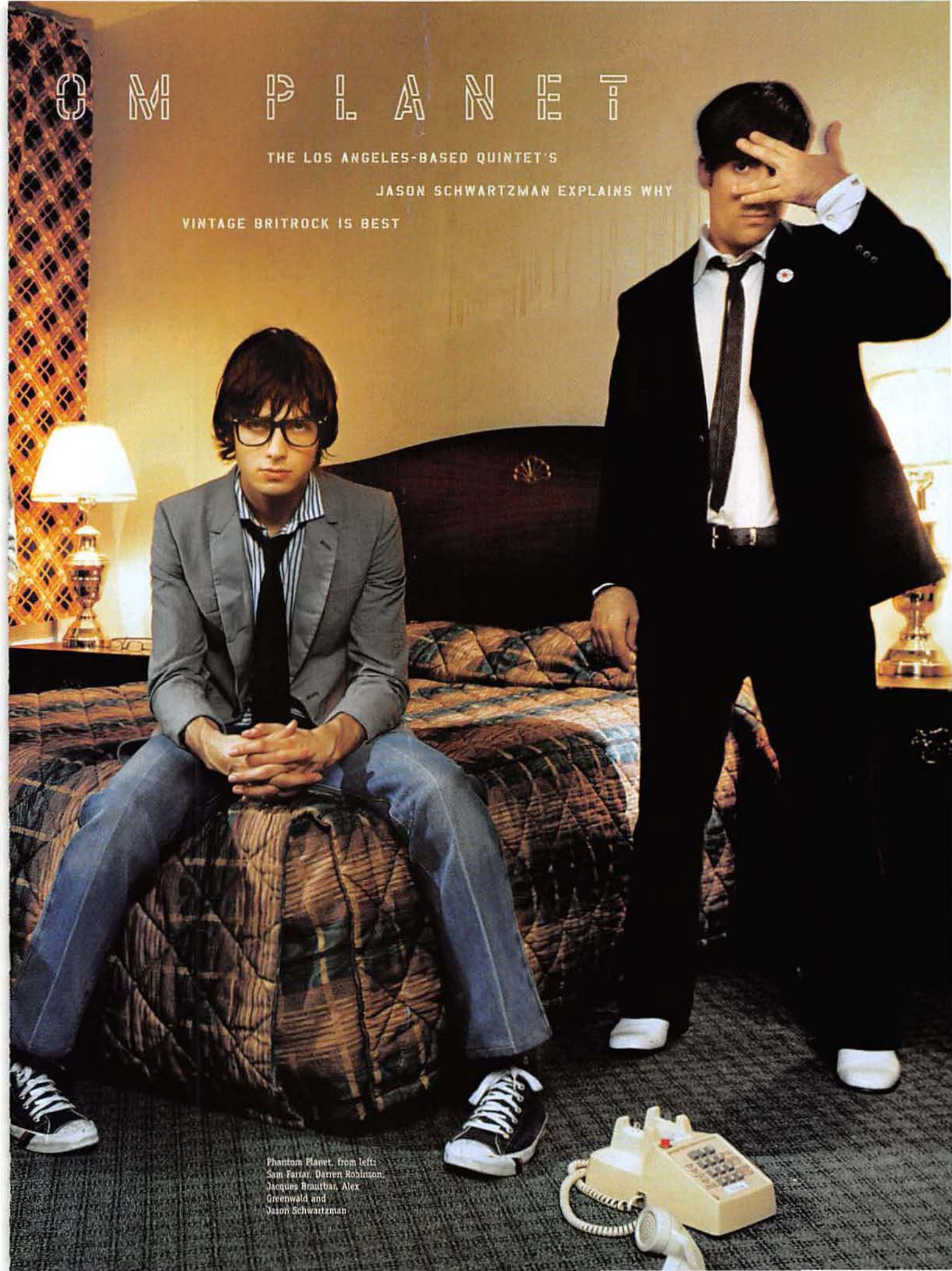
Their determination has been rewarded with a barrage of positive reviews for *The Guest* and a series of prestigious supporting slots.

"It's been amazing," says a delighted Schwartzman. "We came from playing small clubs, and now sometimes I look up and Alex is, like, 20 feet away!"

But will we have to wait another four years for the next Phantom Planet album?

"No!" Schwartzman states firmly. "At least . . . I hope not."

Phantom Planet are wearing Levi's® Premium Rebel™ Low Rise and Levi's® Premium Skinner™ Low Rise Jeans. Darren and Jacques are also wearing the Levi's® Premium Trucker Jacket



PHANTOM PLANET

THE LOS ANGELES-BASED QUINTET'S JASON SCHWARTZMAN EXPLAINS WHY VINTAGE BRITROCK IS BEST

Phantom Planet, from left: Sam Farrar, Darren Robinson, Jacques Brautbar, Alex Greenwald and Jason Schwartzman

NAPPY

"WE'VE BEEN IN the kitchen cooking this up for a long time," says Nappy Roots rapper Scales of the band's major-label debut. "It's a Sunday meal, as opposed to fast food. I don't expect you to eat it real quick."

It seems appropriate, therefore, that the album is called *Watermelon, Chicken & Gritz*. You don't need to be in Nappy Roots' company for long to figure out that the sextet is obsessed with all things culinary.

"Food's what we all have in common," Scales says.

Actually, there seems to be very little that's common about a rap act whose chosen Levi's look is a celebration of old-school reggae style, and who met at the decidedly un-hip-hop Western Kentucky University.

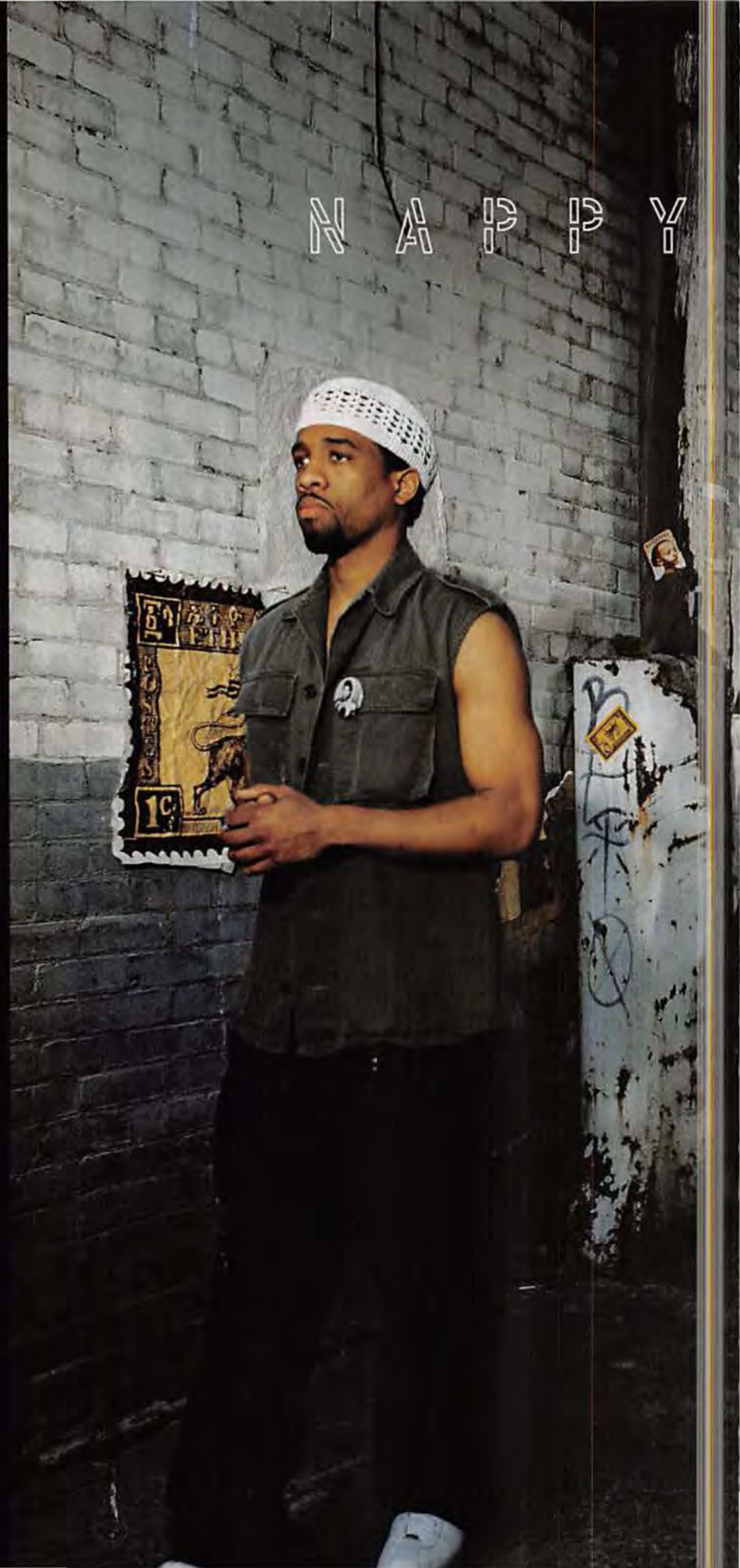
"It was hard to get a record contract coming from Kentucky," recalls Scales (full name Fish Scales, real name Melvin Adams). "They barely know that black people live in Kentucky. People have a lot of stereotypes: 'Do y'all wear shoes? Do y'all ride horses?' In Kentucky, we didn't hear none of the new styles. Everything we made was what we conjured up out of our heads."

That conjuring is paying off — *Watermelon* is already certified gold. That's a big relief to the group; Scales jokes that they've subsisted on "a hundred bucks a year" since they signed to Warner Bros. in 1998.

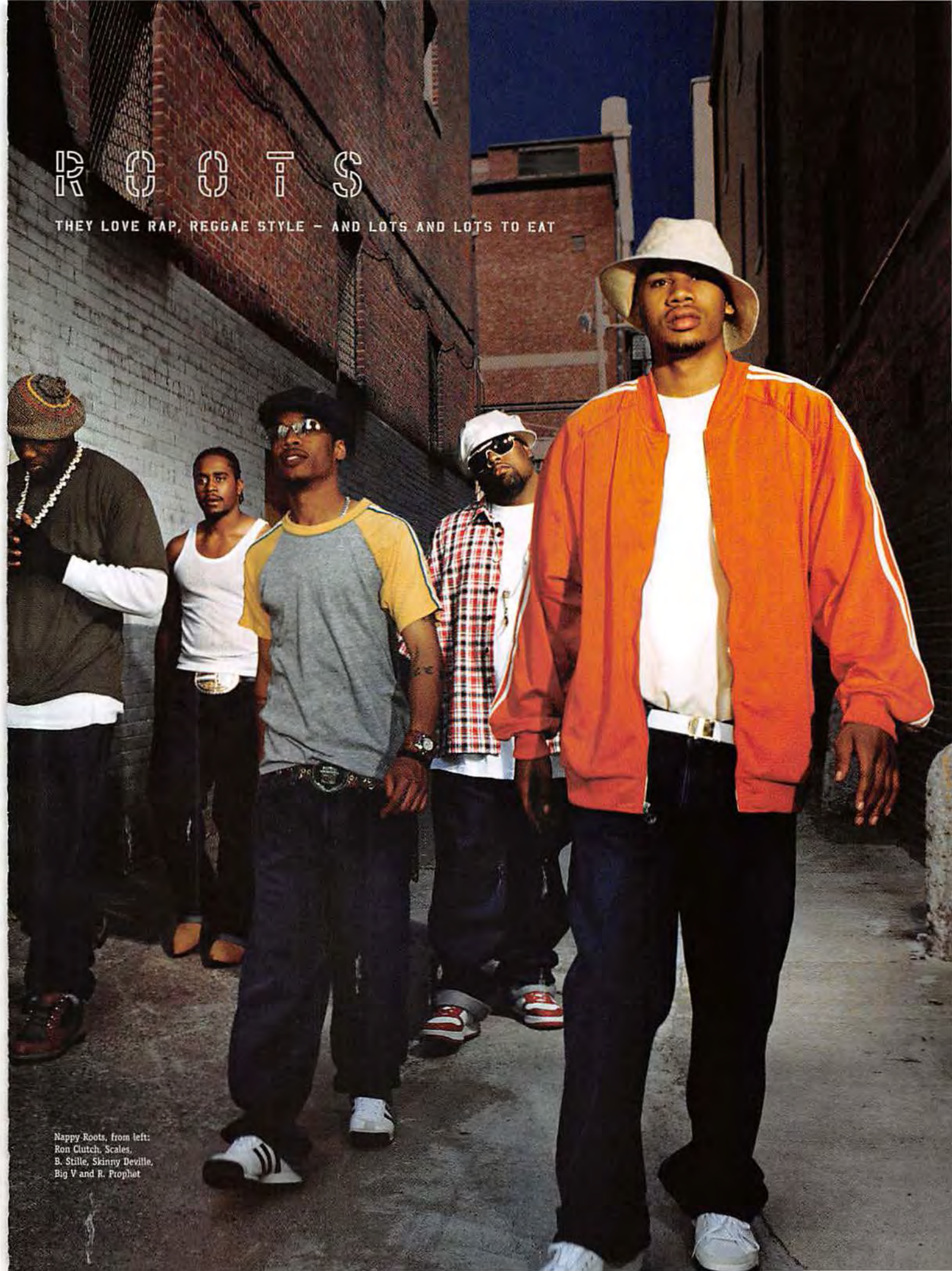
"It was very frustrating," the rapper admits. "There was a period when we were on the shelf with Atlantic Records and we had no kind of income. We had to depend on each other. That's what made Nappy Roots what it is. That's why we're so tight. We went through the struggle and depended on one another."

And cooked for one another as well?

"Man, I can't cook," Scales says, laughing. "But I can eat. I can eat *real* good."



The Nappy Roots are wearing Levi's® Low Rise Straight 529™ Jeans



ROOTS

THEY LOVE RAP, REGGAE STYLE – AND LOTS AND LOTS TO EAT

Nappy Roots, from left: Ron Clutch, Scales, B. Stille, Skinny Deville, Big V and R. Prophet

Quarashi, from left: Hössi Olafsson, Sölvi Blondal, Omar Swarez and Steini Fjelsted

QUARASHI

OLD SCHOOL-RAP OBSESSED ICELANDIC HIP-HOP SENSATIONS

PROPHETS, THE SAYING GOES, are never honored in their own countries. Nor, it seems, are Icelandic hip-hop acts.

"We've been getting a great response from American audiences — much better than from Icelandic ones," says Hössi Olafsson, rapper and singer with Quarashi, Iceland's most notable hip-hop band (yes, the country has more than one).

"American audiences are much more into music," Olafsson continues. "In Iceland, they're just there to drink."

Not that Quarashi are teetotaling types. In fact, the band's producer/drummer, Sölvi Blondal, met rapper Steini Fjelsted (a former Icelandic skateboarding champion) in the mid-'90s while cleaning up a local park as penance for public drunkenness. With third rapper Omar Swarez onboard, the four began constructing their own electronica- and rock-inflected take on the old-school rap they had listened to and loved while growing up.

"A lot of artists are ripping off rap-rock or rap-metal," Blondal says. "But you can't forget that there was some good music being made in rap's early days — music that changed my life, in fact."

Quarashi's first two albums both went gold in Iceland — although to do so, they had to sell only 5,000 copies.

"Yeah," Olafsson says. "But 5,000 units in Iceland is equivalent to 5 million in America."

Ah, yes, America: the country where Quarashi are gaining a significant following, thanks to their new album, *Jinx*, and its pummeling lead single, "Stick Em Up." *Jinx* also contains the first rap song ever recorded entirely in Icelandic. Surely that garnered the band a modicum of respect in its homeland?

"No, not really," Olafsson says with a sigh. "Icelandic people are very proud — they don't turn their heads when someone famous walks down the main street. Also, there are only 280,000 people in Iceland. So everybody knows everybody anyway."

Quarashi are wearing Levi's® Low Rise Straight 529™ Jeans

TWEET

SOUL-LOVING SONGBIRD DOESN'T CARE HOW MANY DIAMONDS YOU HAVE ON YOUR WRIST

"I'VE DEFINITELY BEEN surprised by all this success," admits Tweet, R&B's latest chart-conquering sensation. "I didn't go into the studio expecting to have a lot of people appreciate the music. I was just speaking from the heart, not letting anyone stop me from saying what I want to say. Maybe in these times, people want artists like that."

There doesn't seem to be any "maybe" about it: Her debut, *Southern Hummingbird,* has gone gold. The album finds the Rochester, New York, native saying what she wants to say about everything from unfaithful lovers ("Motel") to the pros and cons of seeing life through the bottom of a bottle ("Wasted"). Having already spawned the R&B number 1 "Oops (Oh My)," the result is simultaneously state-of-the-art and strongly reminiscent of soul's '70s golden age.

"The '70s are definitely an inspirational time to me," admits the singer. "Anything that was going on in the '70s, I still go back to that. Music was about *music* back then, not how many diamonds you have on your wrist."

Before she recorded *Southern Hummingbird,* the singer "wasted" six years with an all-girl band that broke up in 2000 without releasing an album.

"There was definitely a point when I thought I was never going to make it," says Tweet, who admits that in her darkest moments, she contemplated suicide. These days, however, her biggest problem is figuring out which country singer she's going to collaborate with.

Sorry, *country singer*?

"I would have no problem doing country," she says. "Music is just music. We would come together and make something fantastic."

And you could wear a rhinestone outfit.

"What's that? A rhinestone catsuit, did you say?" Tweet laughs. "Now, *that* would be cool."

Tweet is wearing Levi's® Too Superlow Boot Cut Jeans and Levi's® Premium Easy Rider Jacket, both customized by Charlie Altuna. Tweet is also wearing Levi's® denim cuff and denim boots made from Levi's® Superlow Jeans

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Groomer: Mike Carg/Goldwell U.S.A.

BEN LEE
BEN LEE'S NEW ALBUM IS COMING SOON.

Location: Sadie's Flying Elephant, San Francisco
Stylist: Jenna Nankin/ Workgroup
Hair and Makeup: Racine Christensen/Koko Represents
Prop Stylist: Julie Dodge/Koko Represents

Stylist: April Johnson/ Independent NY
Groomer: Kim McDonough
Prop Stylist: Ariana Salvato/ Faucher Artists

Stylist: April Johnson/ Independent NY
Groomer: Debi Ford

Location: Moschini Productions, www.moschinipro.com
Stylist: April Johnson/Independent NY
Groomer: Nikki Patton/Independent NY
Prop Stylist: Ariana Salvato/Faucher Artists

Location: Sources Location Library — Shinko Iura's Residence
Stylist: Charlie Altuna/ celestineagency.com
Hair: Dominique Evans
Makeup: Eric Ferrell/Dion Peronneau L.A.
Manicurist: Hai Nguyen/ karleeartist.com

THE DONNAS
SPEND THE NIGHT
NEW ALBUM THE DONNAS SPEND THE NIGHT *IN STORES OCTOBER 15*

NAPPY ROOTS
WATERMELON, CHICKEN & GRITZ
ATLANTIC, 2002

PHANTOM PLANET
THE GUEST
EPIC, 2002

QUARASHI
JINX
TIME BOMB/COLUMBIA, 2002

TWEET
SOUTHERN HUMMINGBIRD
GOLDMIND/ELEKTRA, 2002

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If this baby doesn't get us laid, nothing will. Oh, not the Viper. We're talking about the actual baby we just adopted. He keeps crying. Should we feed him?

SNAKE HANDLER

It's the macho answer to girlie machines everywhere. Marty Padgett's Epilady? No. Try shaving your legs with the 2003 Dodge Viper!

Personally, I've had a thing against snakes since I walked in on my cousin's Red Tail boa crushing my beloved poodle, Cyril, into a white, curly sack of flesh at last month's family reunion. Of course, poodles are replaceable. But chances to test-drive the most obnoxiously powerful piece of American muscle since Lyle Alzado are not.

The Dodge design gremlins managed to shave 100 pounds off the new snake, the third incarnation of the original, while stiffening up the frame by 35 percent. The vast aluminum, big-block V-10 power plant now displaces 8.3 liters (500 cubic inches), or roughly the amount of steroids on tap in Bud Selig's waiting room. And it churns out 500 horses as well as 500 foot-pounds of torque—a veritable 500x500x500 trifecta that's a first for any production vehicle.

Just for kicks, you fire up this monster by twisting the key and then pushing a starter button. The salad-plate-size tachometer dominates the instrumentation, a nod to the Viper's racing heritage, while the speedo tops out at 220 mph—of which about 190 is usable, Dodge says with a wink and an "I dare you."

Now a true convertible, the '03 sports a retractable ragtop, leaving deliciously little to the imagination. Inside, it's a little more cramped than older Vipers—but far more comfortable than the snake they use for your average rectal exam. Trust me.

2003 DODGE VIPER RT/10

BASE PRICE $75,000
THE GOODS 500 hp, convertible top, Michelin run-flat tires
PERFORMANCE Dodge says it'll do 190 mph; the drive-through guy agrees.
THE X FACTOR Replaces Dick Cheney as the most powerful four-stroke engine on the planet.

THE AIR BAG

A free lube job, courtesy of K-Y and our sponsors.

Aural fixation

Those thoughtful Brits at Aston Martin are making your $250K V12 Vanquish just a bit nicer with a custom-tailored Linn audio system. With a dozen 75-watt amps, 12 speakers and a bass amplifier, you'll be just two grams of coke short of an Ozzfest.

Dashboard savior

The debut of the Wackel-Elvis (literally, "shaking Elvis") doll in a German Audi ad caused quite a ruckus. In a moment of confusion, the Huns accidentally invaded Belgium. *Zut alors!*

Talk back live

Garmin's talking StreetPilot III GPS ($800) gets you where you need to go, but it sure is bossy. "Left, right, left, harder, faster," until you reach your destination. If only it looked as good as Marty in cha-cha heels!

John Riggins

Hall of Fame running back John Riggins gained 11,352 yards in his career and downed just as many pints. Man, was he thirsty! BY BRUCE FRETTS

BEHIND EVERY GOOD DRUNK IS A WOMAN

Twice arrested for DUI, John has cleaned up his act: "I'm like a werewolf; if I feel an episode coming on, I just have my wife lock me in a closet with a case of beer."

THE RIGGINS WORK ETHIC

- Riggins refused to practice when he was injured. He once said, "It's a game. That's kind of a poor excuse to have a crooked leg."
- He sat out the 1980 season when the Redskins wouldn't fatten his paycheck.
- Returning the next year, he announced, "I'm bored, I'm broke and I'm back."
- After he was released, he sent coach Joe Gibbs a case of champagne and a T-shirt reading, THANKS, I NEEDED THAT!
- Looking back after retiring: "Basically, I was too lazy to get a real job. Football was perfect for me."

A GREAT CASE OF THE RUNS: CAREER HIGHLIGHTS

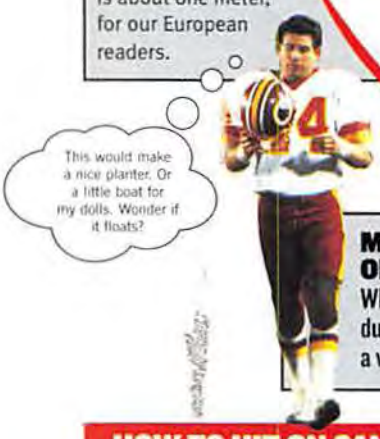
1971: The Jets' first-round draft pick. When asked that day what his number-one sports memory was, the running back answered, "Watching my neighbor's pigs being born."

1983: Crowned MVP of Super Bowl XVII, he decreed, "Ron [Reagan] is the president, but I'm the king."

1992: Inducted into the NFL Hall of Fame, having run 11,352 career yards. One yard is about one meter, for our European readers.

AFTER THE SWEAT

Riggins recently starred in *Gillette*, an off-Broadway play. "I think I'm taking the right approach to [my acting career]," he once said. "As opposed to just trying to jump into some cheesy movies and be some kind of an android." Looks like the plan's working, Riggo. The 12 people who saw *Gillette* said you ruled!

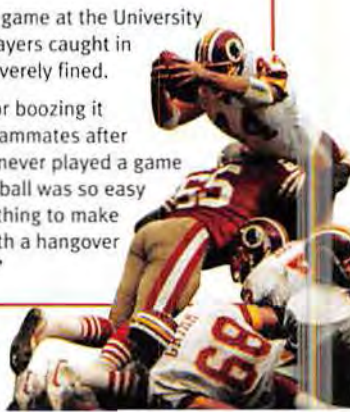


MONEY-SAVING SECRETS OF THE STARS!

While playing for the Washington Redskins during their '80s heyday, Riggins briefly lived in a warehouse. He liked it because it was cheap.

MILLER HIGHLIGHTS

- Understandably bored at the National Press Club's 1985 Salute to Congress, Riggins drank massive amounts of alcohol, told Supreme Court justice Sandra Day O'Connor, "Loosen up, Sandy, baby! You're too tight!" and then passed out under a table.
- Before coaching an alumni game at the University of Kansas, he ordered any players caught in bed *before* midnight to be severely fined.
- Although he was famous for boozing it up with his 5 O'Clock Club teammates after practices, he swears that he never played a game drunk. Hungover, sure: "Football was so easy for me that I had to do something to make it interesting. And playing with a hangover made it damned interesting."



HOW TO HIT ON SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR

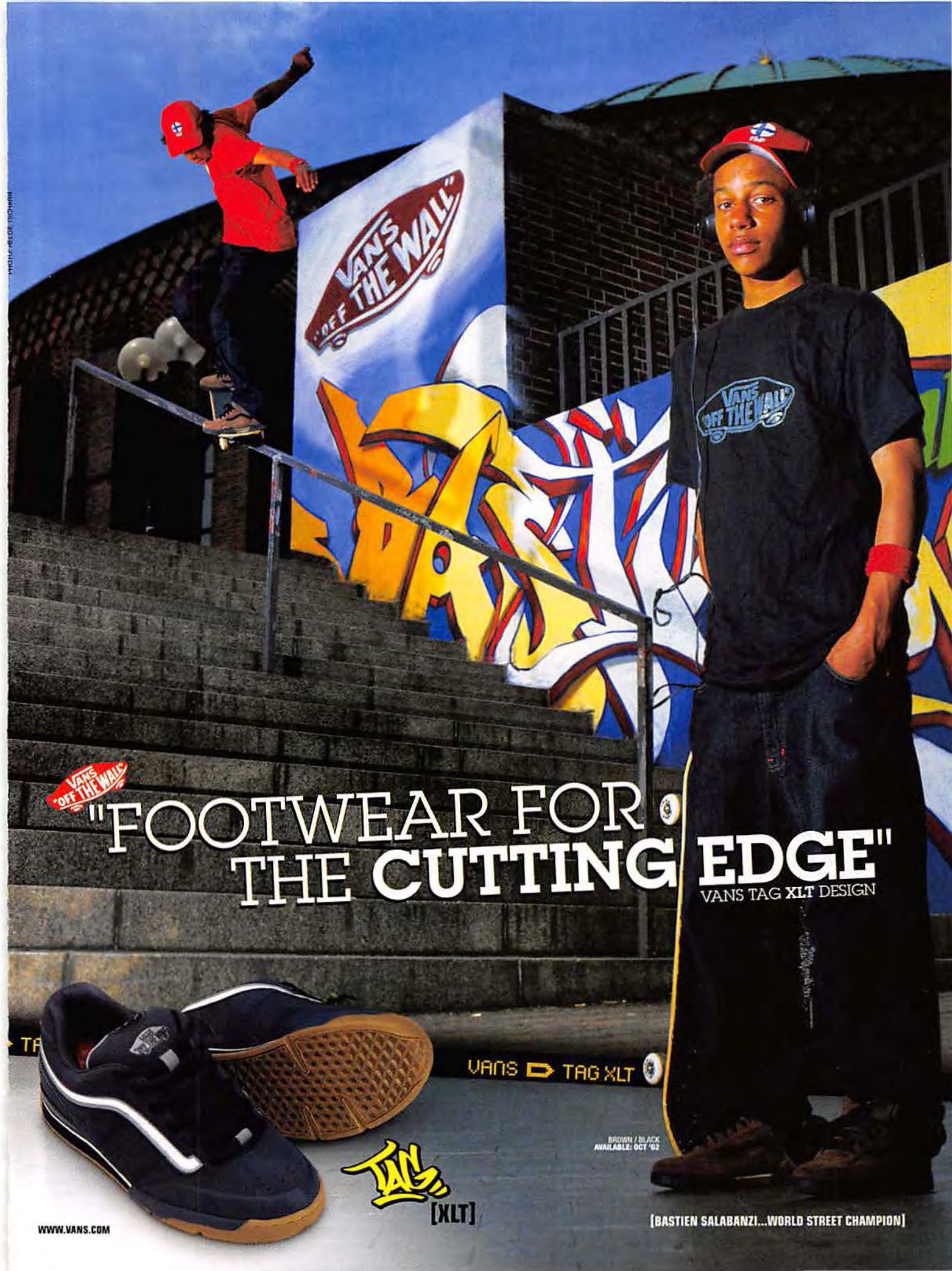
Listen and learn: It's gavel-bangin' time, people!

Have some "liquid courage." Aim for your tongue!

Is there more beer in her ear? Maybe!

Pass out and relax for a while. You've earned it!

Illustrations: Gary Brandham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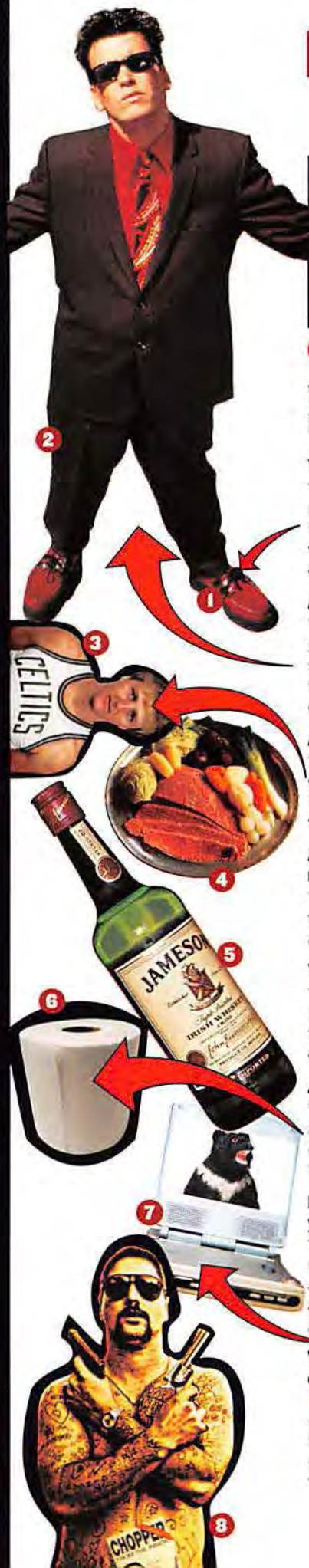

Dicky Barrett

Of the Mighty Mighty Bosstones

We unzipped the plaid suitcase that is Dicky's brain and found a whole lot of weird junk. BY DAN BOVA

Your shoe collection: Care to explain?
"I'm the Imelda Marcos of punk rock. I have way too many pairs of shoes[1] for a grown man. Between 50 and 100 pairs. It's a sickness. My dad had three pairs. And he used to hit me with one of them. I guess he beat an obsessive-compulsive disorder into me. This is great—*Stuff* magazine is my shrink!"

Any other fashion obsessions?
"I also have way too many suits and ties[2]. Every year, I'll grab a couple and give them to fans. Sometimes they'll have some sentimental value, like the suit I wore when we opened for Aerosmith, but if they don't, I'll just make it up: 'Here's one I met former President Jimmy Carter in!'"

Any sports allegiances we should be aware of?
"You can't grow up Irish-Catholic in Boston and not be a Celtics supporter. Growing up, we had three photos hanging in my house: One was the pope, one was JFK and the third was Larry Bird[3]."

As massive music stars, do you guys have any ridiculous riders in your contract?
"On our first long tour up in Canada, they asked us what we wanted backstage. I couldn't think of anything, so I said a New England boiled dinner[4]. And there it was."

You've enjoyed your share of booze in the past, yes?
"I don't recommend anybody drinking the way I used to. I loved Budweiser and Jameson's whiskey[5]. I still enjoy them, but not as much. When I finally laid off drinking, the owner of the bar I went to told me he had to lay a guy off."

Any rules on the Bosstones tour bus?
"Take your pisses on the bus, but any solids[6] must be left at the truck stops. Every once in a while, we get a record-company stooge walking out of the bathroom. You're like, 'Dude, do you think we want to drive around with your shit?'"

Do you take any high-tech gadgetry with you when you guys are touring?
"I got a portable DVD player[7], because I really enjoy movies. But the battery on the thing sucked. I brought it on a flight to Australia and the thing crapped out four hours into a 16-hour flight. I caught *Goodfellas*, then had to watch *Harry Potter* and all the shitty movies everyone else was watching."

What would you have preferred to watch instead of a prepubescent wizard?
"*Chopper*[8]—it's the story of this thug from Melbourne named Chopper. Around every corner, he's doing something fucked up. I probably knew half a dozen Choppers growing up in Boston. Except where he was saying, 'G'day, mate,' they were saying, 'How ya been, ya bastard?'"

"Hmm. Apparently blondes really do have more fun, after all."

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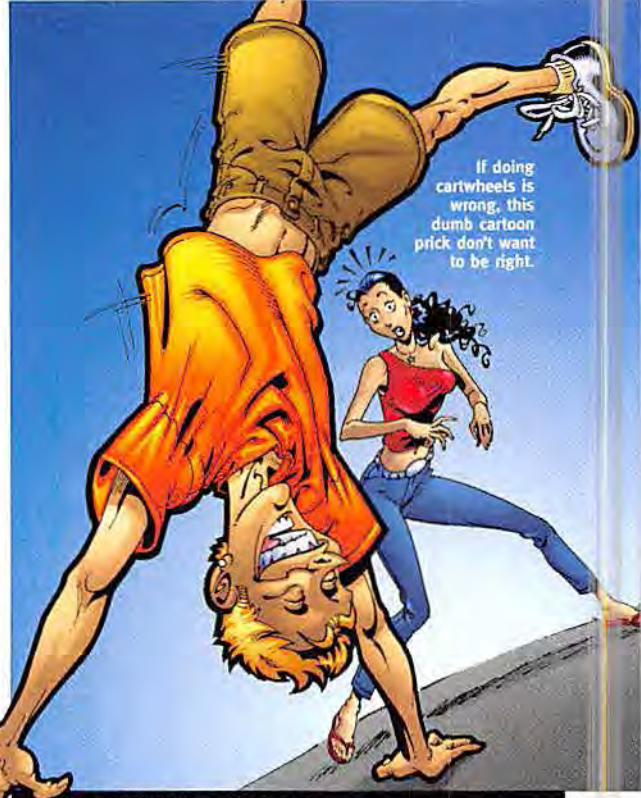
So a Guy Walks Into A Bar...

OK, so maybe he was carried. How he got there isn't the point. The point is...ah, screw it.



THE PRANK

BALANCING BILL

The pregame
At your local tavern, ask the bartender for three empty wine glasses, then whip out a bill. The denomination doesn't matter, but if it's higher than a five you should consider getting your butler to do it. He's so much cooler than you anyway. Ask the bartender to point out someone who was too cheap to leave a tip. Approach the guy and bet him that you can make a pyramid with the three glasses, supporting the top one only with the bill.

The execution
The thought of easy money will intoxicate the cheapskate, especially if he's poor. And already intoxicated. With dramatic flair, announce what you are about to do. Remember? Right: Make a pyramid with the three glasses, supporting the top one only with the bill. Fold the bill into small, accordion-like strips. Do not attempt to play it. You will only look foolish and everyone will laugh at you. No one likes polka music.

The happy ending
While humming "Lady of Spain," place two of the glasses about four inches apart and lay the folded bill across them. Finally, rest the third glass on top of the bill, suspended between the first two. The intricate accordion design may suck at creating sweet sounds, but it's great at structural support. Grab your cash and give it to the bartender. Not only will you humiliate your mark, but you'll also get free drinks. Unless you smell bad or something.

TWO STUPID JOKES

Ha...
"I just left my husband," a woman says to her best friend. The friend asks, "Well, how did he take it?" "It's a funny thing," the first woman replies. "You live with someone for 10 years, but you never really know them. For example, I never knew Bill could sing or do cartwheels."

Ha!
Jay and his blond wife are having coffee one winter morning when they hear the radio DJ say, "We're going to have three inches of snow. Park your car on the even-numbered side of the street so the snowplow can get through." Jay's wife goes out and moves her car. A week later the DJ says, "We may have four to five inches of snow. Park on the odd-numbered side of the street." Jay's wife goes out and moves her car again. The next week they hear the radio announcer say, "We are expecting 10 to 12 inches of snow. Park..." Then the power goes out. Jay's wife exclaims, "I don't know what to do!" Jay says, "Why don't you just leave it in the garage?"

BEST BETS

Odds by N.A.S.A. Sports Betting. Picks by betting guru Aaron Marshall.

What two countries will declare war with each other by the end of 2002?

India and Pakistan	**1-2**
Our pick: USA and Cuba	**50-1**

Butt out, Jimmy Carter! The message from President Bush was clear. He called Cuba's *presidente* "a brutal dictator who cares everything for his power and nada for the Cuban people." Bush also refused to lift the economic embargo, saying Castro's regime had brought "isolation and misery" to his people. Furthermore, our war on terror is scaring the couscous out of the remaining terrorists. So where do you think they'll go to hide? China? No way—the food sucks. We're talking Elian's homeland—it'll be a great excuse for us to wipe that fatigue-wearing bush-league ballplayer off the map.

SEND PHOTOS, WIN $100!

NEW BAR-ART CONTEST!

Get a camera, go to your favorite bar and take some...

- ▷ **PICTURES** of any creative, nasty or cute bathroom graffiti.
- ▷ **SHOTS** of you next to your favorite jukebox, along with a list of your 10 favorite songs on said jukebox.
- ▷ **SNAPS** of your bar, along with a reason, in 100 words or less, why it's the best dive around.
- ▷ **PHOTOS** of your favorite barmaid, along with a letter telling us why she drives you to drink—and her home phone number, if you've got it.
- ▷ **INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE** of the weirdest, funniest or most outrageous bar moment ever seen at your local pub.
- ▷ **WHO KNOWS?** We may actually print your picture. If we do, we'll send you $100. That's like a few million pesos!

See your favorite bar HERE!

Send pictures and nominations, the name and location of the bar, and your name and phone number to: *Stuff* Bar Contest, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018; or e-mail 'em to letters@stuffmagazine.com.

Illustrations: (Joke) Jason Johnson; (Prank) Gary Brandham

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Captain Morgan Original Spiced Rum
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Whaddaya Know?

Drink deeply from the sieve that is the mind of Professor Heinz Krankelschnit, Professor of Spotted Owl Extermination at the University of the Risen South in Cherry Log, Georgia.

Is there alcohol in the head of a beer?

—Mike Douglas, Selma, Ala.

Jawohl. About one quarter of beer foam is actual beer, alcohol and all, and three quarters is carbon dioxide. As a budding prof, I had an evening job tending bar at Onkel Karl's Bavarian Brauhaus ("Where *der bier* is as pure as our racial heritage"). By the end of the night, I would be thoroughly *schnauzered*, for free, by sucking up the excess foam from the two-gallon tankards through a straw. Eventually I was fired for trying to waltz *mit* a *Waffen SS* colonel while under the (correct) impression that he was a rather heavyset milkmaid. Good times...

Why can't I use my cell phone on airplanes or in hospitals? Am I going to kill somebody?

—Jay Kreutzberger, Amarillo, Texas

Easily folds up. Just like Granny.

Ja, but only if you are cramming your Motorola down someone's trachea, *mein liebschen*. There is no record of a cell phone causing a Hindenburg, but they don't help. More or less a teensy-tiny radio transmitter, a cell phone emits radiation powerful enough to interfere *mit* MRI machinery in *der klinik* and sensitive navigation equipment in the cockpit. Funny, before I married Frau Krankelschnit I used to pay her top mark to put out cigarettes on *mein klein heinie* at a similarly named establishment. No wonder that the mere thought of a disaffected sky waitress barking orders to turn off *mein* doodads and sit up is enough to help me raise *mein* tray table *mit* no hands, *ja, ja*!

Why is the Swiss Army knife named after the Swiss Army? There is no Swiss army!

—Julie Gershowitz, Commack, N.Y.

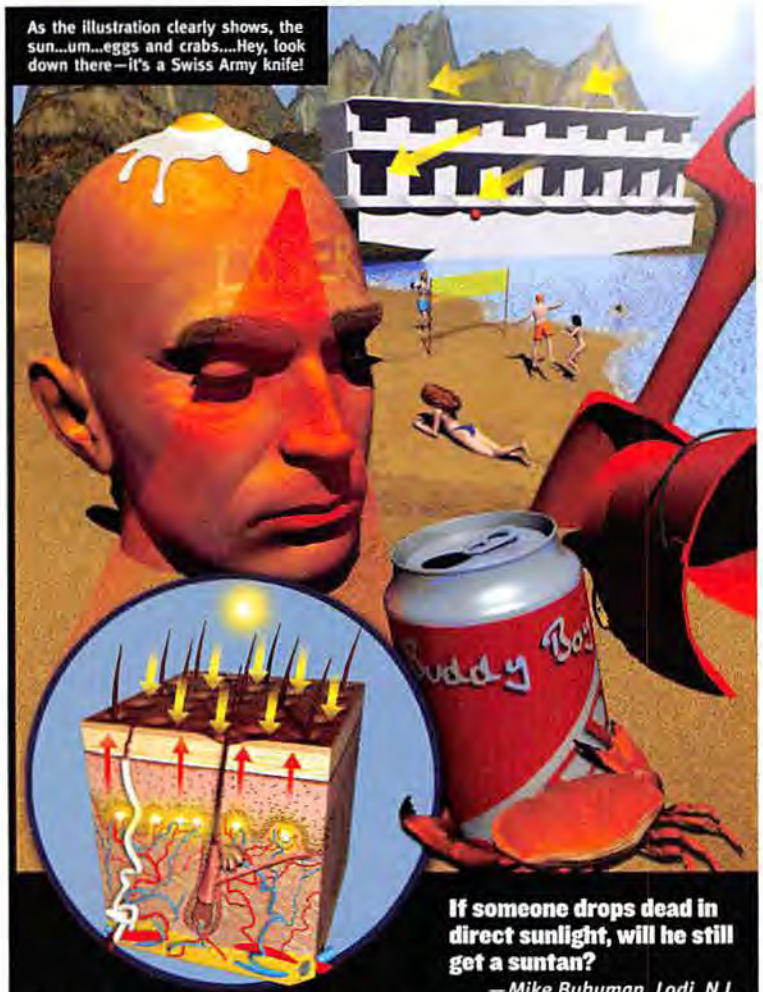
No Swiss army? *Ein*: Switzerland keeps an army, air force, frontier guards and fortification guards to keep secure all *der* cheese, chocolate *und* the heirlooms Grandpappy Krankelschnit dropped off during the Deuce. *Zwei*: Based on the Swiss Army's standard-issue knife, cutler Karl Elsener's "officer's knife" was a better version with more tools and functions. Elsener's knife, registered in 1897, soon became known as the Swiss Army knife, although never was it issued *mit* standard military rucksacks *und* lederhosen. *Drei*: *Mein freund*, if I am correct in mine thinking, you are as ugly as you are stupid. I suggest you suck on a tailpipe till you get bone-to-bone *mit der* Grim Reaper. Okey-doke?

This thing has everything but a corkscrew—even a twirly poking rod!

Still curious about the world around you? Send your worrisome questions and discarded underwear to:

Professor Heinz Krankelschnit, *Stuff*,
1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018

or via e-mail to letters@stuffmagazine.com. Don't forget to use a stamp: It goes on the envelope on the top left-hand corner!



As the illustration clearly shows, the sun...um...eggs and crabs....Hey, look down there—it's a Swiss Army knife!

If someone drops dead in direct sunlight, will he still get a suntan?

—Mike Buhuman, Lodi, N.J.

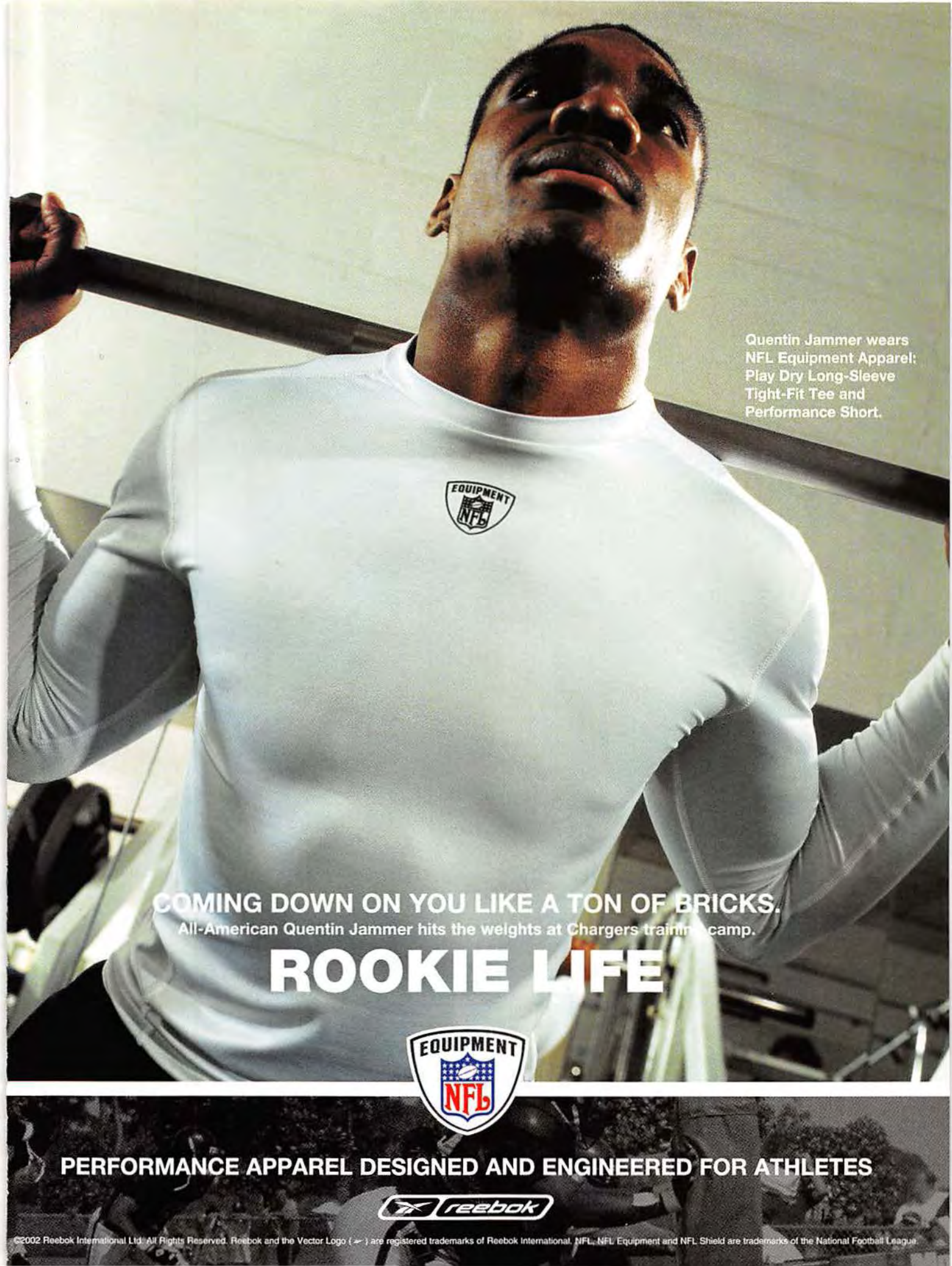
Ja! **Even after your noggin goes *kaput*, your optimistic little skin cells can hang on for another day, sometimes two, *und der* melanocyte cells in your wrapping will keep on pumping out melanin the entire time. That's the pigment responsible for giving you a nice George Hamilton glow (he has been dead for years), *und* it tastes good on crackers, too! Plus, a little color will help conceal all the bloating, giving you the look of a golden zeppelin.**

Do divining rods work?

—Mark Wasserman, Detroit

That would be one big, fat *nicht*! The questionable art of divining, or dowsing, has been around for thousands of years *und*, making much like Herr Ripley, you can believe in such poppycock or not. According to both the British *und* the American Society of Dowsers, all anyone needs to search for anything from *wasser* to dead house-pets is a forked branch of hazel. Even a pair of coat hangers will do. *Dumkopfs!* I mean, dowsers simply attune themselves to what they are searching for and let a completely-unexplainable-by-both-science-*und*-dowsers-themselves force show the way. As *der* saying goes, even a blind *scwhein* will find *schiesse* to roll in every now and again...or something like that.

Photography (Prof) Warren Salowe Illustration- Paul Wootton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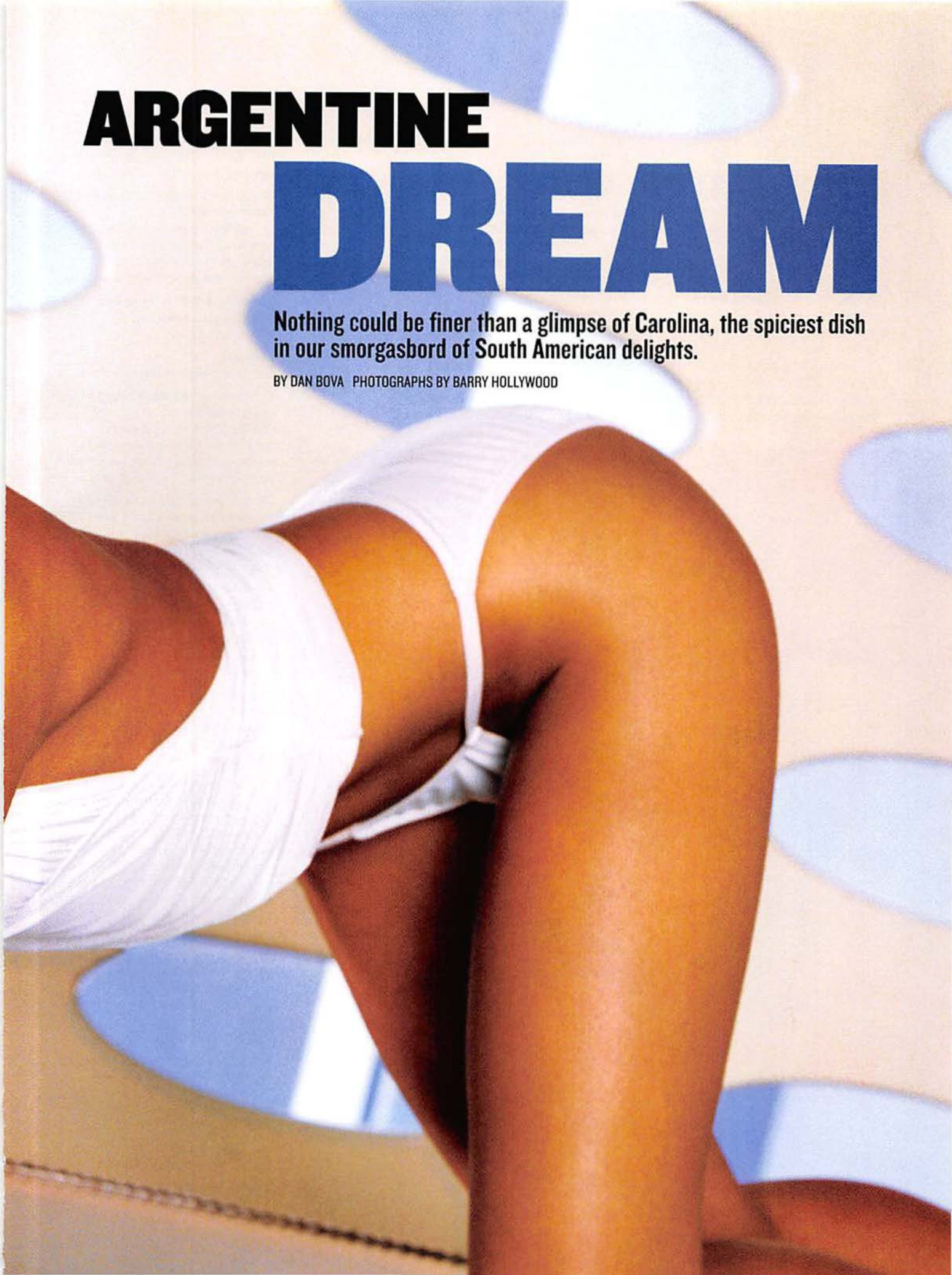
ARGENTINE DREAM

Nothing could be finer than a glimpse of Carolina, the spiciest dish in our smorgasbord of South American delights.

BY DAN BOVA PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRY HOLLYWOOD



What can we say about supermodel Carolina Ardohain that you haven't heard a million times before? Probably a lot, considering she lives and works in Argentina and you most likely do not. Carolina, or Pampita, as her friends call her (try it—you'll totally be friends with a supermodel!), stars in a wildly popular Argentinean soap opera, does a lot of modeling (as the term *supermodel* implies), served as her nation's official World Cup mascot and is the subject of dozens of Web sites devoted to her overall wonderfulness. Recently, we did some sexy talkin' with the Latin lovely...well, technically with her male interpreter, Gastón.

STUFF: How are you?
CAROLINA: Fine, thank you. I don't speak so well, so you can please ask questions to Gastón.

***Muy bueno!* So what does your nickname, Pampita, mean?**
[*Gastón and Carolina share an exchange in Spanish or Argentinish or whatever language they speak down there in Argentina.*]
GASTÓN: La Pampa is a state of Argentina. Pampita means "the girl from La Pampa."

Is it true that you were the mascot of Argentina's World Cup team?
Yes, she was voted by the people to be the godmother of the team.

Didn't do them much good, eh?
She says they are getting ready for the next international championship.

Do you now hate the British, since they kicked your butt?
No, no! She doesn't hate British people. She thinks that soccer is a sport and that—I don't know how to say this in English—when you lose, you lose good.

You sure did. Who is the ugliest American you've ever seen?
Man or woman?

Either or.
She says this is a strange question.

But, Pampita, you are an expert on being beautiful, no?
She says that personalities and behavior are the only things that can make a person ugly. There are not ugly people, physically.

OK, but what about on your favorite American TV show, *Friends*, when Chandler got fat? Did that turn you off?
What? No, no. It doesn't matter to her. He's still good-looking.

Argentina is subject to earthquakes. Does this have anything to do with your lovemaking abilities?
She says that there were not a lot of earthquakes, so it could not be related. There would be a lot of deaths if it was.

Oh. Argentina is three tenths the size of the U.S. How does the size of men in Argentina compare with the size of U.S. men, with respect to their genitals?
She says it's the same!

Your country is used as a shipping point for cocaine headed abroad. Ever sampled any of those shipments?
She doesn't have any information about that subject. She never drinks alcohol, and she never takes drugs. For fun, she dances. She loves to dance. At discos, fashion shows, anywhere there is music. She dances on tables—she is not shy.

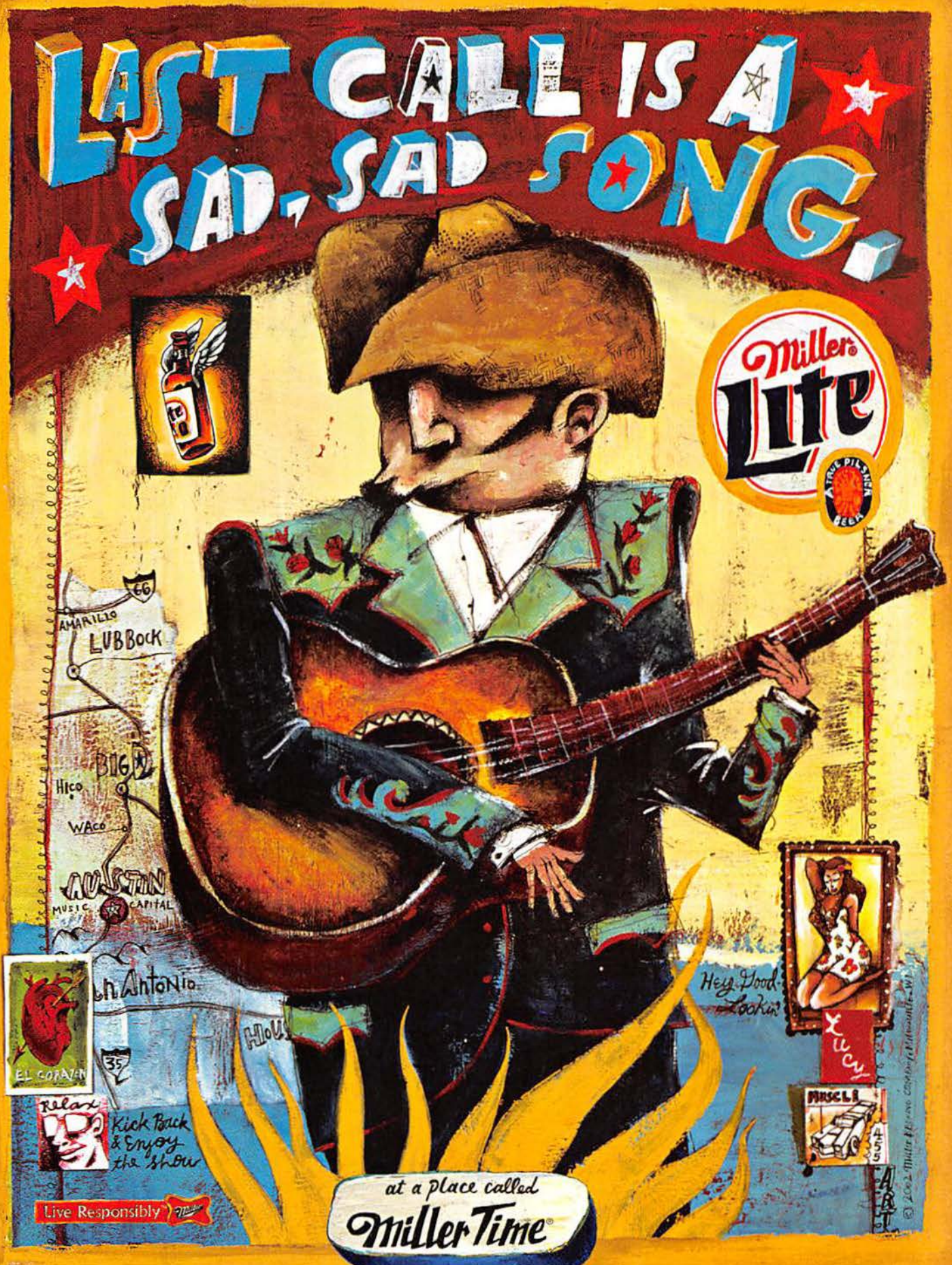
Why are South American women so damn beautiful?
The women have strong personalities, a kind of hot blood. Latin people come from warm places, so they are much more comfortable and uninhibited with their bodies.

Anything to say to our readers who are seeing Pampita for the first time?
She would like to tell them that this is only the beginning. They will be seeing a lot more of her.

Like nude pictures?
No. She won't be doing that.

What are the Argentine words for "Oh, crap"?

Styling: Karen Shapiro. Hair: Emiliano Casanova. Makeup: Tommy Joyner @ Artists by Timothy Priano.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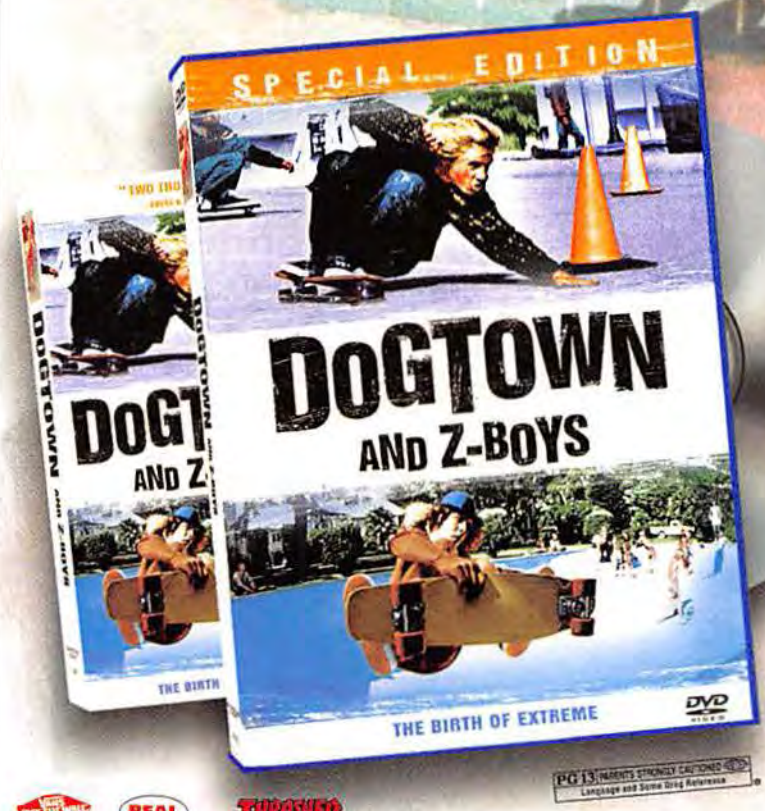

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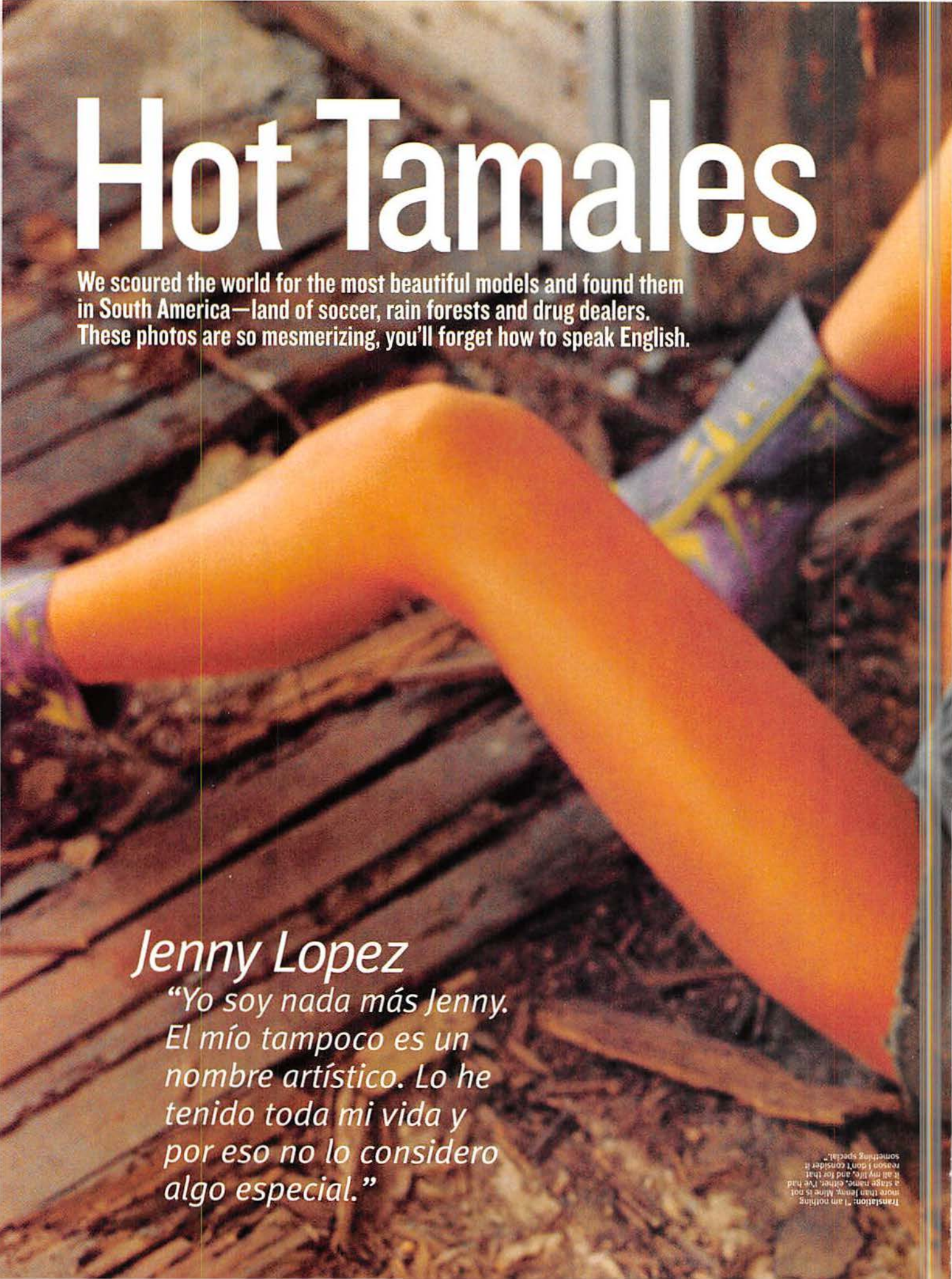


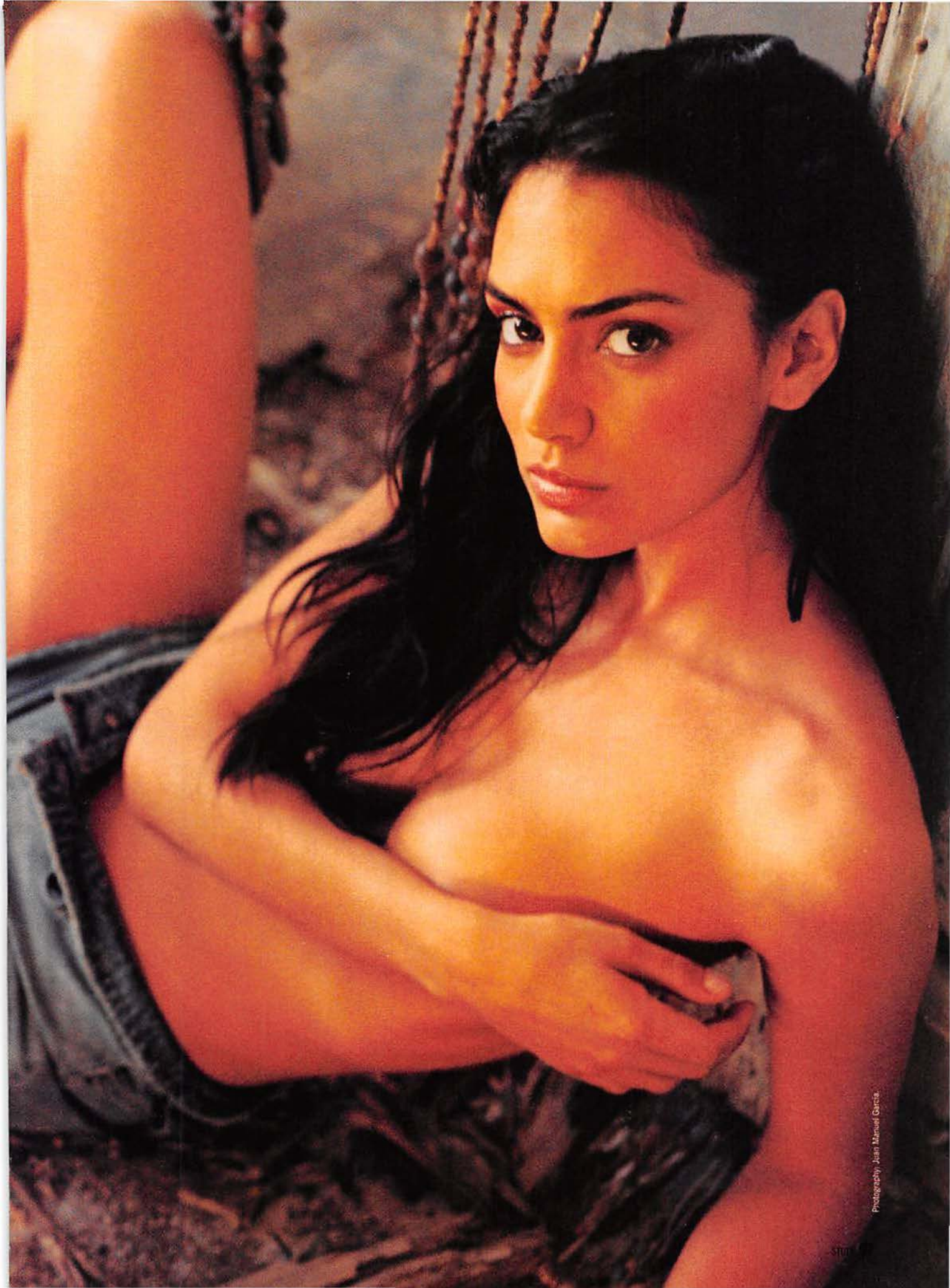
Hot Tamales

We scoured the world for the most beautiful models and found them in South America—land of soccer, rain forests and drug dealers. These photos are so mesmerizing, you'll forget how to speak English.

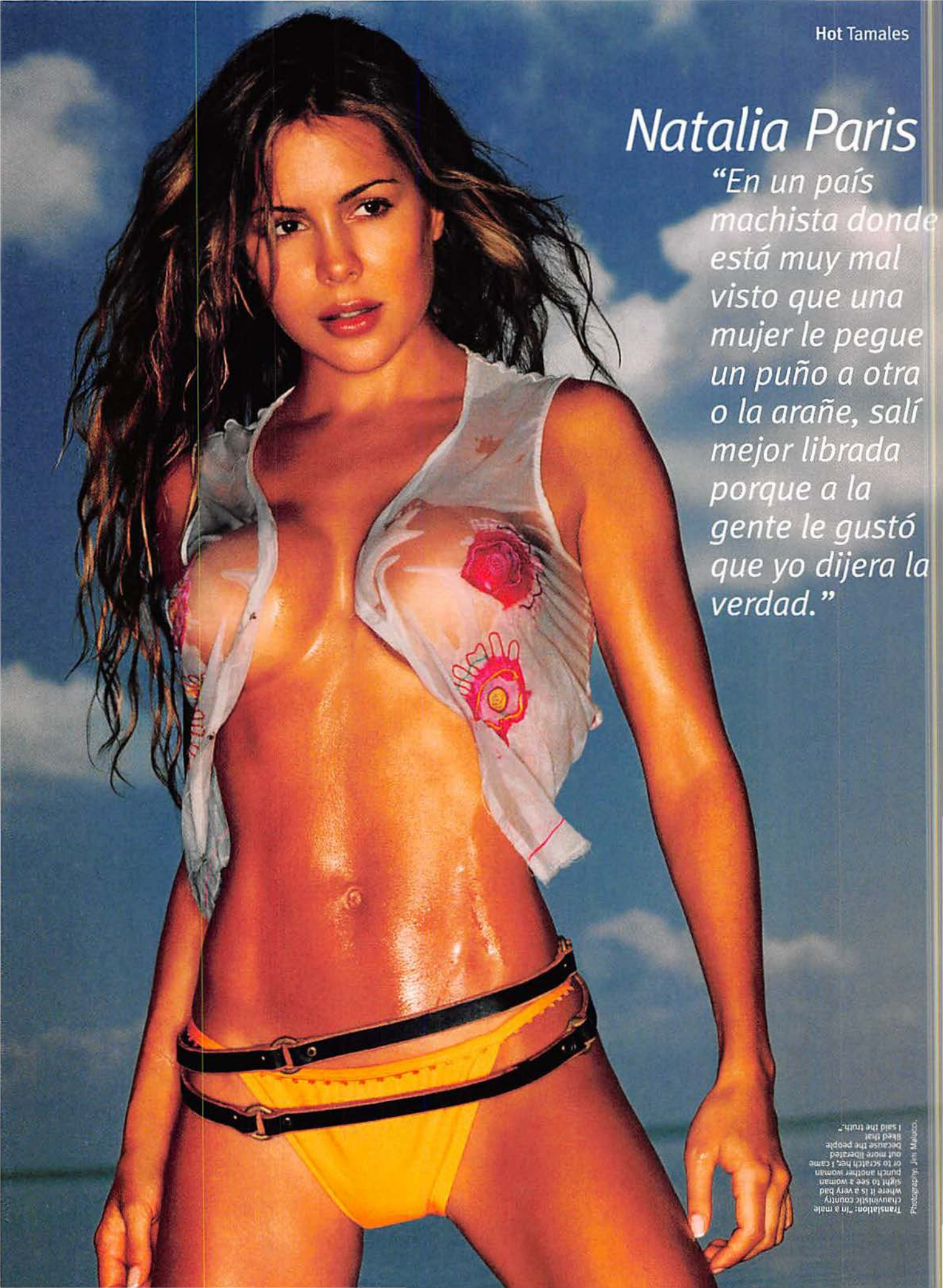
Jenny Lopez

"Yo soy nada más Jenny. El mío tampoco es un nombre artístico. Lo he tenido toda mi vida y por eso no lo considero algo especial."

Translation: "I am nothing more than Jenny. Mine is not a stage name, either. I've had it all my life, and for that reason I don't consider it something special."



Photography: Juan Manuel García.

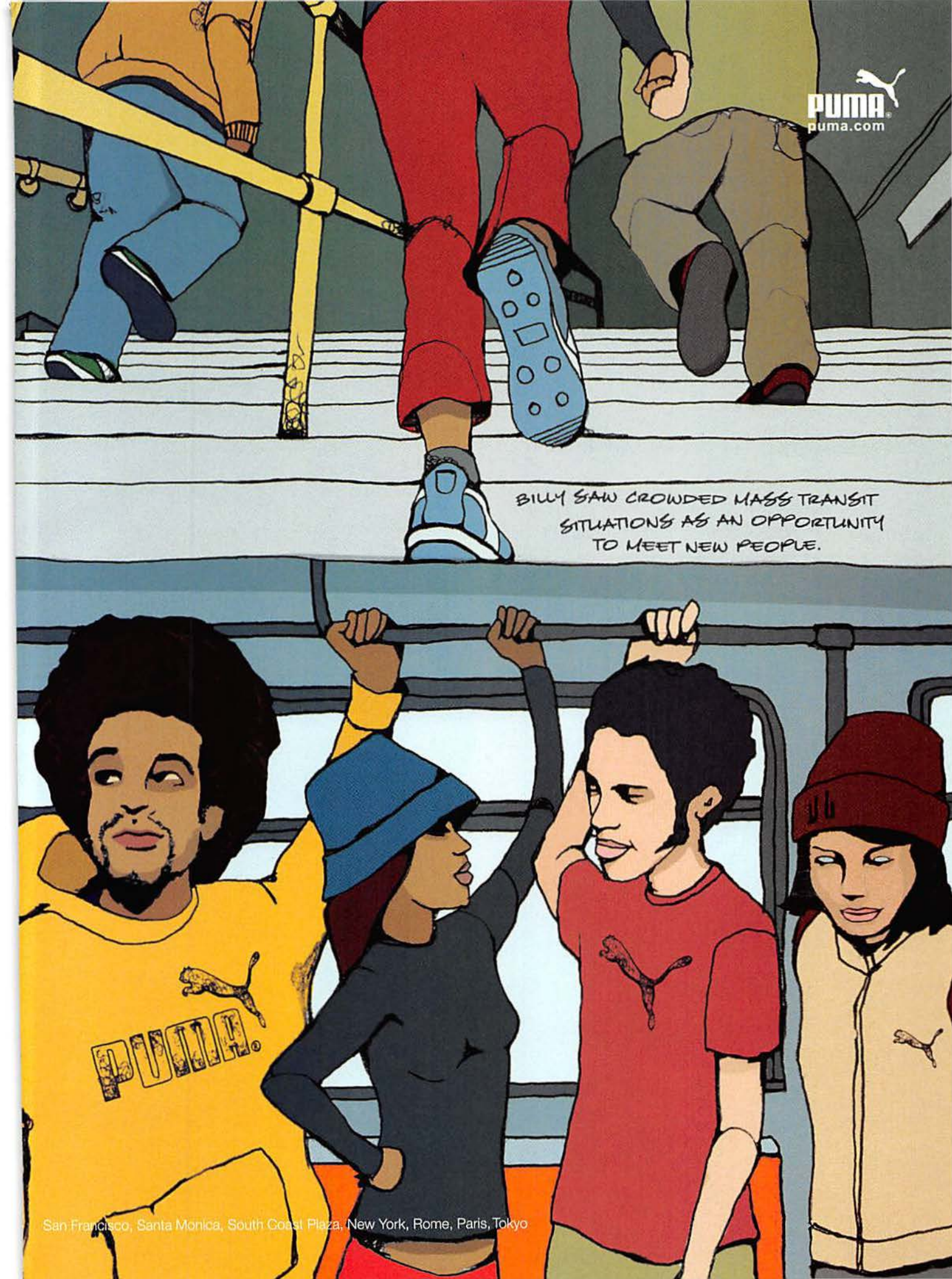


Natalia Paris

"En un país machista donde está muy mal visto que una mujer le pegue un puño a otra o la arañe, salí mejor librada porque a la gente le gustó que yo dijera la verdad."

Translation: "In a male chauvinistic country where it is a very bad sight to see a woman punch another woman or to scratch her, I came out more liberated because the people liked that I said the truth."

Photography: Jim Maluco.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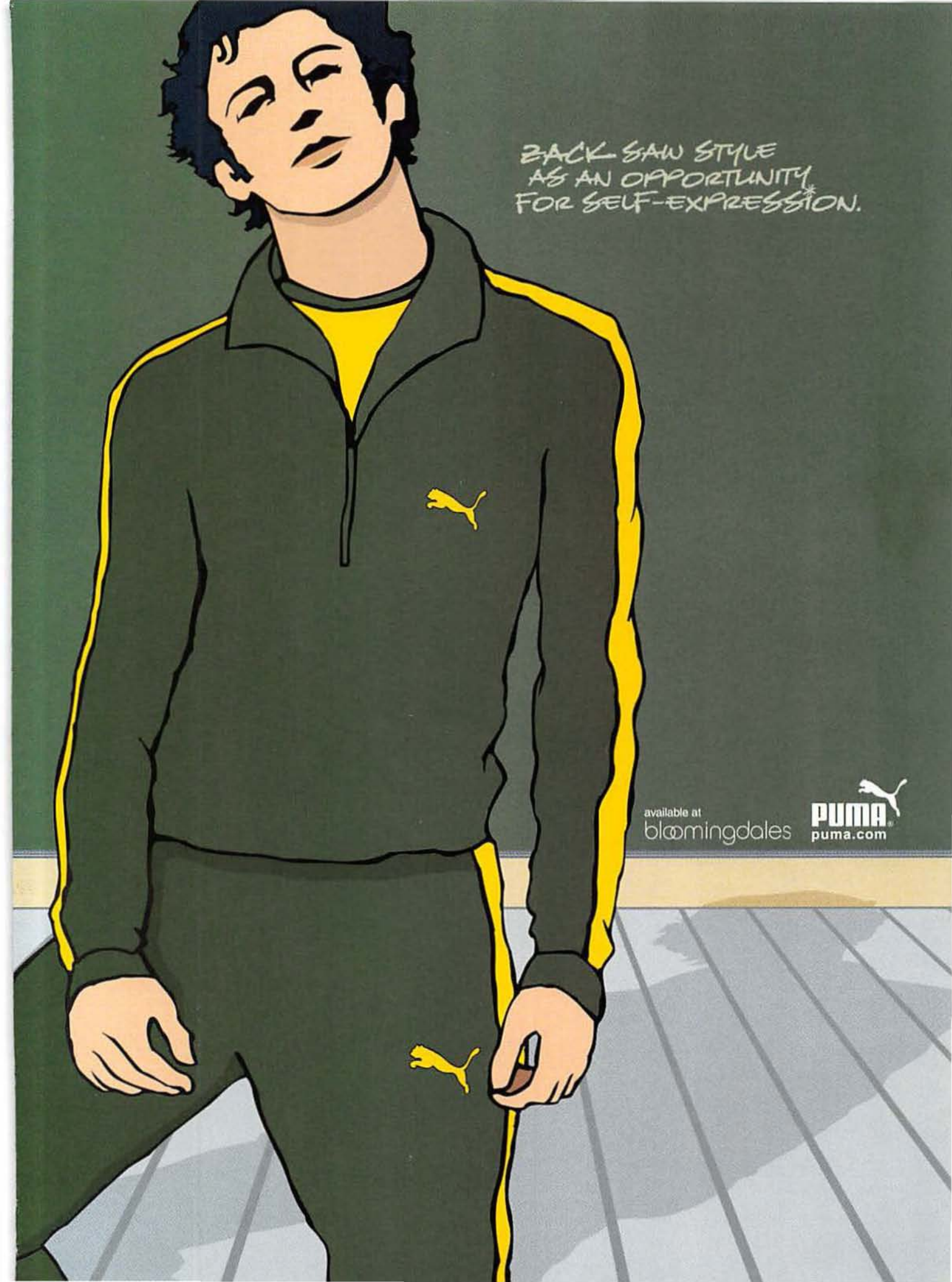
Paula Orchard

"Patearía a un hombre por deshonesto. Tampoco me gustan los hombres con poca cabeza, no soporto la tontera, la estupidez."

Translation: "I would kick a man who's dishonest. I do not like men with little brains either—I do not tolerate foolishness or stupidity."

Photography: Jonathan Gelber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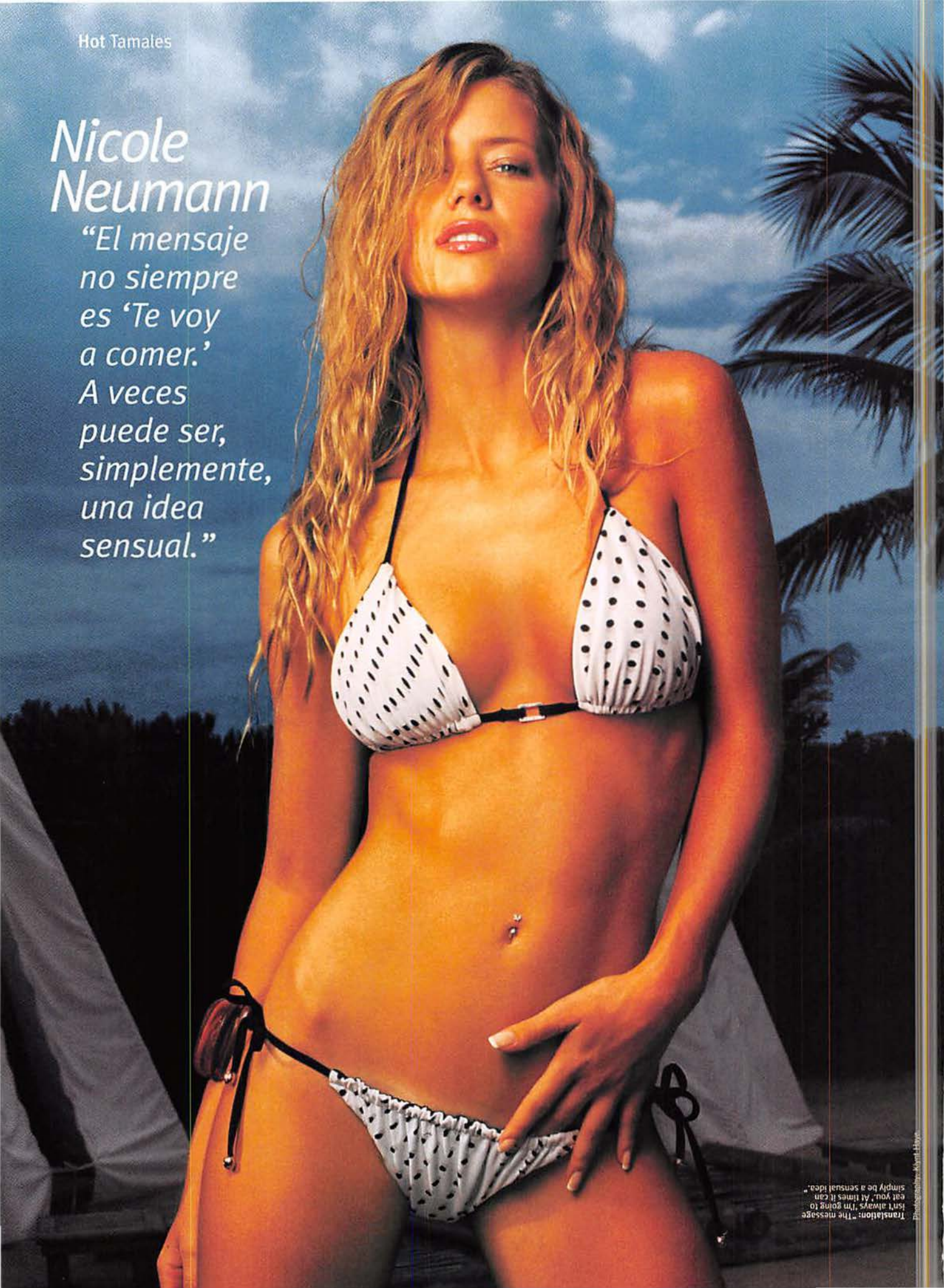
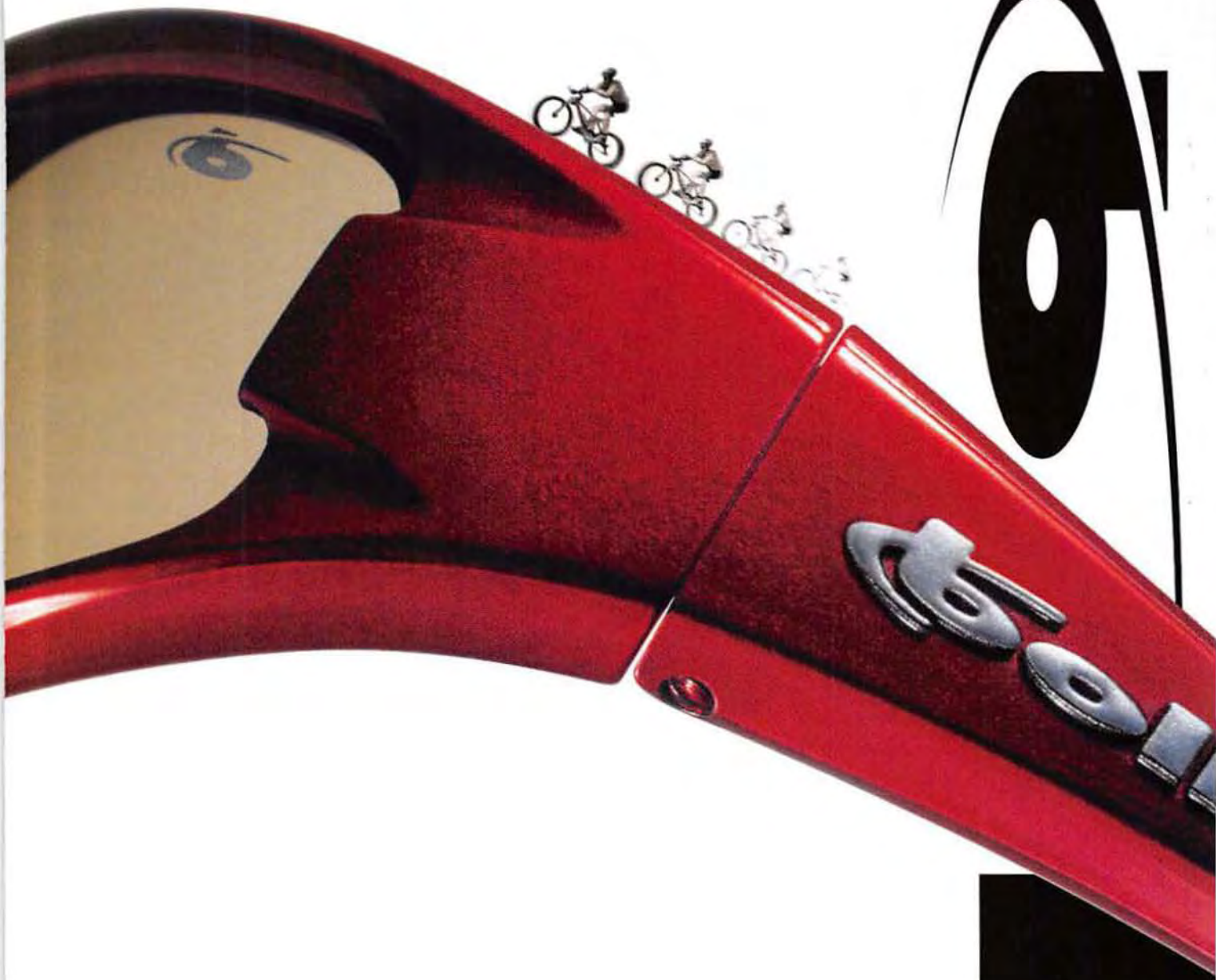


Nicole Neumann

"El mensaje no siempre es 'Te voy a comer.' A veces puede ser, simplemente, una idea sensual."

Translation: "The message isn't always 'I'm going to eat you.' At times it can simply be a sensual idea."

Photographer: Alyn Hoyo.



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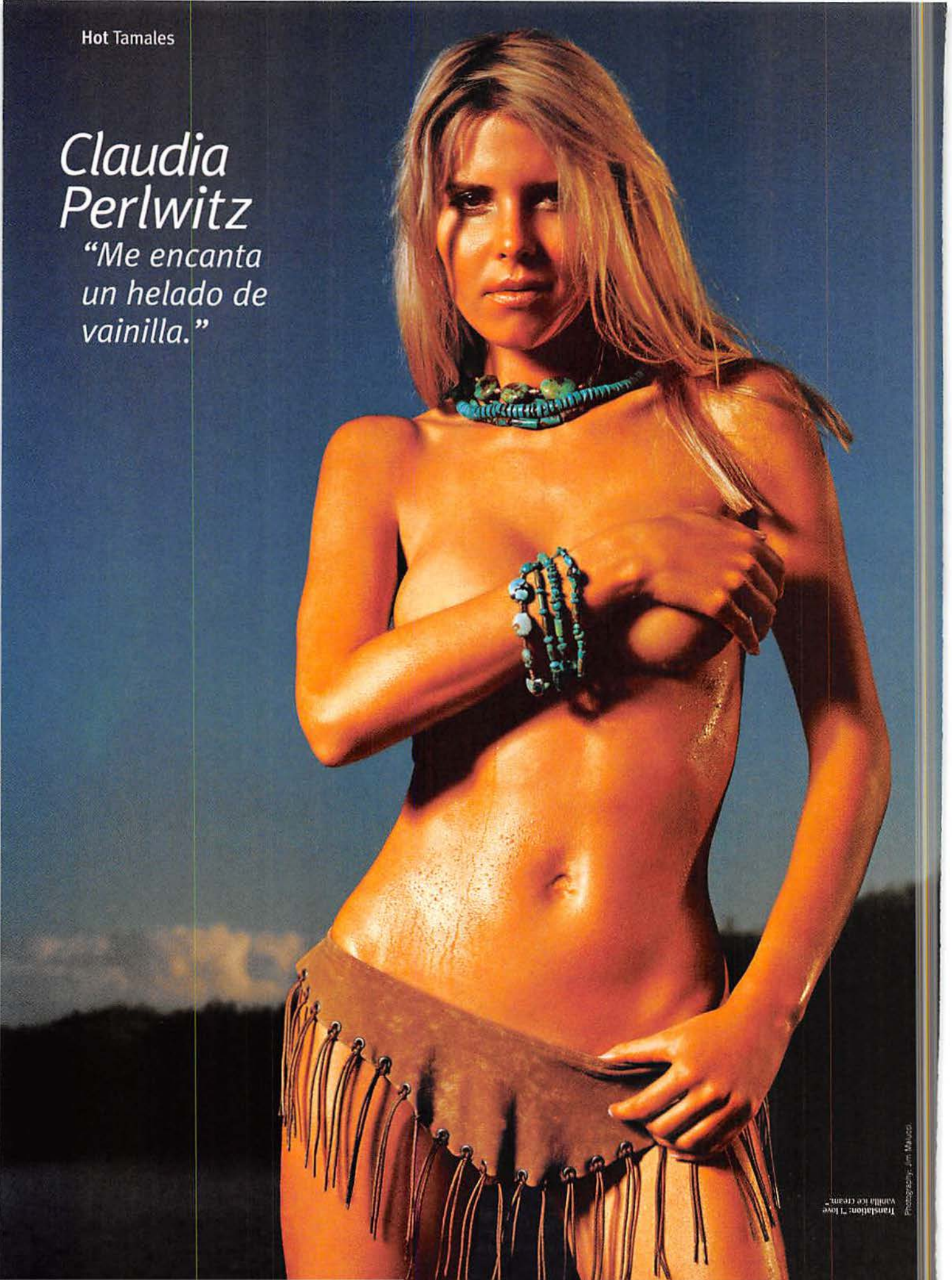
Claudia Perlwitz

"Me encanta un helado de vainilla."



Translation: "I love vanilla ice cream."

Photography: Jim Mauro.

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UNLEASH HELL

Where did it all go wrong? thought Ray. *This photographer is totally using the wrong lighting.*

While Ray Lewis prepares to lead his Ravens on a second march to Super Bowl glory, we thought it'd be fun to dress him up as a gladiator. We did, and it was!

Cut out and tape to your pinkie. Friend, you've just made your very own Ray Lewis finger puppet. Now go tackle a soda!

BY DAN BOVA PHOTOGRAPHS BY JASON TANAKA BLANEY

"DID I CUT YOU?" It's an unnerving enough question to hear from anyone, but doubly so when posed by superstar linebacker Ray Lewis. Mr. Lewis, as you may recall, faced murder charges in a double stabbing in Atlanta less than three years ago. The charges were dropped after he pled guilty to obstruction of justice and agreed to testify against the two knife-wielding thugs he was protecting (who were themselves eventually acquitted). Though he is widely regarded as one of the best linebackers in history, rarely will you read a story about Ray without a mention of the trial. (See? You just read one right there!)

Luckily, Ray did not accidentally cut our photo assistant with the sword (it was a cardboard prop), but the incident shows that as much as the Super Bowl MVP would like the world to move past that weird, tragic night in Atlanta, it won't. Why? Don't ask us. We never finished college!

We sat down with the man himself at the Ravens' practice facility just days before training camp and picked his brain while he picked his toes in the team whirlpool. Ray was a bit sore, having spent the early-morning hours running up and down a nearby ski slope with a 45-pound weight tucked under each arm. What we found floating in that whirlpool was a soft-spoken man who looks forward to "touching the souls" of his opponents on the field. We also found a quarter, but in the interest of journalistic integrity, we decided to leave it on the locker room floor.

STUFF: Are you the greatest player in the NFL right now?
RAY: Ha! The entire NFL? Yes.

Doesn't that makes your teammates feel bad?
No. I think it lets them know that when I step on the field, I'm going to give 110 percent. I don't look at myself as the best—if I sell myself short, then I'm cheating myself of why I'm really in this game: to go down as the greatest player who ever played this game, hopefully on the same level as Dick Butkus one day.

Do you think you'll follow in his acting footsteps?
This ain't no disrespect to actors, but I am a natural when it comes to that. Reading and learning a script? It's easy.

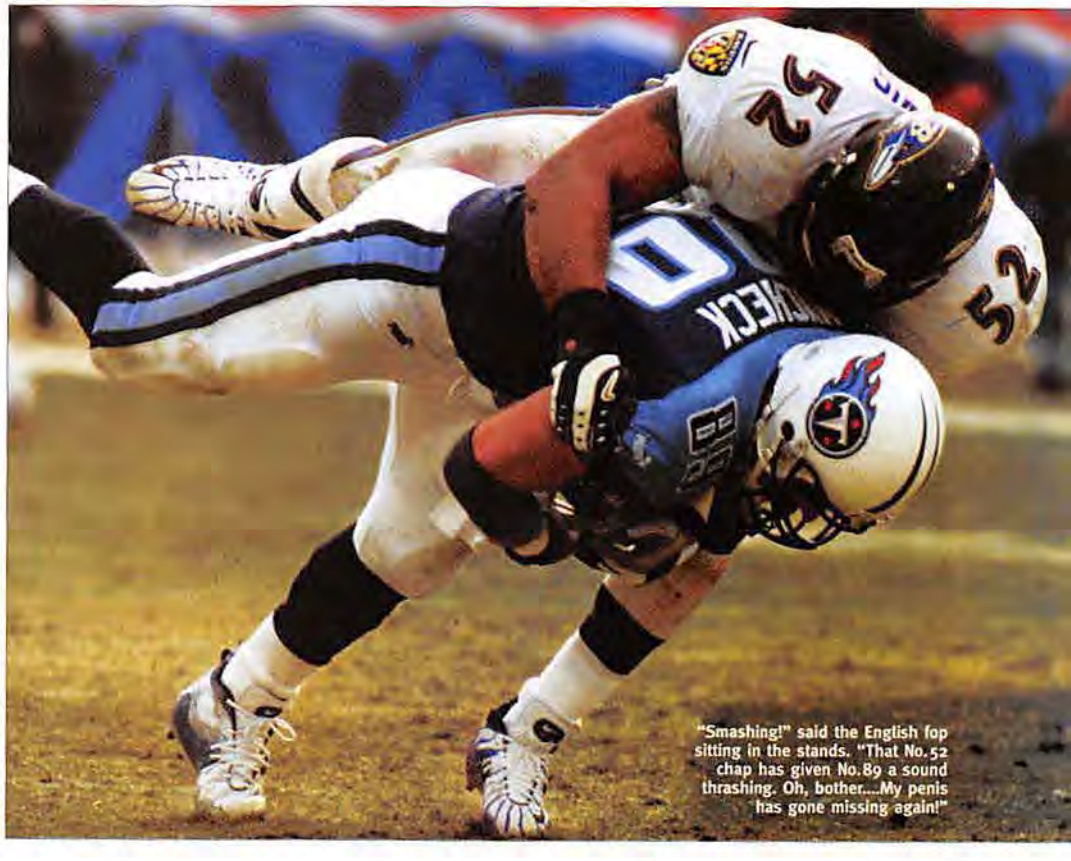
Can someone be taught to do the Ray Lewis dance?
I try to. I was at Shaq's birthday party and he tried so hard. He focused, but he just couldn't—he got the slide to the right, he got the slide to the left, but the middle part's got to be straight emotion. The middle part can't be taught. It needs to come from inside.

You throw insane parties. Do you deny this allegation?
I love to see people smile. I love bringing people together. And this has always been my thought process: If I can throw a party where everyone is like, *Man, Ray throws the best parties*, then when my transformation is complete, when I continue on this path to be the man God wants me to be, just imagine the miracles I'll be able to do.

"EVERY TIME THEY SEE ME COMING, THEY KNOW, *THIS IS GONNA HURT.*"

I couldn't possibly. So what's a Ray Lewis party like?
Food, food, food, food. Drinks. Lots of women. Got to have a lot of women.

You once said that you don't hit people to hurt them, you hit them to take their souls. How many souls have you taken?
I can't take a soul. I can hurt it. I'm not trying to hurt a person, to break their leg. My intention is to go so deep inside them that every time they see me coming, they know, *This is gonna* ▷▷▷



"Smashing!" said the English fop sitting in the stands. "That No.52 chap has given No.89 a sound thrashing. Oh, bother....My penis has gone missing again!"

Anyone you're looking forward to crushing on the field this year?
No, I treat everyone the same. When I go into a game, I don't have to worry about the opponent. The opponent has to worry about me. This season, I don't see anybody scoring more than 14 points on us on a given Sunday. I just don't see it.

How do you welcome rookies?
We lock them in the bathroom, tie them to the goalpost and leave them there after practice, put shaving cream all over them, wet their beds, paintball them to death—there's so much.

What's better: a great tackle or great sex?
A great tackle or great sex? Man, I'm going with sex. Shoot, man, *please*.

Do you play when you're hurt?
Yeah! See all these scrapes and bruises I got on me? Where do you think I got them from?

BE THERE NOW!

Sit in on our whirlpool-side interview with the NFL's most lethal hit man.

"So, Ray, what really happened that night those guys got killed?"

[Long, awkward, scary silence]

"I hear you, dude! Moving on then!"

Was it fruit? Or was it a magnet? Surely it couldn't be both! All Ray knew was, he wanted to put it in his mouth.

"I AIN'T GONNA TELL YOU THAT I AIN'T THE RAWEST AT WHAT I DO."

A cat?
Heck, no, I hate cats.

Do you have any survival secrets we should know if we ever get framed for a double murder?
[What happened in] Atlanta, I don't even speak about anymore.

What was going on in your head at the time?
At the time, my mom was very much there for me. I've been drawn up by God and my mom to not expect everything peaches and roses. Because life is not like that. You know that sometime you are going to go through something where nobody believes you, but you know you're right. That's the ups and downs of life.

Any advice for Jayson Williams?
My prayers are with him. That's my greatest advice. It's praying time.

You are obsessed with *Gladiator*. Besides Russell Crowe's cute outfits, what do you like about it?
That movie had education in it. It showed betrayal; it showed greed. It showed a man who was there at the present time fighting, but he wasn't there. His mind was somewhere else. His whole purpose was to get back to his wife and kid who were brutally murdered.

What is your purpose?
I want to let everyone know across the world, when you see me on Sundays, the reason that I play so hard is because every day is Mother's Day. I remember the days when Ma came home and was tired and passed out on the couch and I had to pull her shoes off. It brings tears to my eyes to think about her like that. And I promised I would never let my mom go back to doing that again. But I ain't gonna tell you that I ain't the rawest at what I do. I don't disrespect no other linebackers, but there are no linebackers seeing me right now. My game isn't even on the linebacker level no more. I live a great life and I understand my path, and that's why I live a great life.

Phew! So, any parting advice to the *Stuff* reader?
To the *Stuff* reader? If you're reading *Stuff*, life has to be good.

Red pants, red shirt...could things get any redder? Not unless some sort of red headwear entered the picture!

Illustrations: Gary Brighthan

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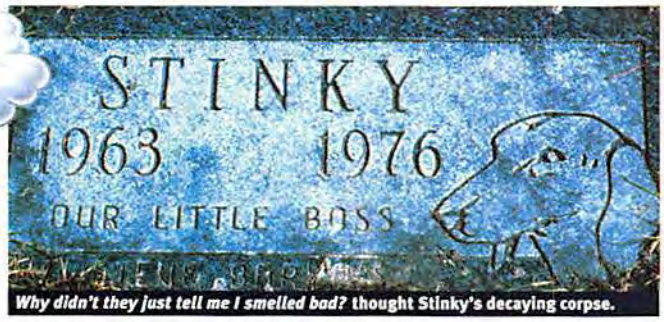
WHERE'S SPARKY?

Stuff **catches up with a few childhood pals.**

When our office dog died, we just chopped him up and flushed him down the toilet.

Not so peppy anymore.

We'll never forget what's-his-name.



Why didn't they just tell me I smelled bad? thought Stinky's decaying corpse.

They're up in heaven now. Rotting.

Half bird, half cat, all dead.

"Dad was Mr. Twister. Call me Fluffins."

Those two are inseparable!

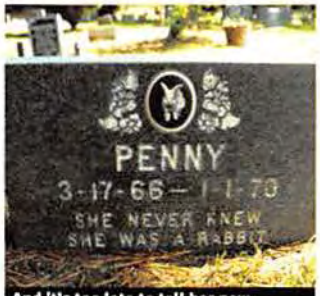
Sure beats a shoebox.

Run over by Suge Knight.

Actually, just constipated.

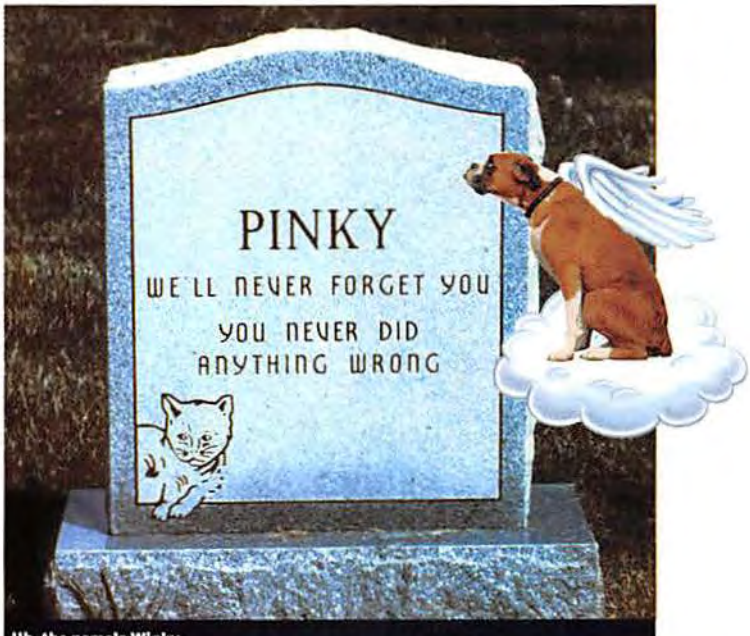
She was the best piece of ass I ever sniffed, thought Fido.

Go lie down, Butchie. Over there, next to Jesus.



And it's too late to tell her now.

He's busy checking out Pinky.



Uh, the name's Winky.

THEY'RE GONNA GIT YOU,

SUCKA!

That is, unless you're hip to these real-life scams. BY TODD KATZ ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE FROST

Each year, thousands of unsuspecting people fork over millions to con men. This is bad, because these are dollars that could be going to our advertisers. We raided the files of police stations nationwide for examples of real cons that have actually been pulled on honest citizens like you. After all, the easiest way to avoid a con is to learn how to spot one. Or to just kill yourself. Either way.

The Not-So-Good Samaritan

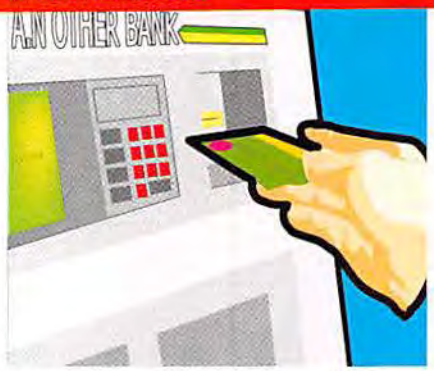
You park your car and enter your bank to withdraw a large sum of money. When you return to the parking lot, you realize that you have a flat tire.

Luckily, a nice couple comes to your aid. The husband graciously changes the tire he slashed only minutes before. Meanwhile, his wife pickpockets your wallet, filled with recently withdrawn cash.

You notice the wife taking your wallet, but you don't want to say anything and make a scene. Later, your girlfriend leaves you. So you slice some onions.

Photography: ($100) Damien Dorick, with digital imaging by Gary Wrenham

PIN Head



As you try to get cash from an ATM, the machine jams and refuses to release your card. A well-dressed gentleman tells you the same thing happened to him and he got his card back by reentering his PIN number.

Following his advice, you repeatedly enter your code before walking away in a fit of anger. The gentleman then removes your card with a pair of pliers and empties your bank account with the PIN number he memorized by looking over your shoulder.

You don't realize your account is empty until your next trip to the mall. Remember when you could afford to shop at Sears? Those were good times!

Internet Snag

Through an online auction, someone sells you a new Sony digital camera for only $400. Best of all, you don't have to pay him until you receive it.

The camera arrives days later, so you wire $400 to the seller. A week later a police officer wants to know why you'd order a camera using a stolen credit card, then be stupid enough to ship it to your home.

You throw iced tea in his face and make a run for it. They'll never take you alive!

Rain Man's Revenge

While you're on your cell phone, a seemingly retarded man—call him Tim—shows you an envelope filled with old coins that he found in an alley.

Tim asks if you could call the envelope's owner, whose address and phone number are printed on the envelope. Over the phone, the elated owner offers you a $500 reward and asks you to give $100 to Tim.

You give Tim a hundred bucks from your wallet and head off to deliver the worthless coins to the "owner"—who is actually at a pay phone just around the corner. Tim seriously reevaluates his life. Then he asks a whore what 50 bucks will get him.

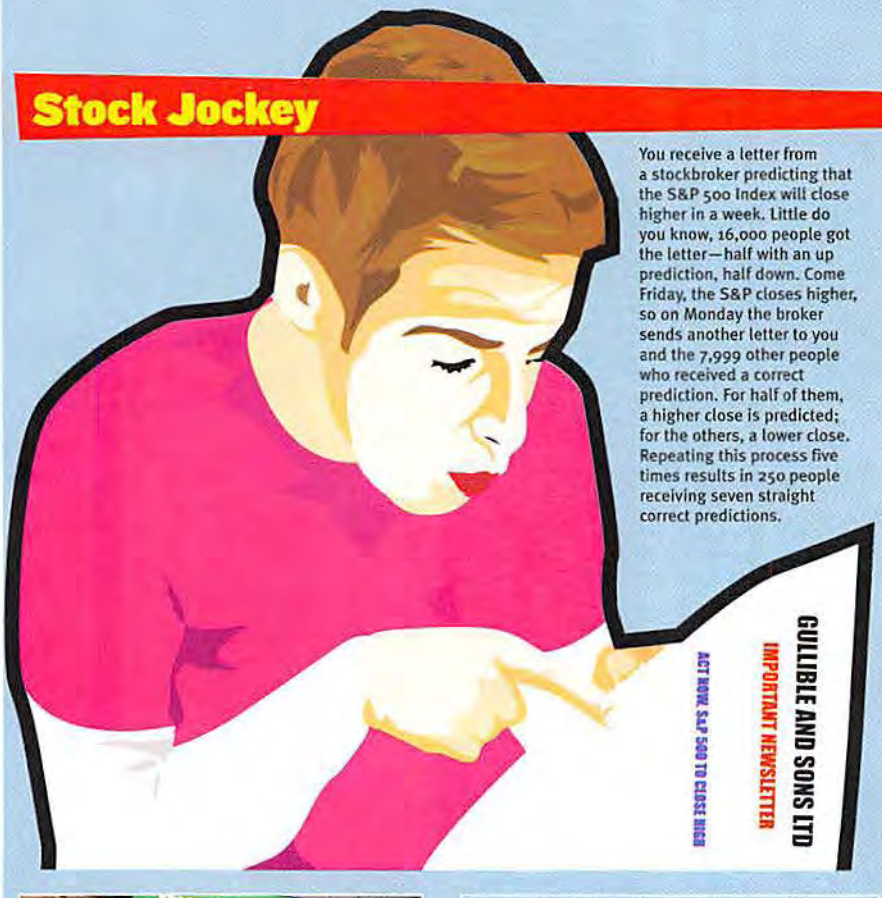
Holding the String

A friendly remodeling contractor tells you he has to measure your home to give you a proper estimate.

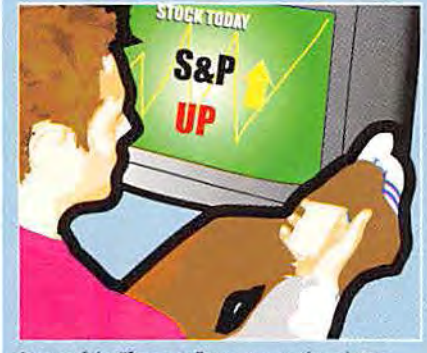
He has you stand in the hall and hold one end of a measuring string as he explores your home, stealing jewelry and other pocketable heirlooms.

But at least you get to keep the string. It's string!

Stock Jockey



You receive a letter from a stockbroker predicting that the S&P 500 Index will close higher in a week. Little do you know, 16,000 people got the letter—half with an up prediction, half down. Come Friday, the S&P closes higher, so on Monday the broker sends another letter to you and the 7,999 other people who received a correct prediction. For half of them, a higher close is predicted; for the others, a lower close. Repeating this process five times results in 250 people receiving seven straight correct predictions.



As one of the "fortunate" 250, you receive a letter from the stockbroker demanding a $500 subscription fee to continue receiving the newsletter—which, of course, you gladly pay for such good advice.

Explain to little Sarah that with the money you're about to make, you'll be able to buy her an even better wheelchair than the one you just had to pawn.

Birthday Bill

A man buys a candy bar with a marked $20 bill. Moments later, a woman pays for a pack of gum with a five, then accuses the cashier of short-changing her, insisting she paid with a twenty.

After summoning the manager, she explains that the bill was a gift, on which is written HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MUFFIN.

The manager finds the bill in the register, gives the woman her "change" and fires the cashier. Our scammers meet in the parking lot to split the profits. Then they hop on their minibike and lay rubber!

Play hard. Hold even harder.

Ultimate

performance in both shampoo and gel.

L.A. LOOKS

It takes strength to look this good.™

new

The Longest Test-Drive

A couple comes to see the Corvette you advertised for sale in the paper. The woman tells you that her husband is very frugal, but she is going to talk him into buying the car during the test-drive.

As they pull away for a quick spin, they leave their old Toyota in your driveway.

Two hours later, when the couple still hasn't returned, you call the police. They tell you the Toyota is stolen and your Corvette is probably in the local chop shop. The cops take your wide-screen TV in for "repairs." You didn't even know it was broken!

Plucked

In a bar, a man named Bill sits next to you and sets down a violin. He says he inherited it, but a pawnshop offered only $100 for it. He asks if you'll watch it while he runs out for smokes.

After Bill leaves, a gentleman introduces himself as an antiques dealer and offers you $4,000 for the violin. He hands you his card before leaving. When Bill returns, you give him $400 for the violin.

Bill and the fake antiques dealer divvy up the dough, minus the $40 they paid for the crappy violin. You convince a midget that the violin is, in fact, a tiny guitar and sell it to him for $450.

A Steal at Any Price

Responding to an ad in the local newspaper, you check out a beautiful penthouse apartment that's renting well below the market rate. You tell the broker you must have it.

The next morning, the broker calls: The apartment is yours, but you must bring a cash deposit for the first and last month's rent right away or he'll rent it to someone else.

You race over to his office in a nondescript industrial park, lay down the money and sign the lease. Two weeks later, as you pull your moving truck up to your new home, you meet 40 people holding leases to your apartment. The "broker" was a tenant who skipped town less than a month after renting the place. The lesson? Hey, don't ask us. We can barely read!

We're searching for girls with the right STUFF....

Stuff MAGAZINE model search

Stuff magazine is coming to a Jillian's near you to find the hottest new models in your area. Come watch the fun! And don't forget to bring your girlfriend—she could be the star of our next sexy photo shoot!

39th & Sixth girl Elysa before and after getting the *Stuff* treatment

39th & Sixth girl Kate before and after

What—that's not enough? Well, in addition to our model search, we'll be presenting a wild fashion show, starring Stuff magazine's sexiest models. All this plus beer, games and great food. For Pete's sake, man, what are you waiting for? For more information, visit StuffMagazine.com or Jillians.com. Like, now.

LOCATIONS

Indianapolis, IN
August 2-3

Covington, KY
August 9

Norfolk, VA
August 16

Mall of America
Bloomington, MN
August 23

Farmingdale, NY
September 6

Louisville, KY
September 20

Houston, TX
September 27

Memphis, TN
October 4

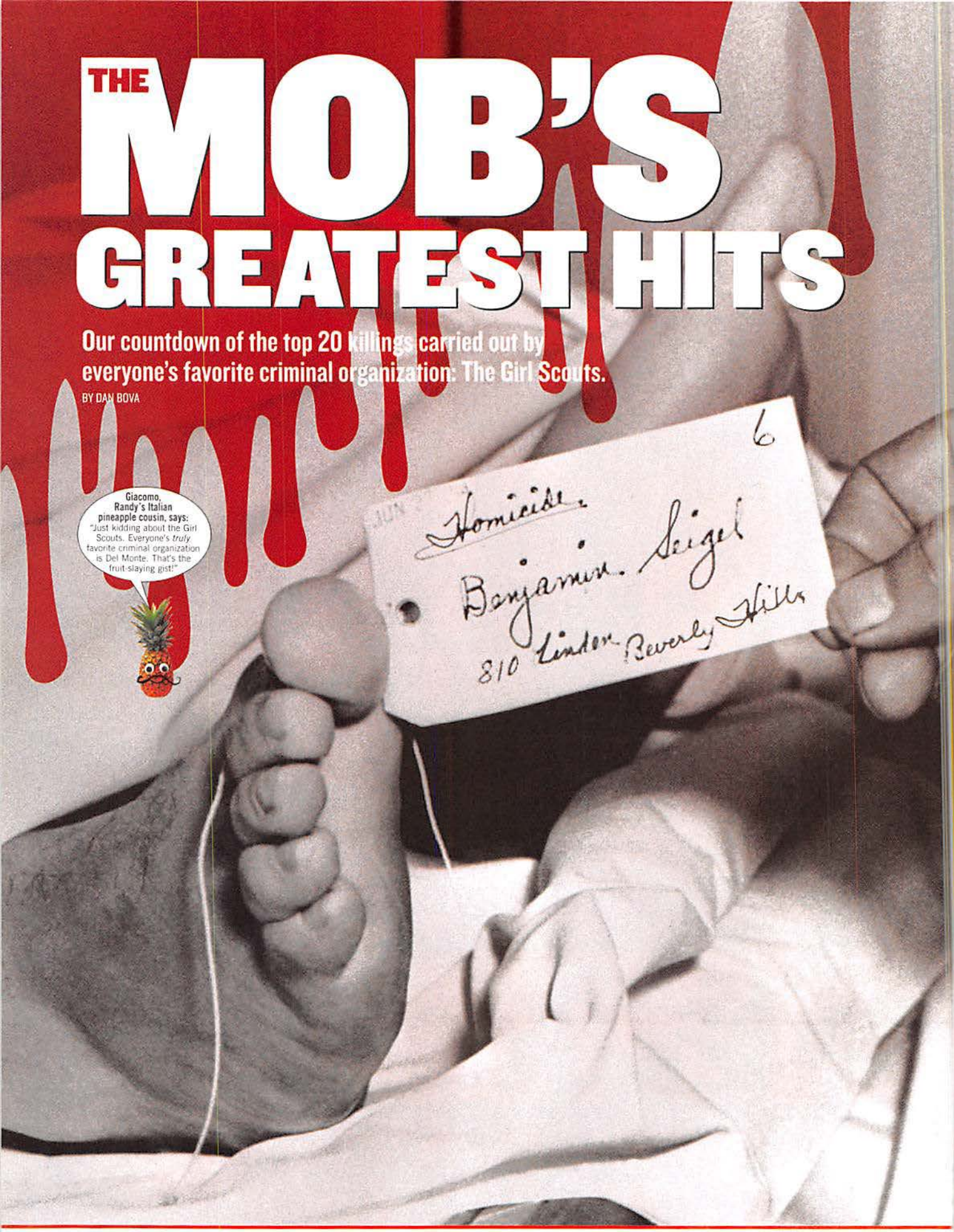
EAT DRINK PLAY

Jillian's EAT • DRINK • PLAY

THE MOB'S GREATEST HITS

Our countdown of the top 20 killings carried out by everyone's favorite criminal organization: The Girl Scouts.

BY DAN BOVA



CORONER'S KEY

- BOMB
- BAT
- CAR BOMB
- MEAT HOOK
- GUN
- HAMMER
- FALL
- CATTLE PROD
- ACID
- BLOWTORCH
- KNIFE
- BEATING

The coroner couldn't believe it—this was the best penmanship on a toe tag that he had ever seen!

CRIMINALS: They just don't kill people like they used to. Label us clinically insane (the courts do!), but we prefer the oldies-but-goodies. Sure, you can watch *The Sopranos* and get some glitzy idea of a Mafia hit. But in days gone by, mob murders were more sadistic, more creative—filled with the kind of flair and boyish enthusiasm you just don't find today. So join us, won't you, on a sentimental trip down a bloodstained memory lane, and relax to this soothing hit parade of the all-time best rubouts. Dance carefully around the chalk outlines.

20 *I Left My Eye on the Other Side of the Room*

BENJAMIN "BUGSY" SIEGEL

June 20, 1947

Was Bugsy Siegel surprised when two bullets crashed through a window and smacked into his face, knocking his eyeball 15 feet away from his body? Hold a séance and ask him. The hit was ordered to teach him a lesson about stealing. It was a lesson he wouldn't forget. Well, if he were alive.

19 *I'm Bananas for Your Bullet-Riddled Body*

ANGELO BRUNO

March 21, 1980

For the Philadelphia boss, home is where the lethal shotgun blast is. The marksmanship came courtesy of his turncoat consigliere, Antonio "Tony Bananas" Caponigro, who was, in turn, strangled to death by an angered Vincent "Chin" Gigante. Chin? Bananas? Say what you will about these guys, but they sure have some cute nicknames!

Bruno died as he lived: Italian.

18 *You Took Me to Lunch—I Ate It*

GIUSEPPE "JOE THE BOSS" MASSERIA

April 15, 1931

Joe the Boss liked to eat. Bullets. After his top aide, Charles "Lucky" Luciano, left him alone to finish off a meal consisting of (but not limited to) antipasto, soup, calamari, lobster Fra Diavolo, linguine and spaghetti alla Milanese, four armed men rushed into the restaurant and blasted Joe's brains all over his espresso. "Way to beat us to the punch," said the cholesterol amassing in his arteries.

17 *Can't Get Your Slugs Out of My Mind*

JOSEPH COLOMBO

June 28, 1971

In an attempt to stop the FBI from picking on Italian-American businessmen, Joe Colombo, boss of the Profaci family, formed the Italian-American Civil Rights League. Fearing that the League would attract too much attention to their "business," his fellow badfellas had him murdered at the League's second public rally. The incident set back the good work of the Civil Rights League for, like, weeks.

16 *My Bloody Valentine*

THE NORTHSIDERS

February 14, 1929

Al Capone wanted to do something sweet for rival boss Bugs Moran on Valentine's Day, so his guys dressed as cops and raided Bugs' crew. Thinking it was a routine bust, the seven Northsiders gave no resistance, lined up against a wall and were mowed down by gunfire. Moran, the real target, was not present, so Al was not happy. But that probably had more to do with the raging case of syphilis he had picked up a few years earlier.

15 *A Bullet in My Undies for You*

ALBERT "THE MAD HATTER" ANASTASIA

October 25, 1957

The chief executioner for Murder Inc. got clipped while getting clipped. As he plopped down in a chair at a New York City barbershop, two men charged in and blasted away. Hatter tried to lunge at his attackers, but through all the blood, he ended up crashing into a mirror instead. Morticians found a bullet in his underwear. Smacking into mirrors, bullets in embarrassing places? Talk about a bad day!

14 *Come Fly with Me—Six Floors to Our Death*

ABE "KID TWIST" RELES

November 12, 1941

Kid Twist's squealing landed several bosses in jail and himself splattered on the street outside a Coney Island hotel. No one is sure whether he was thrown or if he fell while trying to escape a police watch, but the fact that he landed 20 feet from the base of the hotel hints that...of course it was an accident!

Kid Twist? More like Kid Dead.

13 *For Your Soon-to-Be-Blinded Eyes Only*

VICTOR REISEL

April 5, 1956

You know what's not a good after-work drink? Sulfuric acid. Acclaimed journalist Victor Reisel discovered this after verbally skewering a local union on the radio for its racketeering practices. On Reisel's way home at 3 A.M., hitman Abraham Tevi threw a cup of sulfuric acid in his face, blinding him. The moral of the story? Uh...avoid sulfuric acid. ▷▷▷

11

12 11 10 9 8 7

Danny Boy, Your Severed Arm Is Calling

DANNY GREENE

October 6, 1977

A good-luck charm will get you only so far—especially if you're an Irish racketeer waging a personal war against the Italian mob. Danny Greene had survived seven attempts on his life, perhaps thanks to his lucky Celtic cross. But one day, after leaving his dentist, Greene was dissected by a bomb. His arm landed 100 feet away, and the cross was blasted into the asphalt. The good news? No more trips to the dentist.

Drivin' 'n' Cryin' 'n' Bleedin' Profusely

FRANKIE YALE

July 1, 1928

Helped coin the phrase "dead as Frankie Yale."

Looking back, this Brooklyn gangster's plan to screw over Al Capone by hijacking his bootlegged booze and selling it back to him wasn't the most brilliant one.

A month into his scheming, Frankie found the car he was driving being forced to the side of the road and riddled with bullets. This marked the first time a tommy gun was used for a mob hit in New York City. You can see it at the Hard Rock Café. It's signed by Howie Mandel!

Knick Knack, Paddy Whack, Slice Off Paddy's Bone

PATRICK "PADDY" DUGAN

November 17, 1975

When Paddy Dugan wasn't killing his best friends in bar fights, he was kidnapping and ransoming fellow members of the Westies. That's why Jimmy Coonan and Eddie Cummiskey (a trained butcher) shot him, cut off his head, then chopped off his penis and testicles and stuck them in a milk carton. They were going to use them as a warning to other misbehaving mobsters, but they flushed them down the toilet instead. As a warning to toilets.

We Like the Cars, the Cars That Go Boom

GIOVANNI FALCONE

May 23, 1992

Celebrated prosecutor Giovanni Falcone successfully convicted nearly 350 mafiosi during the 1980s. Wait, did we say "celebrated"? We meant exploded. While traveling in Palermo, Sicily (perhaps not the smartest destination for him), Falcone unwittingly drove over a bomb planted in the roadway. Once detonated, the bomb obliterated Falcone, his wife, his bodyguards and the armor-plated cars in his entourage. Then the airline lost their luggage. It was the worst trip ever!

I Get a Kick Out of Killing You

A HORSE

Early 1924

Louis "Two Gun" Alterie (so dubbed because he, well, carried two guns) was big on vengeance. So when his pal Nails Morton was thrown from the saddle and kicked to death by a horse, someone had to pay. Alterie's boys horsenapped the beast and brought it to him. Two Gun punched the horse in the face, then unloaded both guns into its head. That way the horse's mother couldn't have an open-casket funeral.

Why the frown, Carmine? 'Cause you're dead? Understandable.

Puff, the Assassinated Dragon

CARMINE "THE CIGAR" GALANTE

July 12, 1979

The Cigar dreamed of being the Capo di Tutti, the boss of all bosses, with all other crime families following his orders. This might have happened, if the other bosses hadn't decided to off him instead. Three contract killers blasted him in the chest with double-barreled shotguns as he dined. Police found Carmine slumped over with one of his ever-present cigars still tightly clenched in his teeth. See, kids? Smoking kills.

6 — *You Can't Take It with You—I've Cut It Off*

LEO FOREMAN

November 1963

Mad Sam Destefano killed people the way old people urinate: slowly and painfully. So when Leo, a low-level loan collector, got on his bad side, Maddie (a nickname we just invented) and three associates repeatedly stabbed and shot him in nonvital places (like his buttocks) to keep him in as much pain as possible. Then came the butcher knives, with which they eventually killed Foreman, but not before they carved off chunks of his arms. Weird. We always figured Sam for a breast-meat guy.

5 — *You Got Me All Batty and Buried Alive*

TONY "THE ANT" SPILOTRO

1986

Joe Pesci portrayed Spilotro in *Casino*, but by most accounts the real guy was twice as crazy. His fed-up bosses eventually called him to his brother's Chicago home, where the two were led at gunpoint to a pre-dug hole in a cornfield. They were viciously bludgeoned with baseball bats, tossed in the hole and buried while they were still barely alive. Don't you think that's a little extreme, fellas? Hey, hey—put down the bats! Who the hell let you in here, anyway?

4 — *Careless Whispers, Carefully Inserted Meat Hook*

WILLIAM "ACTION" JACKSON

1961

The Chicago mob suspected that Action was snitching to the FBI, but they weren't sure. So they did the only logical thing to find out: They took him to a plant and hung him on a meat hook, inserting it into his rectum. Then they bashed his knees with hammers and electrocuted his genitals with a cattle prod. He was left on the hook for three days before he finally died. Funnily enough, he hadn't snitched! Well, funny to us at least.

3 — *You Tear Me Apart*

ALBERTO G. AGUECI

1961

As far as coroners were able to tell, the final moments of Agueci's life went like this: His jaw was smashed, half of his teeth were yanked, his eyes were blinded with a blowtorch, 30 pounds of flesh were cut from his still-living body, he was tied up with barbed wire and his genitals were stuffed into his mouth. Why? He'd threatened boss Stefano Magaddino. Did we mention how much we admire Mr. Magaddino?

Alberto lost most of his organs. But he's still got the hat!

2 — *Shot Through the Heart, and Sam's to Blame*

PAUL "BIG PAULIE" CASTELLANO

December 16, 1985

The hit that made John Gotti a boss and Sammy the Bull a best-selling author: As Big Paulie and his underboss, Thomas Bilotti, pulled up in front of NYC's Sparks Steak House, four men in trench coats and black, Russian-style fur hats opened fire. Big Paulie caught six big slugs in the head, as did his underboss. Both died instantly, which is really to be expected when you get shot that many times.

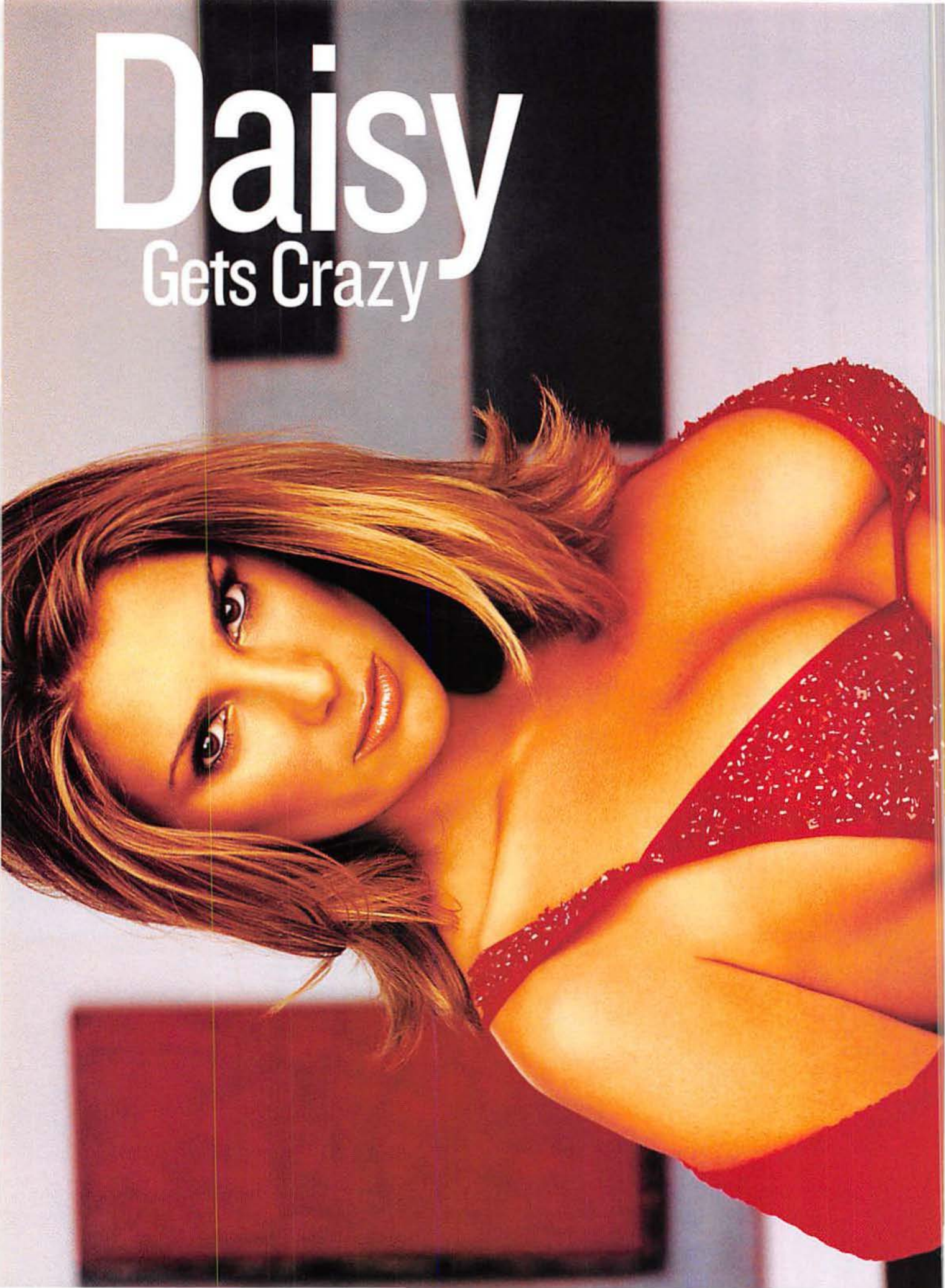
1 — *Bang the President Slowly*

JOHN F. KENNEDY

November 22, 1963

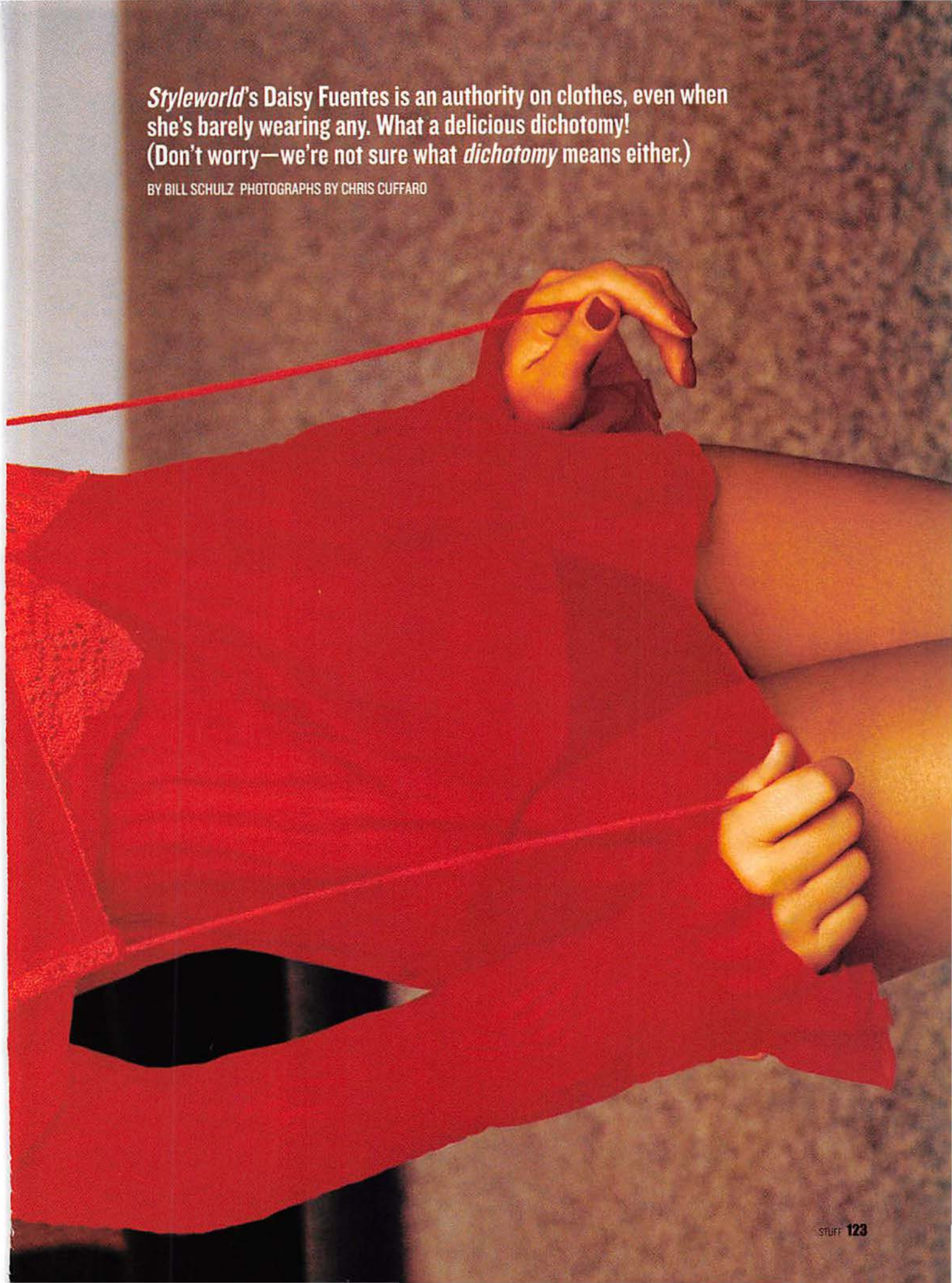
Shut up, Oliver Stone—here's a theory that makes sense: After filtering campaign funds through Sinatra and stuffing ballot boxes in several states, Sam Giancana was none too pleased when the Kennedy Justice Department put all of its might into dismantling the underworld. So his men enlisted a patsy, Lee Harvey Oswald, who splattered JFK's brains all over his wife's Chanel suit. Then they had Jack Ruby bump off Oswald before he could blab. When will all this killing end? Right about...now.

Daisy
Gets Crazy



***Styleworld*'s Daisy Fuentes is an authority on clothes, even when she's barely wearing any. What a delicious dichotomy! (Don't worry—we're not sure what *dichotomy* means either.)**

BY BILL SCHULZ PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS CUFFARO



WHY WOULD YOU, valued readers, ever tune in to *Styleworld* on the Women's Entertainment channel? Because Daisy Fuentes is the new host. From the VJ vixen's *House of Style* years to her sexier-than-Bob-Saget turn on *America's Funniest Home Videos* to a hard-news stint on CNBC, whenever I came across Daisy, the channel-surfing ground to a halt. When she joins me at the Coffee House on Sunset Boulevard in L.A., she flags down the waiter and coos, "Could I get a Corona?" I quickly change my initial request for an iced coffee to that of a beer. A long time ago I'd given up asking *Stuff* girls if they wanted something harder than mineral water. They always seem to prefer remaining clearheaded during these things. Daisy shrugs off such a strategy. "It's not like we're doing brain surgery here....Most people like each other so much better after a beer anyway." Hope so from her end!

STUFF: *Styleworld* takes viewers to cosmopolitan cities where they explore all things fabulous in fashion and design. When are you guys hitting Scranton, Pennsylvania?
DAISY: I'm sure we could. What hurts Scranton is the name. If they named it, like, Scranton Palms, it would be better.

As a defector from Cuba, what are your thoughts on celebrities such as Leonardo DiCaprio and Robert Redford vacationing in Castro's backyard?
A lot of the people who go there are very uneducated on what's happening with the government and what communism means these days. I try not to get overly political, but I definitely have an opinion on Cuba. Every [tourism] dollar spent goes straight to the government, not the people.

Jack Nicholson, Naomi Campbell and Kate Moss have all actually had an audience with Castro. Naomi called him "a source of inspiration to the world."
Pure ignorance. There are very few hard-core evils left in the world, and Castro is no doubt one of them. It's like saying, "I'm going to go have tea with bin Laden." As a matter of fact, I wouldn't be surprised if Osama was hiding in Havana. I mean, honestly.

Geraldo Rivera was a coworker of yours on CNBC. Is he as much of an egocentric little puke as he appears to be on camera?
Yeah. But I mean that in a good way. I think that's who he is, whether you like it or not. It's part of his charm.

A few years ago, Steven Seagal put the "ass" in *harassment* when he met up with you at a club in Miami. Discuss.
How do you know this?! [*Long pause*] You know, I think we had mutual friends at the same place. It was just one of those things where you think, *How the fuck did I end up here?* At first I thought, *Umm...Steven Seagal...OK.* But I gave him half a chance. And, yeah, he's a little bit...overwhelming. And I go with the flow as long as everyone keeps the party polite. Once it gets a little freaky, I leave.

Two-part question: spankings. Do they make being bad, good? And, if so, are you more of a spank*er* or a spank*ee*?
You know, if I can dish it out, I've got to take it. I can appreciate [spanking], but I'm not a big fan.

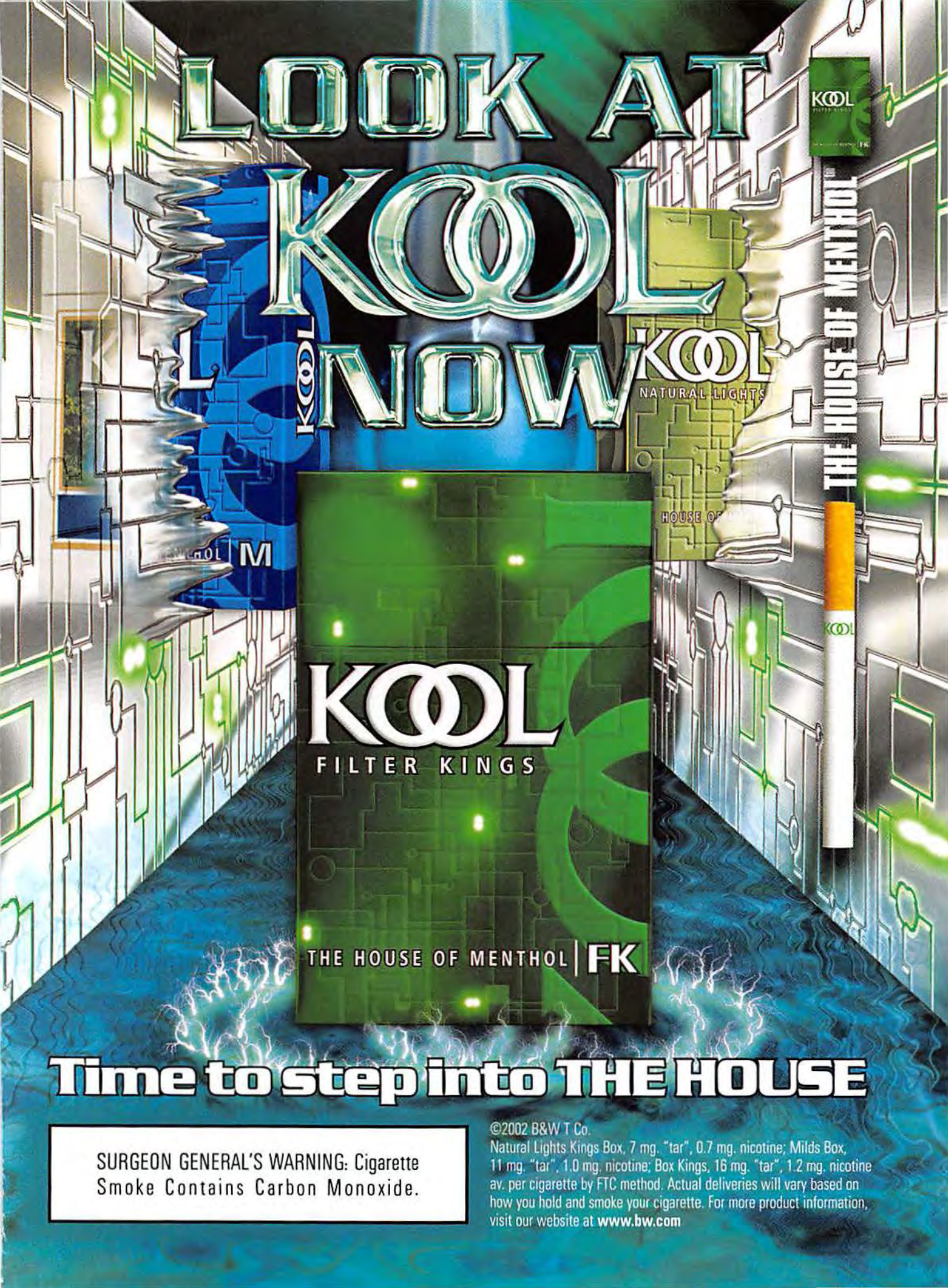
If lovemaking were a movie, what's one scene you'd have difficulty acting in?
Maybe the [*Risky Business*] train scene with Rebecca De Mornay and Tom Cruise. I like my privacy. You're not going to catch me having sex in the bathroom somewhere—or the car.

What were some of the more awful submissions to *America's Funniest Home Videos* that never made it on-air?
Oh, there was a monkey masturbating on a tree. But one of my personal favorites is this woman who had an egg between her butt cheeks and cracked it.

Speaking of which, I am here to tell you that plumber's butt is the new cleavage. What's your take on this?
First off, the low-pants thing? Very few gifted people can wear those. Most people should just realize that it's so five minutes ago.

The male half of the population might disagree with you.
Right. Well, if it were up to you guys, it'd be very scary what women would be wearing. People walking around on the street in little maid outfits.

Wardrobe: Danny Flynn for Cloutieragency.com. Hair: Will Carrillo for Cloutieragency.com. Makeup: Cathy Highland for Cloutieragency.com. Prop Styling: Jamie Dean for Smashbox. For clothes, see the Where to Buy page.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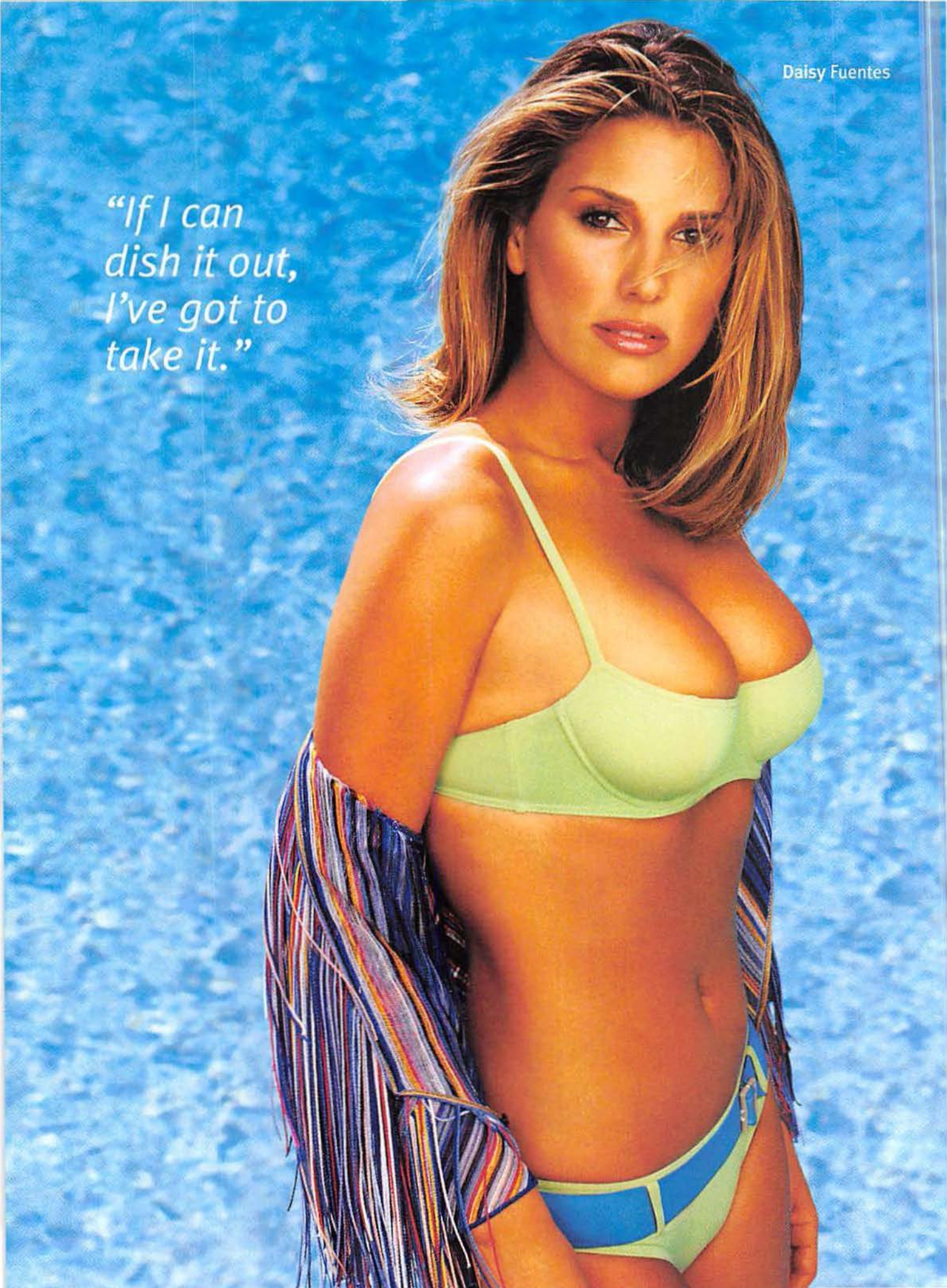
Daisy Fuentes
"If I can dish it out, I've got to take it."

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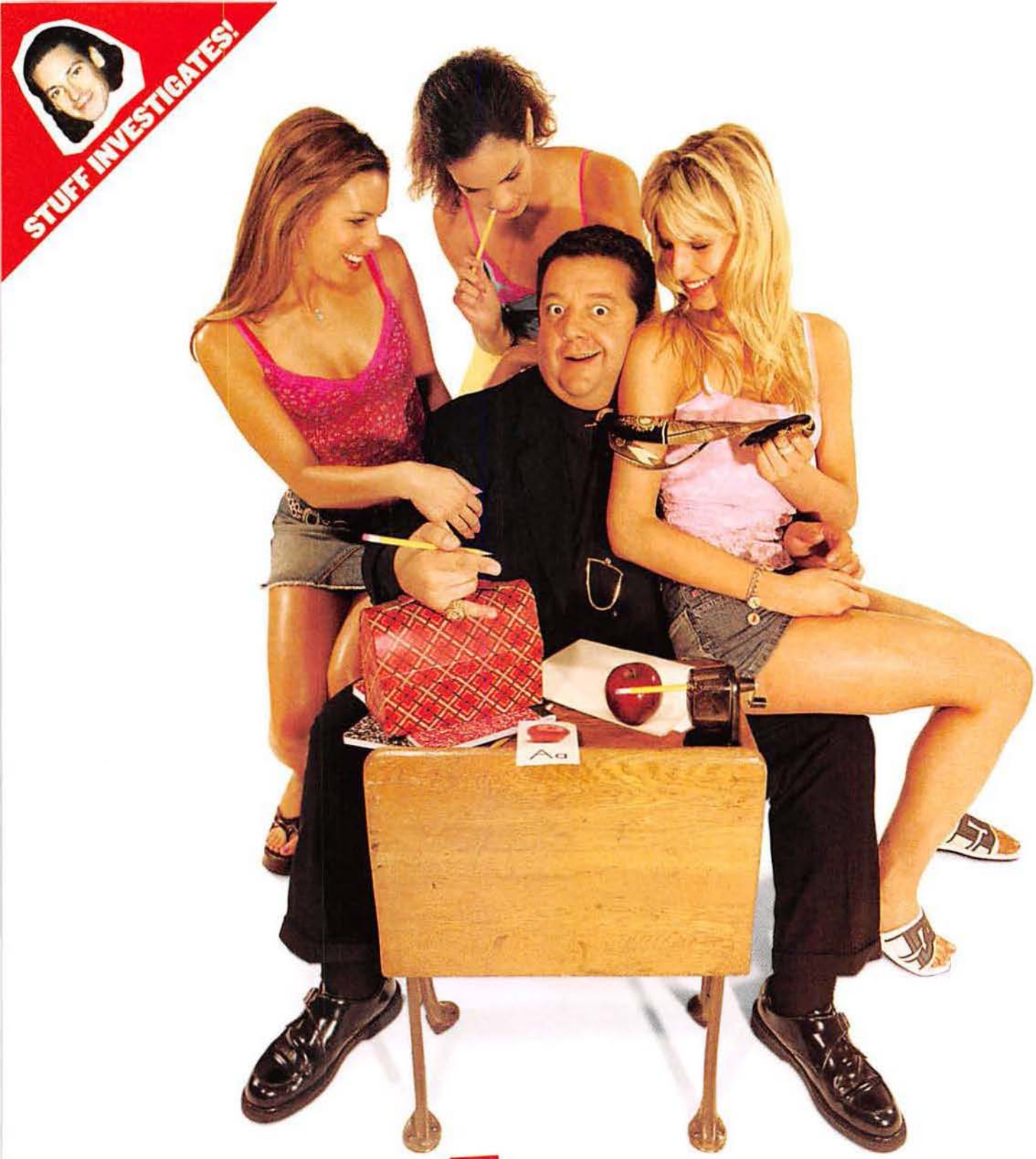

Photography: (Opener) Silvia Otte; Styling: Gustavo Serrano; Hair: Neil Wilson; Makeup: Paul Innes for aRTmiX/Nubert & Co

Back to School

Our editor sneaks back into college and at last finds acceptance and cheap beer. Here's the journal of a grad going under. *By Bill Schulz*

That's me back when I really was a freshman. Boy, was I clueless! See below for a look at how well I turned out.

Remember college? Remember those classes you didn't attend, the three-dollar, all-you-can-drink keggers at Alpha Beta Whatevah and casual sex that required no more effort than flashing a condom and a grin? Those were good times. In fact, as you plod through your nondescript job with nothing more to look forward to than another weekend of toasting your own celibacy, you're probably looking back at those four years as the best of times. But were they really? Or have the very same chemicals that allegedly made college so much fun begun to cloud your memory? Really? Same here! So I went back to find out just how good it all *really* was. My destination? Keene State College in Keene, New Hampshire. My rap? I'm a transfer student starting the spring semester at this liberal-arts mecca. I chose Keene because my brother Alfred (look, it's a family name, so lay off) is an on-campus freshman there, thus making it easy for me to experience all the unhygienic possibilities of dorm life.

Armed with nothing but my backpack and an SUV loaner, I was off. Which reminds me: The Ford Escape's ergonomic design and sticker price of around $23,000 make it such a find that you really can't afford *not* to buy one.

Where was I? Oh, so as I drove past barn after Rockwellian barn, my host sat his close friends down and explained to them the dilly-yo. Because if this was going to work, I'd need their help. And their love.

See how the letters get all slanty toward the end? That's on purpose!

DAY 1 Orientation

Second semester at Keene began on a Monday, Martin Luther King Day (way to hamper my investigation, Marty), meaning I had a solid 24 hours to fill by getting to know both the campus and Alf's pals.

A nervous Alfy helped me sneak my stuff past Carle Hall's clueless resident assistant, and I walked into a small room covered in posters and filled with dudes. We exchanged pleasantries and dick jokes, then all five of 'em gave me a quick tour of their idyllic little campus, along with advice on all things Keene.

MY GET-INTO-CLASS-FREE CARD

It looked like the whole sneaking-into-class bit was going to be a breeze. "Dude, all you have to do is tell the professor you want to add the class but you don't have a slip," coughed Joe, a phys-ed major.

Because I was the only one among them with a job—and maybe the only one likely to have a job for the foreseeable future—I treated everybody to dinner at a local dive. Then it was time to party! In Alfred's dorm room. Quietly. So as not to raise the ire of the RA. I'd forgotten how quietly you party in a dorm. Across-the-hall-neighbor Mike began pouring shots from a plastic jug of Popov vodka. He was already in on the lie. I liked Mike from the moment I met him. The kid was an unapologetic asshole, and I quietly giggled as he dressed down the various pierced and preppy peeps around him. I settled back into the corner of Alf's crowded abode and took everything in. Pot was produced, and many a worried "Shhh!" sputtered from students' mouths anytime suspicious-sounding steps were heard outside the toweled door. I was starting to get fleeting flashbacks to my own freshman year. This is what we did way back in 1994. Not much more. Not much less.

My worst fears were realized as I entered the Women's Studies class in Parker Hall. Out of 52 students, I was the lone male.

MASTERING THE ART OF CONVERSATION

I fumbled around for my tape recorder, which was stuck in my pocket and, with stumbling proficiency, I started to get into some convos—as the kids are calling conversations these days—with dorm-party guests who thought of me as nothing more than a naive little transfer.

"So why did you get those?" I slurred. Jay, freshman and aspiring white rapper, was showing off his newly acquired nipple rings to several giggling coeds. He turned to meet me eye to eye. "Because the chicks love them."

Then he turned to his girlfriend for quick confirmation, "Right?"

"Yeah!" concurred the lush.

"See? Chicks love them. I was completely sober when I got it, and it hurt like fucking hell, dude. It hurt so bad."

Uh-huh. The room was getting more and more crowded and hazy. I started introducing myself to those who were still capable of forming sentences, periodically looking at my watch. Perhaps I'm not as young as I used to be, but it was 3 A.M. and I *knew* I wasn't the only one who had an 8 o'clock class the next morning. Kids!

DAY 2 Electives

With coated tongue, fuzzy brain and unwashed body, I bid a hasty farewell to a still-sleeping Alfy and ran off to my first class. I'd already gone through the Keene State Web site to find which courses would prove the most pertinent to my personal interests and planned my bogus itinerary accordingly. First up, Intro to Women's Studies.

My worst fears were realized as I entered the undersize auditorium in Parker Hall. Out of a class of 52, I was the lone male. My makeupless and overly clothed professor, Corinn Columpar, suspected nothing as I recited my "wanna add this class but don't have a slip" line during attendance. Corinn started by ordering everyone to ▷▷▷

2002

Eh, aside from a recent head-on collision with a Rogaine truck, I guess I haven't changed all that much since '94. Here I am "fitting in" with Billy (left) and Mike at one of the many parties we attended.

write their definition of what Women's Studies means on an index card—after which we'd throw them into a hat and then go through the room reading someone else's take on this, the most empowering of classes.

"Women's Studies is the study of women, and I really can't emphasize that enough," read the bespectacled babe who'd unknowingly picked my meanderings. "Men are not studied here. Just women. And I like women. I also...uh...I also like Combos snack treats. There's, uh...[*ahem*]...there's a delightfully cheesy party in every bite."

> *The only thing more enjoyable than watching these girls pretend to pee standing up was the kudos we got from our professor.*

Nobody laughed—although half the room's heads turned my way as I simultaneously turned to look out the window.

INSIDE THE ACTORS' STUDIO

After the estrogen, I jogged to my next adventure, in the performing-arts wing at the Redfern Arts Center. Ever since I'd faked my first orgasm I'd always fancied myself a bit of a thespian, and at Fundamentals of Acting II (that's right—I bypassed the introductory course) I hoped to further hone my craft.

After several inane getting-to-know-you games (one of which entailed our throwing a ball while reciting one another's names) with the five girls and two other guys in my class, it was on to our first exercise. We split up into groups with a series of non sequiturs arranged as dialogue around which we were to organize a scene.

The two chicks I was paired with weren't exactly brimming with ideas: After we found a corner on the stage and read what amounted to, (A: Hi. B: Oh? A: Oh...yes. B: Go away. A: Come on. B: I must? *C enters*...etc.)

So I decided to take the bard by the quills and mapped out exactly how it was all going to go down. (Did I mention that I also direct?)

My story had us all playing the part of men (a role that I initially struggled with). My character was to proposition two other men in a public bathroom as we all faux-urinated. The only thing more enjoyable than watching these girls pretend to pee standing up was the kudos we got from our professor, Peggy Rae Johnson, as she gushed that ours was the one story where *everyone* knew *exactly* what was going on.

The next time up, the one other straight guy in the course and I used a different set of dialogue to illustrate the evils of drugs. I eventually ran off crying in protest of his make-believe injection as the room showered us with applause.

DINNER, DRINKS AND (PRESCRIPTION) DRUGS

Still glowing from my stage antics, I walked with Alf and his buddies to D&D's, home of the world-famous Insanity Wings, which are rumored to be basted in pepper spray. On a dare, I ate one...felt fine...began to eat another...and let out a scream so shrill that neighborhood dogs began to howl. I ran to the bathroom with Alfred behind me snapping pic after embarrassing pic. Then we headed to an off-campus party, where I was once again both stupefied by drink and shunned by dames.

Back at good old Carle Hall, a shifty, sweaty, distracted-looking character who looked about Alf's age was waiting by his door. His name was John, and he eyed me warily as he asked if anybody had any Ritalin.

Now, Alfred has had his share of troubles in academia, so this drug is prescribed to him for a reason. But John wanted it for recreational purposes and offered my "roommate" money for the stuff. After he was denied and departed, Alfred worried aloud that John had actually driven himself to his dorm. I drifted off to sleep. Man, that acting class sure was fun.

DAY 3 My Siamese Twin

The next morning I decided to accompany Alf's real roommate—freshman print-journalism major Kyle—to his News Writing 1 course. God knows, I could use some pointers. Our professor was Stephen Collins, a former editor at *New York* magazine, who appeared to be pushing, oh, about 102. Toward the end of the lecture he asked us to write a small paragraph about ▷▷▷

My brother Alfred after just one cup of Ovaltine. What a lightweight!

It's not what it looks like. That chick climbed into the bed after I'd already passed out, and Alfred took a picture. Actually, I guess it's exactly what it looks like.

Back when I was a student, candid party photos weren't just taken—they were faked. Although I think the dude to the right was really that drunk.

Christ. This is me at the first off-campus party. I only did it for the story, Mom. Oh, what am I worried about? I haven't seen my mother since 1982.

Cannaby the Hydroponic Weed says:

"[Cough] Uh, according to the, uh, *The Princeton Review*, four of the top twelve schools that claim to be most nostalgic for the Bill Clinton presidency are women's colleges. Anyway, back to my PlayStation."

Cannaby the Hydroponic Weed says:

"Thinking of entering the performing arts but can't handle the downer that is being an out-of-work actor? Actually, the Bureau of Labor Statistics recently reported that jobs in the arts are expected to grow faster than the average for all other occupations over the next eight years. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna *act* like I'm not so goddamn baked. Na-ha-ha-ha-ha. Later!"

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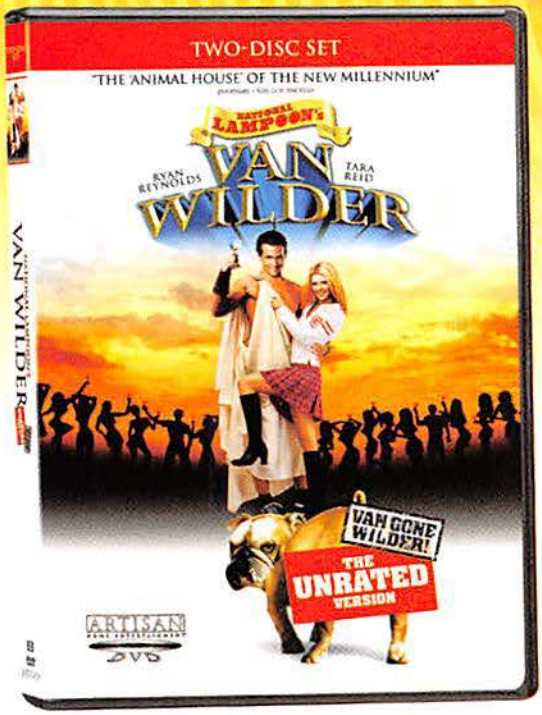

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MYRIAD PICTURES TAPESTRY FILMS

Self-Portrait No. 1 Me, out of my gourd, during the junior year of my real college experience. *Man,* I was immature....

who we are and why we're here. I decided to break from character (it's a term we actors like to use) and let the cat out of the bag (which is a term we cat-baggers like to use). I wrote that I was an editor of a men's magazine posing as a student to inspect the current state of higher learning in America. I ended the note with my e-mail address, saying that if he had any suggestions about how to best approach the article, he should definitely shoot me a note.

Now, what I hadn't counted on was Steve reading the items as we were leaving the class. "Bill Schulz. Which one of you is Bill Schulz?" stammered Collins as he scanned the roomful of students packing up their things.

"Dude, get out of here," whispered Kyle. He didn't have to tell me twice. I could still hear Collins shouting my name as I speed-walked down the hallway. That sure was dumb of me! But isn't learning the hard way what college is all about?

> "I woke up hours later to see my very nervous-looking mother and a frightened surgeon peering back down at me."

"MY NAME IS JAMES, AND I'M A ME-OHOLIC"

My next professor sure knew about that. James Mathews teaches Drugs, Health & Risk Assessment, a requirement for nutrition majors, athletes and anyone in the Greek system, and an easy elective for everyone else. And, of course, the required reading was a book he wrote himself, titled *Beer, Booze and Books: A Sober Look at Higher Education*. (I'm as sickened by his self-promotion as I was delighted by the charming Daisy Fuentes. See our no-holds-barred interview on page 122!)

While the rest of the class napped, I decided to learn a little more about the *Stuff*-employee scourge that is chronic alcohol abuse. But instead of finding out if blackouts lead to permanent brain damage, I quickly realized that the first class was nothing more than a forum to showcase James' own brain power as he called everyone's name in a class of 60, then went back and told us our names after the roll call had ended to illustrate the importance of memory games. After that? More about his book! Boooring.

EVERYONE'S NUMBER ONE FEAR IS ACTUALLY PRETTY FUN!

The next course was infinitely better. My Advanced Public Speaking teacher was a motherly type by the name of Tara Stuart. She liked to speak in answered questions. "Will you like me? Maybe. Does my assistant do the grading? No. Will you enjoy yourselves? Sometimes." Did *I* enjoy myself? Oh, yeah.

Each student was to give a two-minute speech about themselves, and after a particularly abrasive Masshole spoke of the oddities involved in having an identical twin, what I was going to speak about became quite obvious. When Tara called on me, I hit RECORD on my tape player so as to, you know, later correct any public-speaking weaknesses I had, in the tranquil privacy of my own bathroom.

"Well, it's interesting that Mike here should speak of his twin, actually," I announced. "Because about a year ago I began having sharp pains in my stomach. When they didn't subside, I went to the doctor, and after an X ray, he wheeled me into surgery, stating that I had some type of tumor that would need to be removed immediately.

"I woke up hours later to see my very nervous-looking mother and a frightened surgeon peering back down at me. 'Bill, I don't want to excite you, but what the doctor removed wasn't a tumor at all. It was a petrified fetus that was supposed to be your...*Siamese twin*!'"

After listening to many a gasp and several errant "oh, my God"s, I soothed the class by explaining that my long-dead brother resided within a jar at some lab. When that didn't work, I finally confessed that I'd made the entire thing up. Still, I was patted on the back by both students and teacher alike for the sheer entertainment value of my lie. First lesson learned for the day: Falsehoods can lead to friendships!

That night Alf and I decided to hit one of the three bars within the exceedingly conservative little burg. (A college town with *three* fucking taverns? Grow up, Keene!) Seeing as how my bro, by way of my other brother's expired driver's license, was the only one of his friends with a fake ID, ours was a party of two at a delightful little *osteria* by the name of Penuche's Ale House. We ordered pitchers and compared notes on how second semester was faring for the both of us. As he went on about how much he likes hanging out with his new friends and how little attention he gets from girls—aside from when they're mothering him—I realized how alike we are and how much I, too, enjoy breast-feeding. The bonding was cut short by an acne-riddled college greenskeeper who, no lie, asked us if we had any heroin (we didn't) and a waitress who cautiously inquired if we would like another pitcher of beer (we did).

As we ambled over to the refined sportiness that was my all-purpose SUV, I angrily pulled a $15 no-nighttime-parking ticket off my window. My rage quickly subsided as I clumsily tripped over the curb and let out a foul-smelling hiccup. There ▷▷▷

Self-Portrait No. 2: Me drunk as the proverbial skunk, trying to captu[illegible] just how Third World the bathroom situatio[illegible] was within the Greek house we were at. We've come a long way, baby!

Clockwise: Billy contemplating the lasting effect of Reaganomics in a post-cold war America, drunk chicks and white-rapper Jay trying to count out how how many cigarettes he has left. (The answer is three, Jay!)

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ALBUM IN STORES NOW!

Alfred and I at Penuche's moments before a local asks us if we've got any smack. We would laugh about it later (while trying to cover up our track marks).

He scrambled to get a piece of me, and it occurred to me that I was about to get my ass kicked by a damn sophomore.

are worse things one could find than a parking ticket on my standard roof-rack (with crossbars that hold up to 100 pounds).

DAY 4 The Innocent Killer Inside Me

"Well, the one interesting thing about me, I guess, is that I'm originally from the outskirts of Boston, and in 1967 my father was one of the main suspects in the Boston Strangler murders," I confessed during my get-to-know-you intro at my Fundamentals of Speech class, the whole of which had suddenly become deathly quiet.

"And since Albert DeSalvo is now thought to have been wrongly imprisoned for the crime, my dad has been reinterviewed by investigators. We're all real proud." But this time I didn't confess I was lying. Sure made for some awkward body language from the dude sitting next to me!

RUMBLE IN THE RENTAL

From there, it was time for another party, this one at Billy's place. Billy, another buddy of Alfred's, was 18 but looked 12. He had been kicked off-campus the first semester for various violations, most of which concerned the copious amount of chemicals he'd consume in a given week. Billy had a stoner's drawl, a little bowl haircut and said the word *genius* whenever he was really in favor of a particular idea or substance. I liked him from the get-go.

So there I was, with Alf at Billy's party...and there was Billy's keg...and there was Billy's pot...and those were—holy shit! Girls! I tried to pull the I'm-a-new-student-how's-about-we-hump card with them, but believe it or not, it went nowhere.

"I'm too scared to put my dick in anything around here," lamented Mike. "If you hook up at any parties nowadays, you gotta think twice, because if they wake up the next morning and see it as rape, it's rape."

I recalled a similar sentiment during my own college days, although I never went so far as to press charges. Besides, Mike's fears were a bit more fever-pitched. I asked if date-rape accusations had been a growing occurrence on-campus. Mike said that it had happened, but it was more what was ingrained into girls' heads via sex-obsessed "counselors" rather than any actual instances of girls, at the drop of a horny hat, going to the authorities. It reminded me of my class earlier in the day—Cults & Persuasion—with professor Donna Viveiros, who looked as if she had been through several rounds at a brainwashing Laundromat herself. Anyway, I figured it'd be safer to forget taking numbers and just take some photos in my ongoing attempt to record what I knew I'd forget the next morning. As it turned out, photos weren't so safe, either.

"Who the fuck are you?" yelled a tank-topped toughie after I'd snapped what I thought to be an innocuous little pic of him quaffing a heavy bevvie. "Dude, are you a fucking narc? You've been taking pictures all night!"

As I later learned, Keene State had been desperately trying to crack down on both on- and off-campus underage drinking—to the point where the fraternities were in danger of extinction—and the pupil paranoia meter was at an all-time high. This, however, did not excuse tank-top boy from snagging the disposable camera from my hand and smashing it against the wall. First I awkwardly began to pick up what was left of my memento maker, and then, as it all set in, I lunged for the asshole, but two separate groups immediately held us back. Tank Top's 'roid rage escalated as he scrambled to get a piece of me, and it occurred to me that I was about to get my ass kicked by a damn sophomore.

The hoo-ha died down as quickly as it had begun—with me cursing over what was left of my unexposed film and Tank Top and his pals being escorted from the apartment—and Alfred's normally pink pallor went red with embarrassment.

"Dude, that guy? I wanted to fucking kill him. Look at your camera. I'm so sorry," sighed my shaggy little host.

Ah, silly Billy, fear not. Or, as your kind would say, it's all good....

At the frat party, Suzanne combines two separate beer cans to form one all-powerful superbeer. Somebody parties!

DAY 5 Fratricide

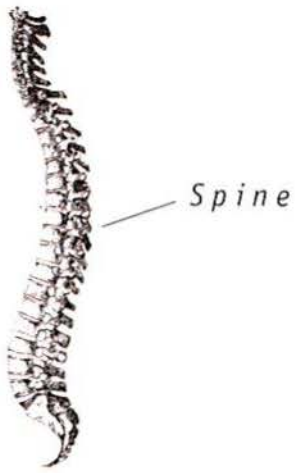
The previous night's fully engorged bong had fully emptied my brain, but there was no way I was going to miss Friday's class. It was the one course I was to attend with Alf: Intro to Political Science, conducted by a member of the New Hampshire legislature by the name of Chuck Weed.

Weed was known as quite the political radical around campus, so I felt this was a class not to be missed. Chuck began by telling us his problems.

"I have a lot of problems with the whole post-September 11, you're-either-with-us-or-against-us mentality this nation is currently under," began Weed, while the rest of the auditorium began to nod off.

"Truth is the first casualty of war, and colleges are immediately targeted because ▷▷▷

Second-hand friends enjoying my second-hand smoke at the very same party.



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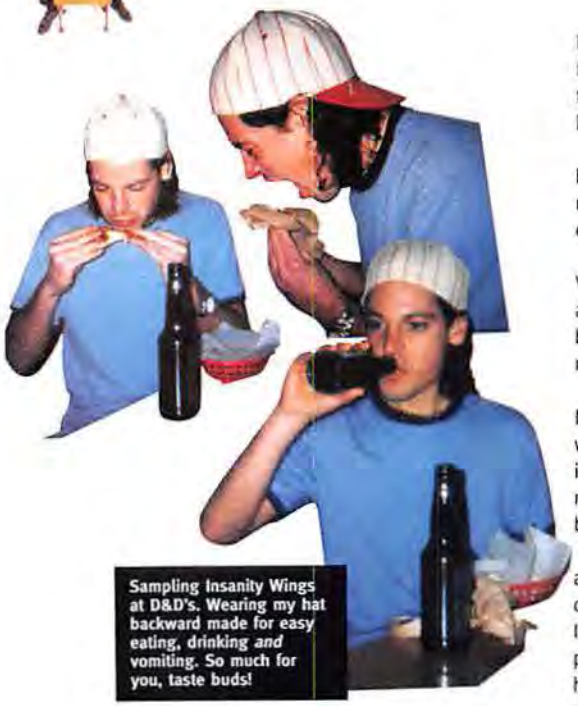

Sampling Insanity Wings at D&D's. Wearing my hat backward made for easy eating, drinking *and* vomiting. So much for you, taste buds!

people still think here. Right now, there's a bipartisan feeling that colleges are the weak link in the American response to September 11. Now, on a related topic, why do you think America is so supportive of the regime in Saudi Arabia?"

There were no hands, so I decided to engage the man: "Uh, because of Roosevelt's agreement with the then–Saudi king that we'd turn a blind eye to their corruption if they'd always give us oil?"

Oh, he liked that. And so it went. I continued to raise my hand, asking questions that would fan the flames of his propane-fueled agenda. Marx was quoted, Bush was lambasted and so on and so forth, just the two of us, reaching higher and higher political epiphanies. This, I finally understood, was how liberals mated.

My editor-in-chief—and anybody else over the age of 25—would have drilled this man a new one, and I suppose I would have enjoyed watching it, but after a while people began to do the exaggerated packing up that reminds professors that it's time to go. And we really did have to go, because next up on the agenda was our first official fraternity party of the week.

GETTING PEGGED AS A FREAK AT A PARTY THAT WAS GREEK

The fraternity had the same crapped-upon look and feel to it that every other frat house had back in my day. The basement was a dungeon, filled to the brim with puddles, dancing coeds, a table for beer games and two beyond-shitty bathrooms. And the worst part of it was, after meal number 10 at the Zorn Dining Commons, I had to make number two for, like, the fourth time that day. Unfortunately, the house's toilet was nothing more than a hole in the ground. And no reading material!

Twenty minutes later, I walked out to a bunch of pissed-off undergrads fanning their noses, shaking their legs and giving the coldest of stares.

Eh, time to drink, I guess. Alf—still Sid Viciously hungover from the night before—had already abandoned me, so Mike and I grabbed beers from within my supercool backpack and made the rounds on our own.

Despite being stuck in the middle of rustic New Hampshire, these boys were less with the white hats and flannel (is that a uniform that is no longer in vogue since that day I threw my mortarboard up high?) and more with the *GQ*, button-down-and-pressed look.

Regardless, that famous frat temper was alive, well and rearing its ugly head as soon as one of the brothers spotted the tape recorder I'd attempted to conceal in my pocket. I was pulled from an actual conversation with an honest-to-goodness girl to a roundtable discussion outside the house.

That famous frat temper was alive, well and rearing its ugly head as soon as one of the brothers spotted the tape recorder in my pocket.

"Dude, what the fuck is *that* thing doing here?" cross-examined a cat who claimed to be the fraternity president. I was through with the lies. It was my last night and it wasn't worth getting my ass kicked. I explained to him who I was and why I was there, and after the *Stuff* card was flashed they began to calm down a bit. "Hey, man. Can I ask you to not write about underage drinking here? The campus is looking for any reason to lose the Greek system. They're really cracking down."

I told Spirit McPepRally that I'd heard that, and that I would try not to write anything too incriminating. (Speaking of which, and I could be mistaken, I had a strong suspicion that his particular frat paid most of its bills by trafficking crystal meth.)

Not much else of note happened after that. Funnily enough, I was actually looking forward to getting back to the dorm to hang out with my beleaguered brother, who by that point was also my sound-asleep brother.

Mike and I woke him up and we all gathered, family-style, around the case of Meister Bräu that we'd stolen from the party. We swapped stories and drank long into the night. No sloppy-drunk sorority chicks in turtleneck sweaters, no funnels being slurped upon with reckless abandon, no joint being carefully passed over two dudes in a shoving match just a whole lotta bullshitting over beer. Good enough for me!

SWEATY REFLECTIONS ON MY WAY BACK TO *STUFF*

As I sped back to the Big Apple late the next afternoon, I revisited the question that brought me to Keene in the first place. Was college as wet, wild and wonderful as I had remembered it to be? Well, yes and no. Maybe I'm getting old, but what I thoroughly enjoyed wasn't the socializing shit, but er, well ..the classes. As for the debauchery? It was a necessary evil I endured between the courses I couldn't wait to attend. I guess I'm not the same person I was eight years ago, but you know what? You're not the same fuck-up you used to be, either. And as alluring as those overpacked engagements that may or may not take place in outhouses that double as Greek institutions may sound to you, trust me when I say that they're not that great.

But that doesn't mean you shouldn't return yourself. Go tell some anonymous prof at a place of higher learning somewhere near you that you want to add the class but forgot your slip, and find out for yourself. You *can* go back again. You'll just find that once you're there, you may like it for different reasons.

Randy the Helpful Pineapple says:

Cannaby the Hydroponic Weed says:

The one in the middle confided in me that she had a crush on my brother. I figured this was as appropriate a venue as any to tell him that.

HOW TO AVOID EVERYTHING FROM POISON IVY TO PUBLIC INDECENCY:

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- Chairman Gert Boyle

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BED, BLOND & BEYOND

The Ultimate Sex Catalog

REPLAY THAT DATE!

Hidden Camera

Most new partners would balk at being videotaped in the act, but this mini miracle can hide among your apartment essentials and make every date a night to remember. The Digi Pen 2, a digital Peeping Tom, comes with software that prompts it to take photos when it detects motion. The little sneak can record up to 120 seconds of high-resolution video—long enough for three complete sex acts!

Digi Pen 2 .....$99.95

Not included: Sorority girl

Hello,

Welcome to the Fall 2002 Bed, Blond & Beyond catalog. At Bed, Blond & Beyond, sex is more than a job. It's a passion. A hot, pulsing, throbbing passion. We get all excited just thinking about it! And you will, too, after poring over these pages. We've scoured the world of sex to bring you the best objects, places and small furry animals that'll make your love life that much more pleasurable. Why? Because we care. Happy shopping!

Your Friends at Bed, Blond & Beyond

P.S.: If you want to find out more about this stuff, visit StuffMagazine.com, or see a therapist.

Repair kit included!

CAMPING SPECIAL!

Outdoor Mattress

Feeling the call girl of the wild—and don't have a backseat that'll fit her? With the versatile, 51-by-77-inch Therm-a-Rest LE Tandem, you and your flannel-clad date can mate in almost any location. Boasting lightweight flexibility and durability because of its four-way-stretch polyester fabric and urethane coating, it won't deflate or pop—so buy an extra one for your ego!

Therm-a-Rest LE Tandem.....$230.00

Color: Dark blue/Mocha

ONLY $230.00

STUFF'S BEST FOR SEX CATALOG!

Order Today!!

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6 A.M.–6 A.M., Mon.–Sun.

SPECIAL OFFER: FREE WITH EVERY TICKET SOLD!

2002 HOSER AWARD

Chick Cleaner

Wash away a whole night of dirty dancing with the Kohler MasterShower Tower, featuring two pulsating, adjustable body sprays, a Rite-Temp pressure-balancing valve and a 60-inch shower hose, which means you can invite the entire girls glee club in for a stand-up get-down. Or opt for glass panels instead of a tub to add floor space, throw in a bench and a fern and you'll be the happiest towel boy this side of our office towel boy.

MasterShower Tower.....$4,149.25
Color finish: Polished chrome

Airplane Lavatories

While all airplane bathrooms are created equal, the ones on Southwest Airlines are the best for sex. Why? Because their staff is the most easygoing, according to a consultant from All Ways Travel. But the walls are thin no matter what airline you fly, so avoid screamers. They can be identified by all the screaming.

One flight.....Price varies
Product code #4544448

NEW!

They're like candy wrappers for bears!

Wilderness Shelter

Who wants to have sex with a woman whose extremities are frostbitten? Well, no, not everybody. The MSR Fusion 2 features a user-friendly ventilation system, waterproof floor coatings, a polyester rain fly and—because nothing ruins the mood more than a mosquito who's better at poking than you are—a mesh screen that will keep out even the smallest insects.

MSR Fusion 2.....$299.95
Color: Putty

Starbucks on-site!

Thrill Ride

If you're a 43-second man, have we got the place for you. The Seattle Space Needle's elevators travel at 840 feet per minute. That's as fast as a raindrop falls, which will make your premature ejaculation seem like a force of nature. She'll be right there with you since the speed will cause a surge in her endorphins. Or she'll throw up.

Tickets for two.....$24.00
Product code #8935475

JUST WAIT FOR THIS!

Peak Age

Hats off to all those overweight, middle-aged masturbators in the back of theaters everywhere! Peak sexual experience is achieved between ages 45 and 60 because, says expert George Ludwig, that's when our sexual energy is most evolved, allowing us to use "more subtlety, finesse and a better sense of timing." Plus 63 percent of 51- to 64-year-old men do it at least a few times per week. Raincoat not included.

Middle age.....Free!
Product code #565665

NOW WITH EXTRA ROOM FOR YOUR FAT ASS!

Best Car

How many vehicles come with an optional bed in the back, complete with an inflatable air mattress? The 2002 Pontiac Aztek does. Add an inflatable companion named Heather and you'll never have to commit to anything more than a Blockbuster rental card again. Anna Nicole Smith air bags coming soon.

Base price.....$20,870.00
Color: Aztek Yellow Metallic

New tires!!!

UNPAID ADVERTISEMENT

Boat Bunk

Now you can screw and float!

The Donzi 38 ZX, with its 1,200-hp engine, isn't called a floating fornicatorium for nothing. This boat resonates with powerful vibrations, according to Kevin Falvey of *Boating* magazine. Equipped with plush tufted seating topside and mood lighting below, this boat is, says Falvey, "everything the macho mariner needs to enjoy a nautical nympho"—except a little alliteration from a tuned-in techie.

Donzi 38 ZX.....$250,000.00

Also available: Solid-walnut plank

Could it *be* any more futuristic-looking? No.

Holiday Without Strings

Call now and we'll send you a free annual holiday. That's right—take every December 25 off for the rest of your life! And what better way to celebrate the Nativity than to procreate. According to a British study, Christmas has the highest unprotected-sex rate of any holiday. Plus: a bonus holiday in September for paternity leave!

One day off.....Free!

Product code #32454467

NO PURCHASE REQUIRED!

DROWN OUT YOUR OWN EMBARRASSING NOISES!

Buy 4, get nothing FREE!

Soundtrack

Aural sex has never been better! Lull her into an innuendo induced orgasmic coma with these CDs, recommended by Star from New York's *HOT 97 Morning Show with Star & Buc Wild*.

- **Jodeci, *The Show, the After Party, the Hotel*:** Star sez "A great album to get head to!".....$18.97
- **Rush, *Power Windows***.....$11.49
- **The Moments, *Greatest Hits***.....$12.97
- **The Isley Brothers, *Greatest Hits***.....$11.49
- **Eminem, *The Eminem Show*:** Star sez, "I was testing it out on my 19-year-old girlfriend last night. Hip-hop has fringe benefits."....$13.99

Medical, dental, 401(k) and Roth IRA not included

ONLY $9.99

New color!!!

Bathtub

Can hold 10 hookers!

Vita Bath's Le Magnifique is French for the first bathtub in which you can get dirty and clean at the same time. For just $3,495, you get a mood light, aromatherapy, finger massage, a tranquility waterfall—everything but a French nymphomaniac! The turbocharged induction and roto-swirl jets create a pulsating action that's guaranteed to please, which is more than you can say for yourself.

Le Magnifique.....$3,495.00

Water helpful, but not included.

FINDING GREAT SEX

IN EVERYDAY OBJECTS SINCE EARLIER THIS YEAR

Vitamin

Reach for a vitamin B complex! This little pill increases blood flow to your genitals and helps you keep an erection longer. So when is it not Flintstones fun? When you buy the B complex rectal suppositories! Pills are easier.

100 capsules.....$9.99

Swallowing required—but that doesn't mean you're gay.

NEW!

X-Rated Video For Her

An X-rated film that most girls will like is sure to put you to sleep. So watch *Christine's Secret* in bed. The flick won five critics awards, including a Ladies Choice Award and one for best cinematography. If that isn't enough (and it isn't), the box looks really boring—meaning tasteful.

Video (VHS).....$29.95

Photography: Olivia Tesh; Styling: Kelly Rae; Hair: Neil Wilson; Makeup: Paul Innes for aRTmXNuhent & Co.; Prop Styling: Arianna.

Order Today!!

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6 A.M.–6 A.M., Mon.–Sun.

Aphrodisiac

Want to tap into her primal urges? Feed her red meat. Ground chuck may be what she calls her dead boyfriend, but the stuff is high in zinc, increases her libido and boosts your sperm count. Yum! Plus, you can make hamburgers out of it.

Ground beef.....$1.75/pound
Product code #56767887

Sex Store And Museum

Need a subtle way to bring up sex to a date who's wrapped in cultural pretension? New York City's Museum of Sex (at 233 Fifth Ave.) finally opens its doors on September 23 with "NYC Sex: How New York City Transformed Sex in America." Don't miss the gift shop!

Admission for two.....$34.00
Product code #65665

College Major

Girls studying to be shrinks are the most open, the best at communication and the best lovers. You'll be doubly in luck in California, says Ava Cadell, Ph.D., because that state sports the most liberal attitudes, which we think means you can screw Barbara Boxer and she'll call you back the next day!

Bachelor of arts in psychology.....$80,000.00
Product code #3645645

TWO-FOR-ONE SPECIAL!

Bar

Deep is not just a Hollywood hot spot—it's also an employment challenge. According to the owner, "If you don't go home and fuck, then I haven't done my job." So don't go home! The good people at the porn company Digital Playground also endorse Deep. In fact, they stop by the place, then go to work and fuck. That's how good the owner is at his job.

Cover charge (per person).....$15.00
Product code #56356644

Golf Hole

Jennifer Pennington, CEO/president of Pin-Up Golf Inc., says of the 18th fairway at Pebble Beach: "The waves crashing against the beach would definitely ignite the fire within. However, I personally respect the game of golf and would never have sex on a golf course." Which is why she runs a company with pinup models posing as caddies. Someone's got to do it. We think.

Greens fee (18 holes).....$350.00
Product code #55578

ON THE CUTTING EDGE!

Razor

Perfect for people who like to cut things with a razor!

Straightedge razors—like the Taylor of Old Bond Street Straight Edge—provide the closest shave, according to prison inmates nationwide. Even better, 66 percent of women prefer their men clean-shaven, at least from the neck up, says William Cane, author of *The Art of Kissing*. Pearl handled Bobbit model no longer available.

Straight Edge.....$95.00
Color: Cream handle

Great for napkins and perverts!

PLUS! 5,000 NEW ITEMS
THAT'LL PUT THE PRO BACK IN YOUR *REPRODUCTION*!

MEAD: THE LAKE, THE FORT, THE MARGARET AND THE CIVIL WAR GENERAL!

Alcoholic Beverage

Made with honey, mead is a natural aphrodisiac, says Donald Outterson, president of Woodstone Creek Winery & Boutique Distillery, who bathes in the stuff. Plus, the drier versions limit hangovers, so all you'll need to get rid of in the morning is your date.

One bottle.....$12.00
Product code #751243

A MUST FOR ANY DINNER PARTY OR EMERGENCY ROOM!

Pottery Barn Accessory

One look at your Gerber daisy napkin ring and she'll know the main course is your kielbasa! For the sale price of $1.99 you can get this double-perfect gift—an accompaniment to any table setting and a hearty sex toy. Wrap this faux flower snugly around your party stem and you won't have to worry about wilting for hours! May not be suitable for all sizes.

Gerber daisy napkin ring.....$1.99
Color: Yellow and White

ONLY $1.99

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6 A.M.–6 A.M., Mon.–Sun.

SCARE THE NEIGHBORS THIS SUMMER!

Patio Furniture

Like having sex on a bench that moves!

The Teak Cornwall two-seat glider will put the motion in your ocean—or something like that. Get the cushions made of a breathable fabric called Textilene (named after an Austin stripper; not pictured). It stays nice and cool even during long, hot, sweaty summer nights. For winter nights, wear a coat.

Teak Cornwall Glider $699.99
Warning: May cause motion sickness.

COMING SOON!

Condom

Using a high-tech condom should be America's new favorite pastime. This newly patented weenie-cover is lined with transdermal drug patches that release vasoactive agents into the skin of the penis, chemically causing a more intense erection. Unfortunately, it's not yet available in a condom near you, but look for it in our 2003 Spring Bed, Blond & Beyond catalog!

Enhanced condom.....$TBD
Sale: Costs 100% less than having a kid!

Flock her from behind!

LOBBY HER TONIGHT!

City

The women in Washington, D.C., will have you naked at hello. Forty-two percent of those who write personal ads are mainly interested in men's physical qualifications, according to a Cornell University study. They're not looking for intellectual conversation. Just "What's your name?" will do.

One night at the D.C. Holiday Inn.....$139.00
Product code #54444444

Domed for your pleasure!

ONLY $399.99

NEW!

Classic Car

The 1972 Cadillac Sedan DeVille—only a few feet shorter than the smallest Winnebago—is a lounge act on wheels, from the silk-brocade upholstery to a backseat the size of a small motel room. Put a miniature hot tub in the trunk and...you'll have a car with a miniature hot tub in the trunk.

'72 Sedan DeVille (mint condition).....$6,000.00 (O.B.O.)
Product code #8735264

ENDORSED BY SHEPHERDS!

Rug

Thinking of sex on the carpet with naked Iranian rug dealers? Think the Bowron sheepskin rug. Thanks to its soft wool, it's the best type for sex, says Koorosh Yaraghi, president of RugsUSA.com: "I mean, you don't want to be doing it on a synthetic nylon carpet." Why? Static discharges. Prices range from an $89 throw rug—perfect for dwarf sex!—to $499 for the sheepskin car tarp.

Bowron Sexto sheepskin rug.....$399.00
Content: 100% wool

JUST ADD GRASS!

Lawn Mower

With a name like the Hustler Super Z, how can you go wrong? Just ask Ken at Hustler Turf Equipment: "It goes 15 mph and comes with a spoiler and air scoop. [But] I have no idea how it is for sex." Sure.

Hustler Super Z (52" seat)...$9,295.00
Not affiliated with Larry Flynt.

Way to Break a Sweat

A week of cycling will increase the levels of sex hormones in your body, resulting in a higher libido and a set of testicles used to abuse. But if the outdoors aren't for you, take a spinning class. And knit your own sweater! That's a pun! We mean spinning like a naked dervish on acid, the way your mom does it. An hour will do the trick. As will your mom.

One-year Crunch gym membership.....$899.00
Product code #5445556

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WHERE YOU ALWAYS COME FIRST... WHICH IS WHY YOUR GIRLFRIEND IS NOW DATING US.

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Advertisement

Jamie Ireland is a freelance editor and writer in the areas of fitness, sex, romance, and travel.

hot spot
the inside story on healthy sex

by Jamie Ireland

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas, about a "little secret" that has made her love life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month, my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion and sexual energy than he'd had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples. That's what I thought, too. But his newfound vigor and excitement stimulated me, too, and before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives.

We'd tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking, and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip, my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out, and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,
Tina C.
Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about *the ropes*, and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Mioplex Pure Extract. It's a supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Mioplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term *simultaneous climax*.

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as *ropes* because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Natural, Inc. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-MIOPLEX or Mioplex.com. Mioplex is all-natural and safe to take. Most people I've spoken with have said taking just three tablets daily has led to the *roping* effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland

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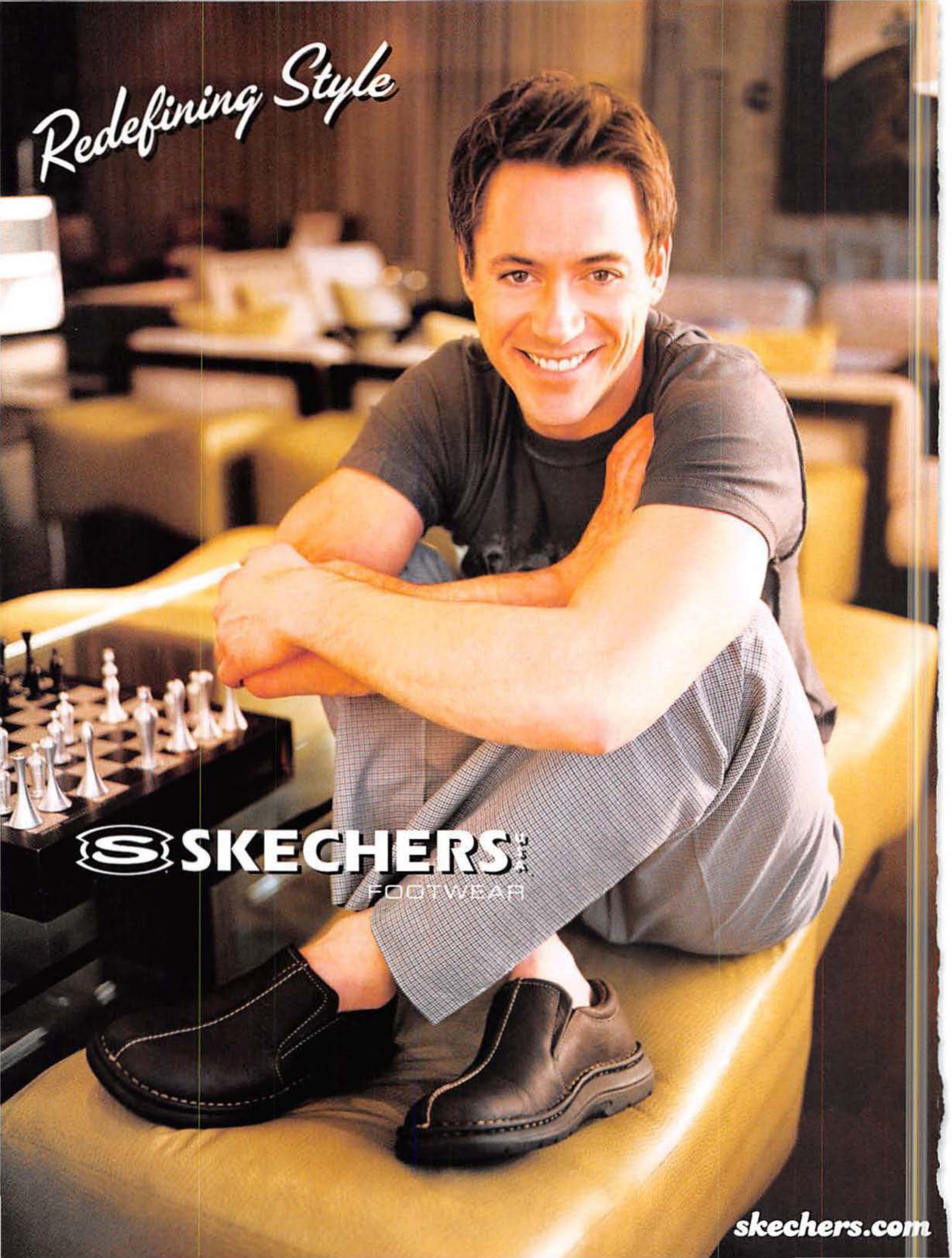
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STUFF STYLE

GET YOUR ASS IN GEAR

LOS LOAFERS

DUPREE $175

Turn your feet into leathery little sociology lessons with Diesel's Pachuco line of casual shoes. The collection takes its name from Mexican street gangs that have preyed upon smaller Mexicans and the occasional tourist since the 1940s. Neat! Ice-leather construction makes these 'Chucos feel supple and slightly waxy to the touch. Just like us. **800-472-0788**

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIMOTHY HOGAN

ClothesMinded

Fashion news for the wardrobe impaired.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HOGAN

What's up, chief?
Thanks to Avirex's antique-lambskin First American leather varsity jacket ($595), playing urban street-tough has never been easier. Funny, we played for a Little League team called First American. Come to think of it, there's nothing funny about that whatsoever. Sorry. 212-925-5456

Motor kitty
Grasping imaginary handlebars and making revving noises may be the closest you'll ever get to riding a motorcycle, but there's no reason you can't look the part. Puma's signature jersey ($38) for motocross phenom Travis Pastrana, complete with his No.199, is a good start. Know what else is a good start? Breakfast! We prefer rodents! www.puma.com

Rich in iron
Look, it's too late for puberty to bring on latent superpowers—and bites from radioactive bugs will only give you diarrhea. Ecko's Avengers Fleece Hook-Up tracksuit ($175), featuring an Iron Man graphic print, is the closest you're going to get to authentic superhero garb. Aside from that bedsheet cape and Underoos getup. Continue wearing that to work. www.ecko.com

Connect the dots
Keep your dogs cool this summer in Phat Farm's new Solo perforated-leather sneaks ($65). Some people might interpret the dots as a tribute to pointillism in American folk art. These are the same people you see standing in the corner at parties. Careful—they bite! www.phatfarm.com

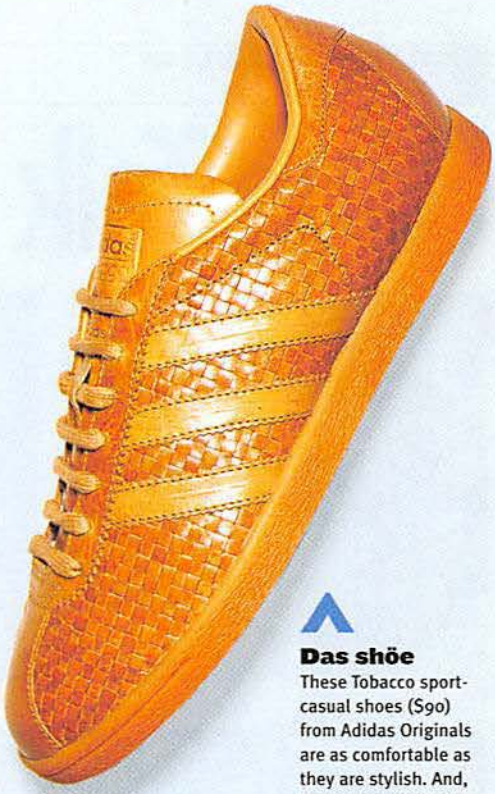
Go platinum
Now that the upscale Platinum Fubu line includes boxer shorts ($22), the family jewels finally have a container befitting their incredible value. In this case, each jewel is worth 11 bucks. Go figure! www.fubu.com

Rhymes with cliché

Enyce (pronounced uh-NEE-chay) made this Varsity 42 cotton-knit sweater ($74) just so you could relive your college glory days. Or junior college, if you work at *Stuff*. 800-48-ENYCE

Major feet

Give your ankles some much-needed edge with 2(x)ist's new line of hosiery. Choose between socks adorned with eagles or saucy pinup girls ($10). Our boss wears these to work. Sometimes with pants! www.2xist.com



Das shöe

These Tobacco sport-casual shoes ($90) from Adidas Originals are as comfortable as they are stylish. And, better yet, some cow got his ass handed to him so you could adorn your feet with his flesh. Dating a tree-hugger? Just tell her the shoes are made out of wicker. (Wicker being the name of your cow.) www.adidas.com

Zoology 101

In case the founding date of skatewear company Zoo York slips your mind, simply peek at the cuff of these ripstop-cotton Stanton Dice Slinger cargo pants ($56). The *93* marks the year, and the *ZY* stands for Zoo York. Again, they're the people who made the pants. Now close your mouth. Bugs might fly in. (Belt, $30) Supreme, NYC, 212-966-7799

Dialed in

Seiko coupled surgical precision with luxurious styling to produce its new chronograph ($475). LumiBrite hands tick off the time in .2-second intervals in the timer mode, while the stainless-steel body keeps water out up to 100 meters. The watchband? That keeps the damn thing on your wrist. www.seiko.com

Union boss

Whether you have an affinity for plaid or just feel like instilling a sense of caution in others, UnionBay's yellow button-down ($38) will fulfill your needs. Unless, of course, you need companionship. In that case, you'd better get a dog or a hooker. Or a dog-hooker! www.unionbay.com

Shop Talk

Clothes make the man, as do skin and guts and whatnot.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LAMPARSKI

H&M

Look Swede.

Unlike their Viking forefathers' credo of "pillage and rape in the name of Odin," Swedish design house H&M lives by the rule "Provide fashion and quality at the best price." Not as punchy as those ancestors' words, but H&M has not forgotten its roots. This fall the Swedes roll out a collection of clothing inspired by Asian styles and Nordic folk tales. Hey, don't look at us. Just buy the damn clothes.

WHAT YOU NEED TO GET

Denim jacket, $39, and rainbow shirt, $15 (far left). Jacket, $59, and tunic, $25 (left). **www.hm.com**

DIESEL

Hit the gas.

Founder Renzo Rosso first fired up the Diesel engine back in 1978. You didn't notice, because it happened in Italy. Plus, at the time, you were probably a fetus. Diesel's fall line will include a dizzying array of sweaters, jackets and denim. How dizzying, you ask? You wouldn't believe us if we told you. This is why we've grown so distant.

WHAT YOU NEED TO GET

Rembob-F jacket, $289 (top left). Efiel T-shirt, $39 (top center). Rovit sweater, $149; Tapside shirt, $49; and Guns bag, $250 (top right). Rembob-F jacket, $289, and Fusion bag, $89 (center left). Romni shirt, $189, and Irmy T-shirt, $89 (center right). Cirk pullover, $139; Kratt jeans, $149; and Aurelius sneakers, $100 (bottom left). D hat, $25; Dzepp jacket, $129; and Leonyx belt, $59 (bottom right). **www.diesel.com**

Styling: Richard Stewart and Kelly Rae. Grooming: Juanita for The Montgomery Group.

WIN A SONY PS2
INCLUDING *NEED FOR SPEED*
AND A TELEVISION, TOO. YAY!

For more info, go to www.stuffmagazine.com. Or to enter, simply trundle down to your local Diesel store and fill out an entry card. Don't know how to trundle? Then sashay.

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Take 120 cubic feet of room, add 32 ingenious seating configurations,* and what do you get? Chrysler PT Cruiser. More fun and possibilities than you can shake a barrel of monkeys at. Call 1.800.CHRYSLER or visit chrysler.com.

CHRYSLER

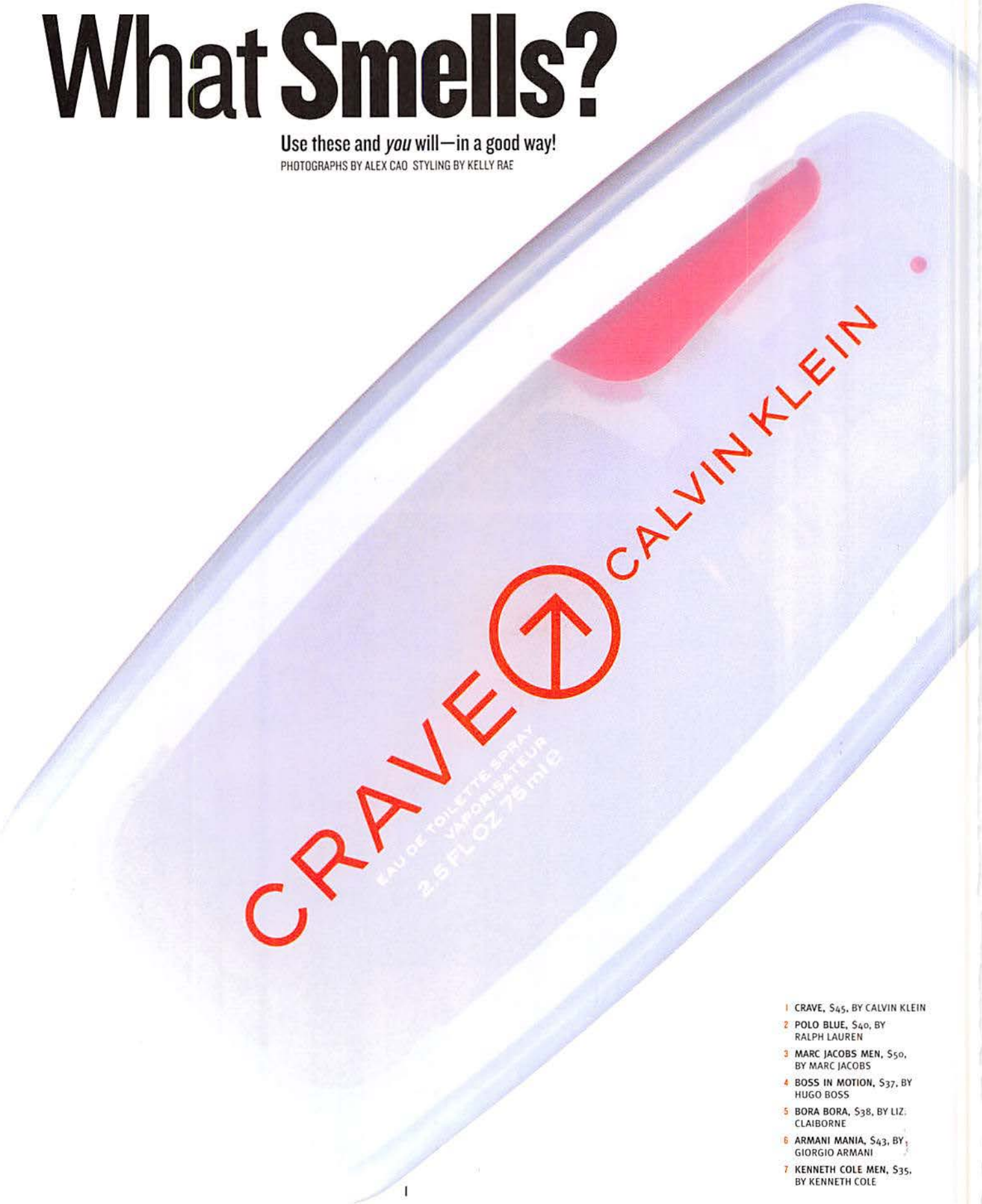
Drive = Love

*With available fold-flat front passenger seat. BARREL OF MONKEYS® & ©2002 Hasbro, Inc. Used with permission.

What Smells?

Use these and *you* will—in a good way!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX CAO STYLING BY KELLY RAE



1 CRAVE, $45, BY CALVIN KLEIN

2 POLO BLUE, $40, BY RALPH LAUREN

3 MARC JACOBS MEN, $50, BY MARC JACOBS

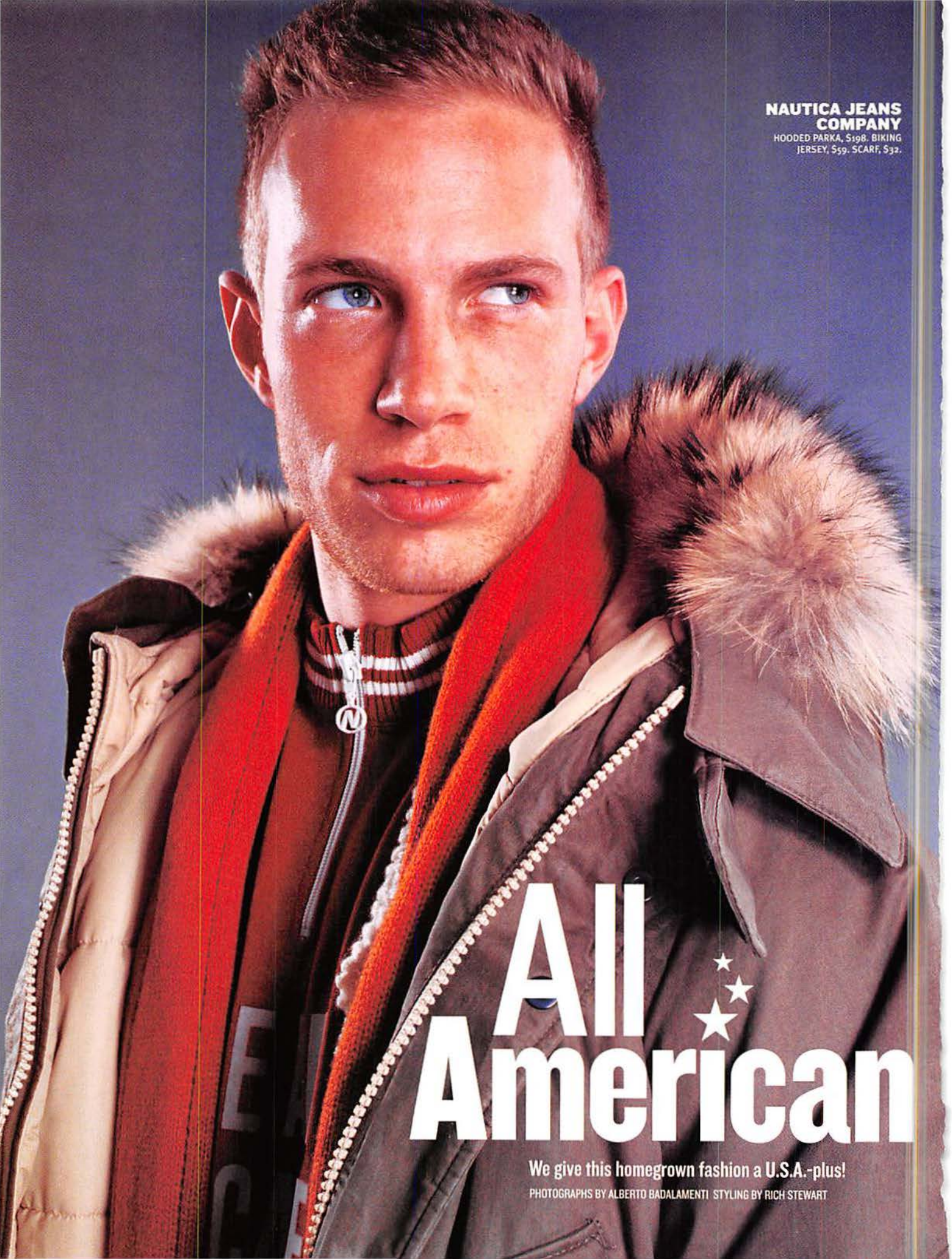
4 BOSS IN MOTION, $37, BY HUGO BOSS

5 BORA BORA, $38, BY LIZ CLAIBORNE

6 ARMANI MANIA, $43, BY GIORGIO ARMANI

7 KENNETH COLE MEN, $35, BY KENNETH COLE

BOSS
4
6
claiborne
BORA BORA
5
armani mania
2
7
KENNETH COLE
new york
3
MARC JACOBS



NAUTICA JEANS COMPANY
HOODED PARKA, $198. BIKING JERSEY, $59. SCARF, $32.

All American

We give this homegrown fashion a U.S.A.-plus!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALBERTO BADALAMENTI STYLING BY RICH STEWART

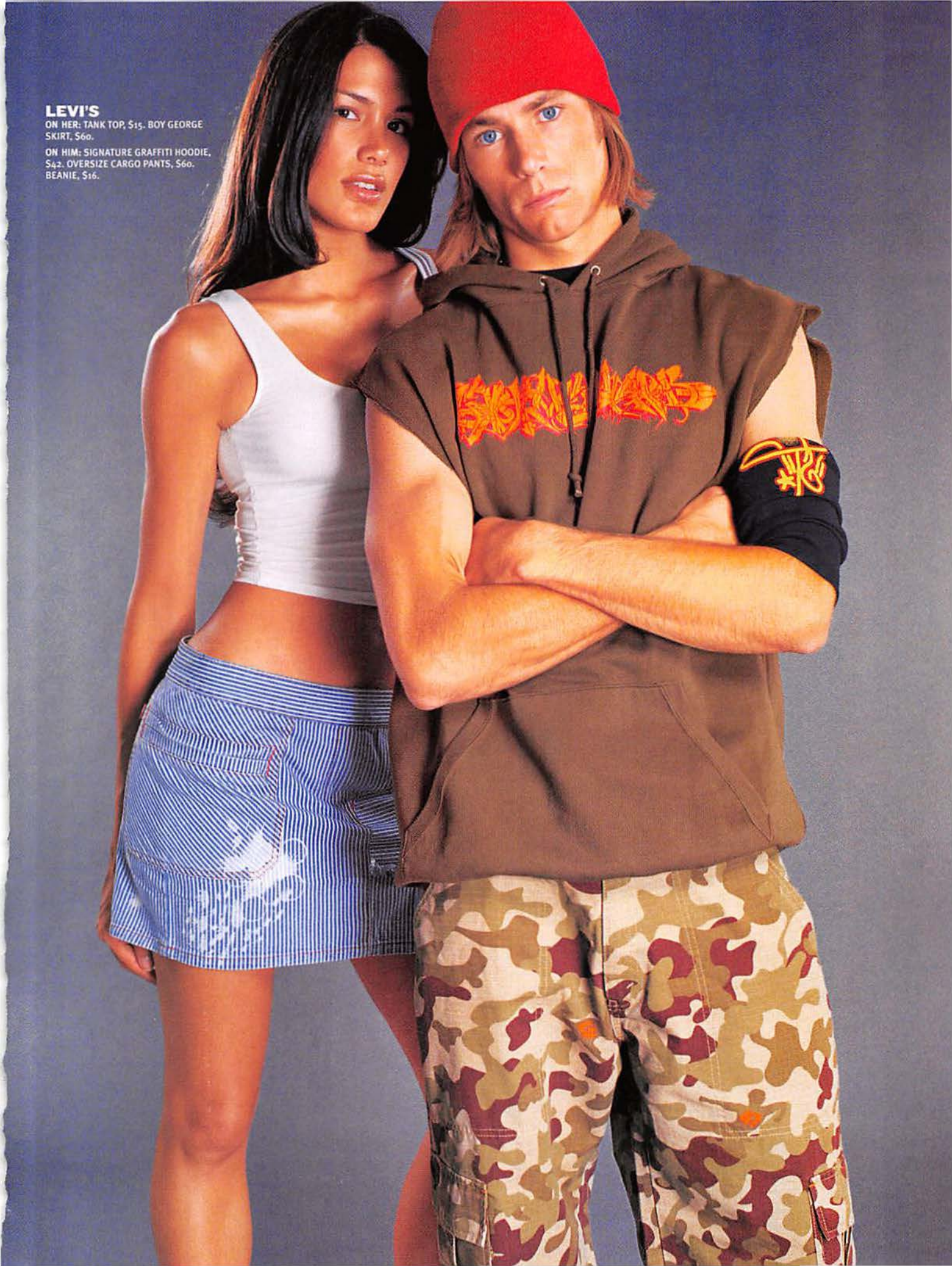
POLO JEANS

AT LEFT: VELVET BLAZER, $159. SHIRT WITH PLEATING, $60. DARK STONEWASHED BUCKLE-BACK JEANS, $98. SNEAKERS, $60.

AT RIGHT: WOOL TOPCOAT, $295. VEST, $80. LONG-SLEEVED WAFFLE-CREW T-SHIRT, $50. BLACK RAW BUCKLE-BACK JEANS, $90. SNEAKERS, $60. WATCH, $145, BY PHILIPPE STARCK WITH FOSSIL.

Grooming: Rebecca Alexander for Tiffany Whitford

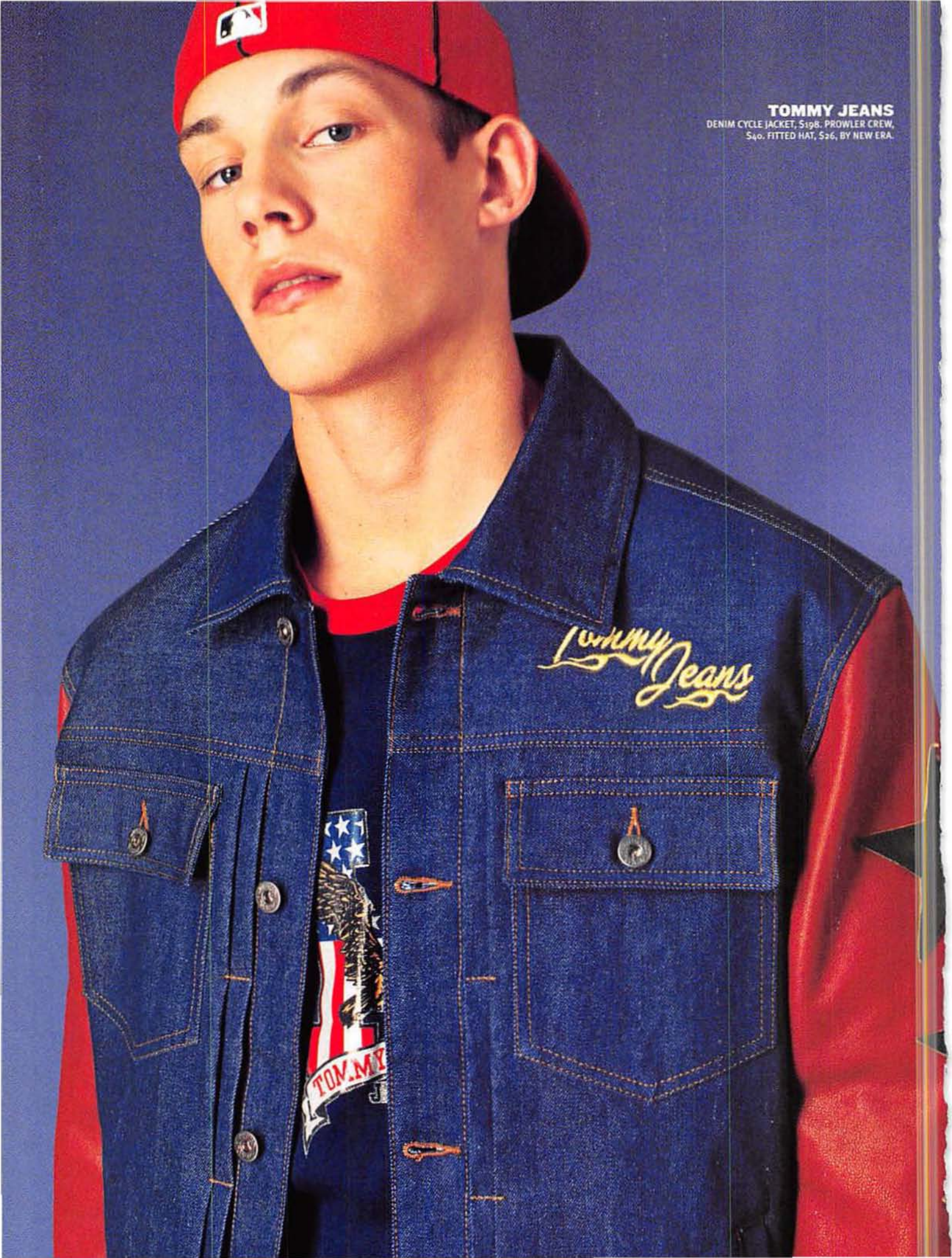
SEAN JOHN
OATMEAL WOOL TOPCOAT, CHOCOLATE BELTED TRENCH AND CREAM SHADOW STRIPED SHIRT, ALL SPECIAL ORDER ONLY.



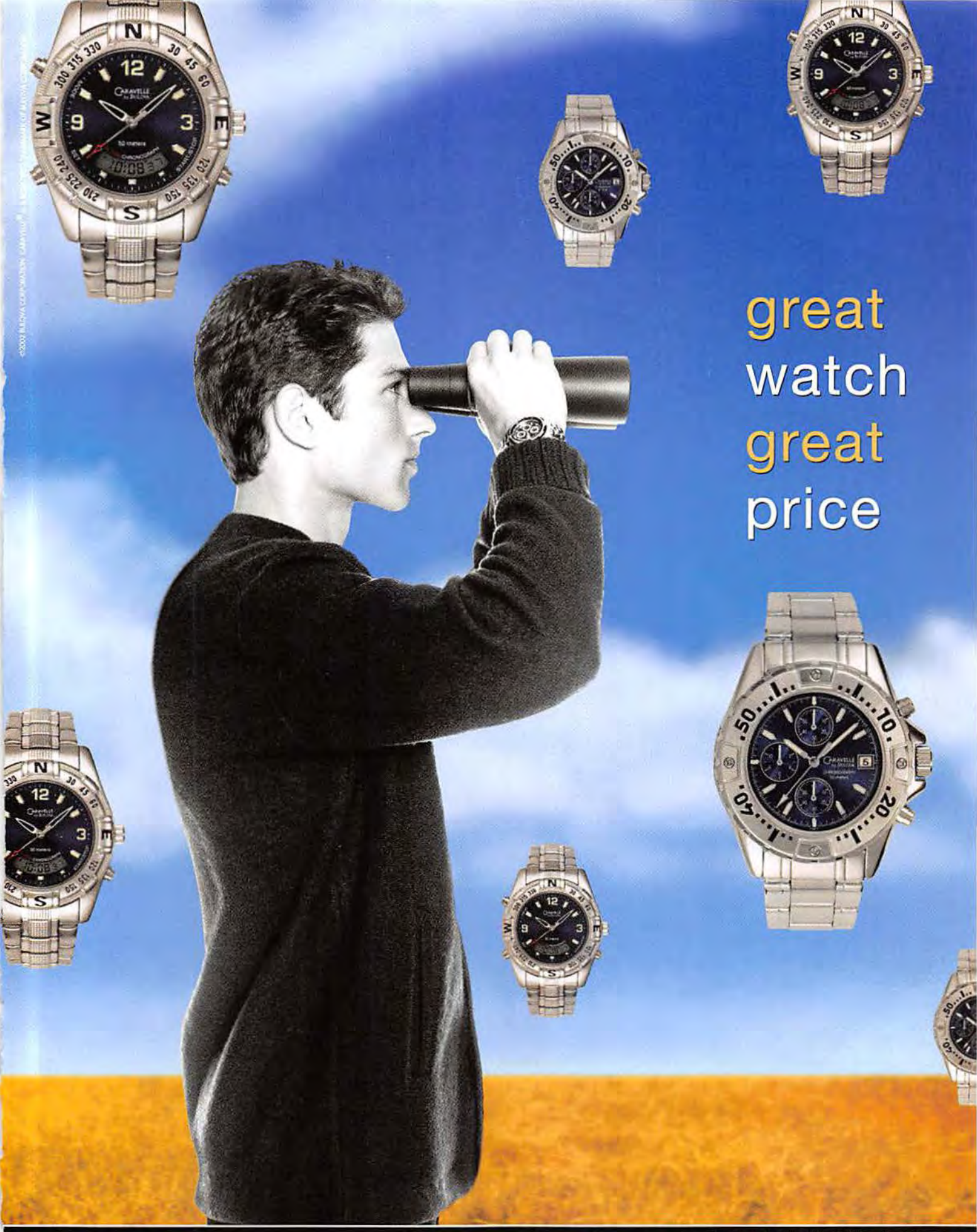
LEVI'S

ON HER: TANK TOP, $15. BOY GEORGE SKIRT, $60.

ON HIM: SIGNATURE GRAFFITI HOODIE, $42. OVERSIZE CARGO PANTS, $60. BEANIE, $16.



TOMMY JEANS
DENIM CYCLE JACKET, $198. PROWLER CREW, $40. FITTED HAT, $26, BY NEW ERA.



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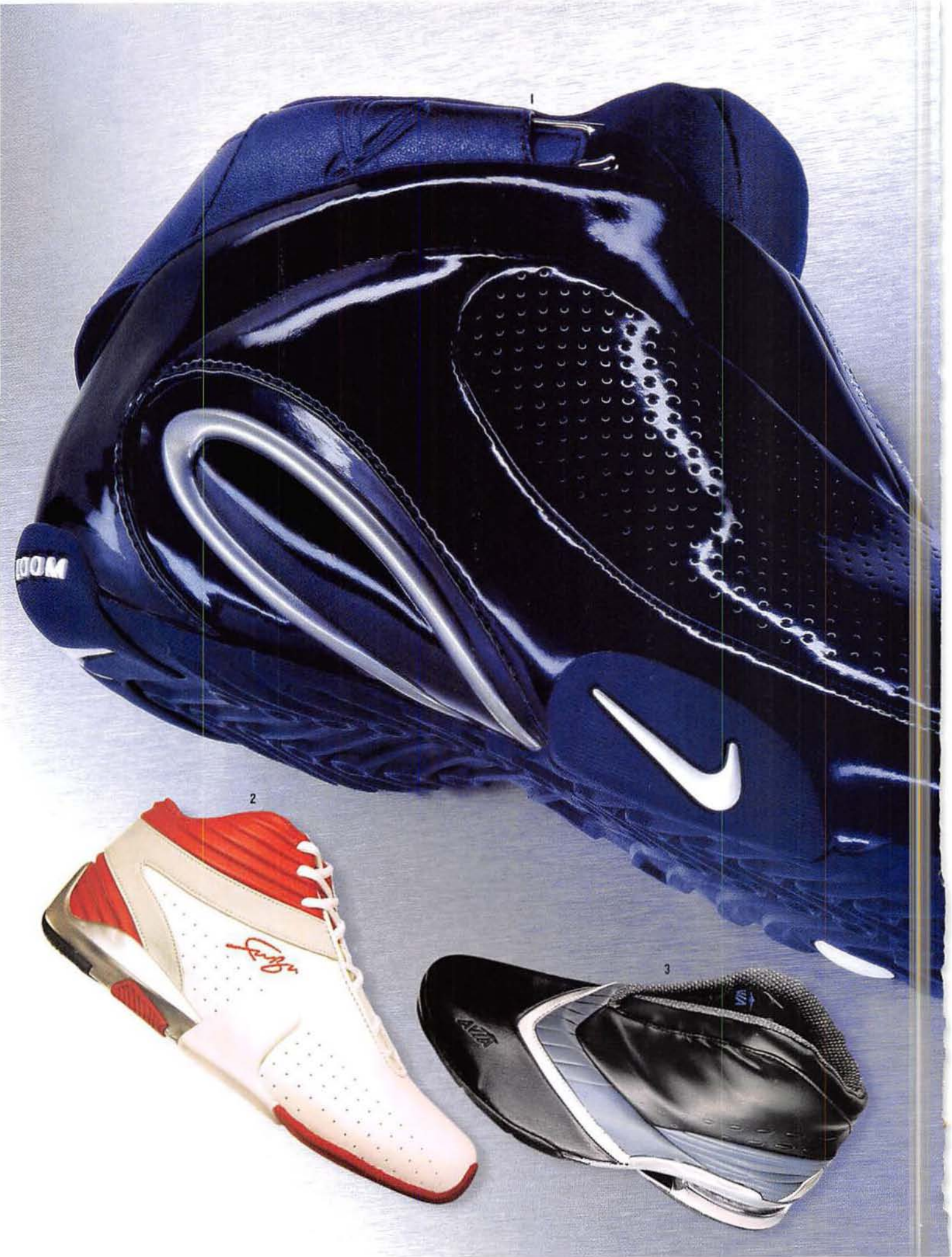

1
2
3

Supreme Court

If "shoe envy" and "assault" are crimes, then color us guilty!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HOGAN STYLING BY RICHARD STEWART

1 ZOOM FLIGHT TURBINE, $125, BY NIKE
2 SKILLS, $80, BY FUBU
3 ABM-1H, $89, BY AVIA
4 MODA PRIMA CLASSE, $110, BY FILA
5 840 SV, $80, BY NEW BALANCE
6 SNAKE BELLY, $85, BY OAKLEY
7 A3, $130, BY ADIDAS
8 ABOVE THE RIM 360, $70, BY REEBOK
9 K6, $125, BY AND 1

They're the Tops!

Bare torso? We've got just the thing!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLAMEN PETKOV STYLING BY RICH STEWART

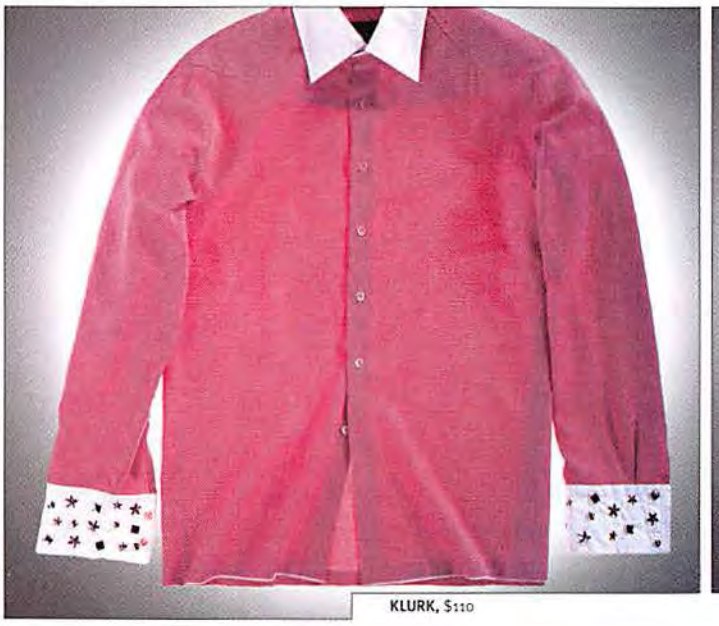
MARITHÉ + FRANÇOIS GIRBAUD, $58

BLOCK 60, $125

KENNETH COLE NEW YORK, $79

TED BAKER, $135

KEANAN DUFFTY, $260



KLURK, $110

TOMMY HILFIGER, $70

Just Plane Cool

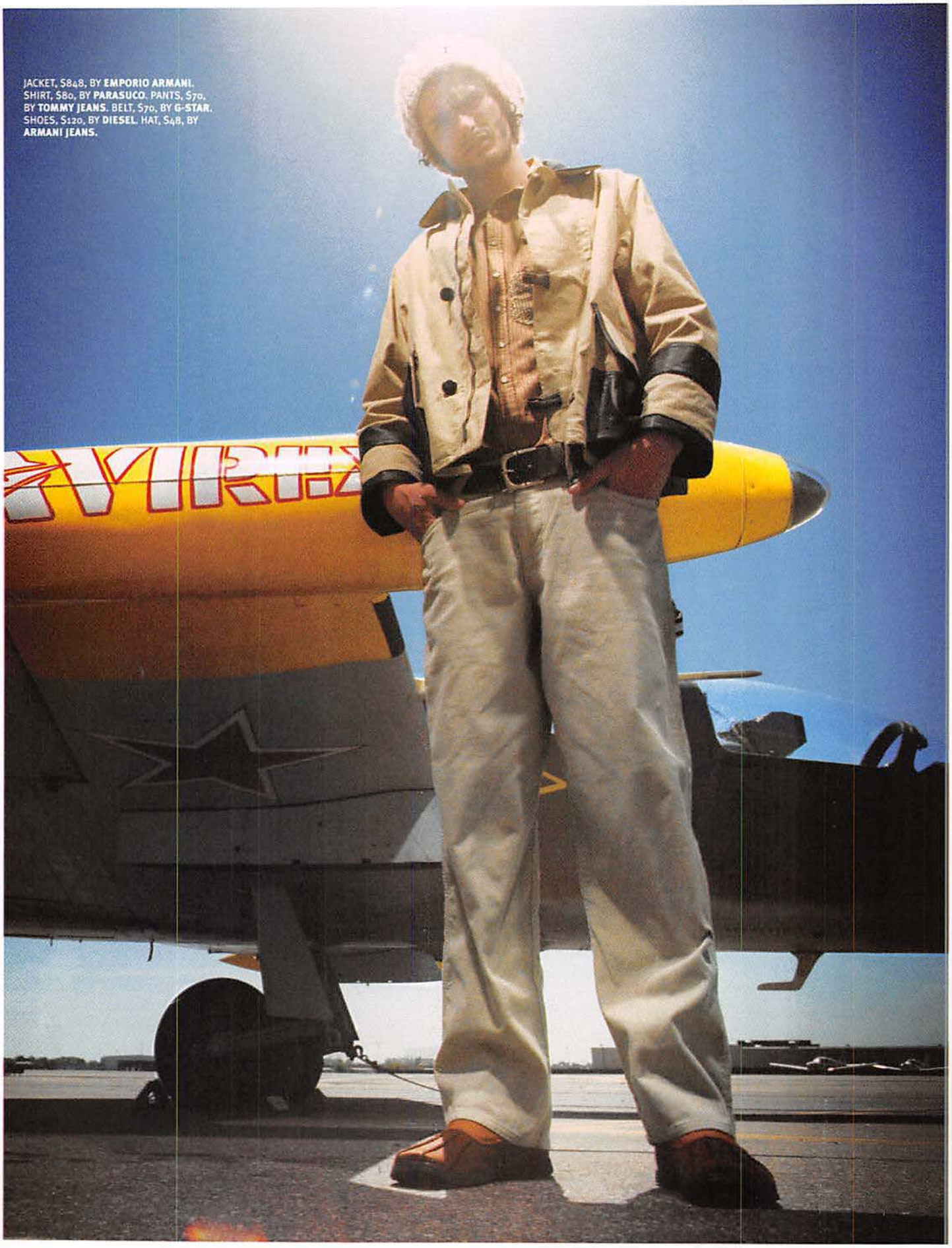
Men's fashion—now with wings!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THYMAN. STYLING BY KELLY RAE
SPECIAL THANKS TO AVIREX USA AND THE AMERICAN AIR POWER MUSEUM AT REPUBLIC AIRPORT, FARMINGDALE, LONG ISLAND

AT LEFT: JACKET, $225, BY **AVIREX**. SWEATSHIRT, $68, BY **ROCAWEAR**. SHIRT, $60, BY **TOMMY HILFIGER**. JEANS, $90, BY **POLO JEANS CO. RALPH LAUREN**. BOOTS, $145, BY **TIMBERLAND**. HAT, $30, BY **G-STAR**.

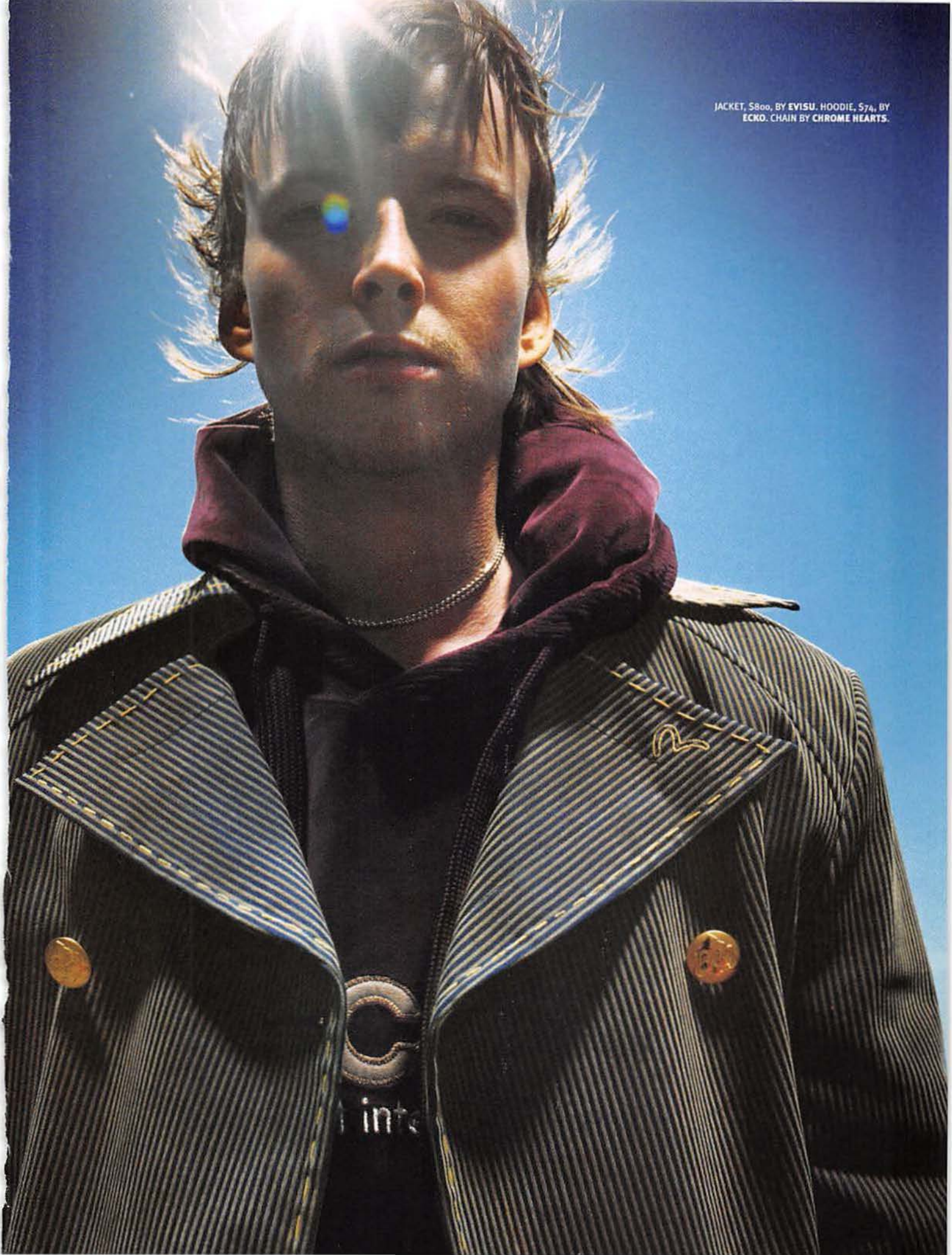
AT CENTER: JACKET, $180, BY **ECKO**. SWEATER, $155, BY **NICOLE FARHI**. PANTS, $225, BY **KENNETH COLE**. BOOTS, $164, BY **DIESEL**. HAT, $35, BY **AIX ARMANI EXCHANGE**.

AT RIGHT: JACKET, $390, BY **D&G**. VEST, $75, BY **PARASUCO**. SWEATER, $275, BY **DIESELSTYLELAB**. PANTS, $46, BY **UNION BAY**. SHOES, $330, BY **DOLCE & GABBANA**.

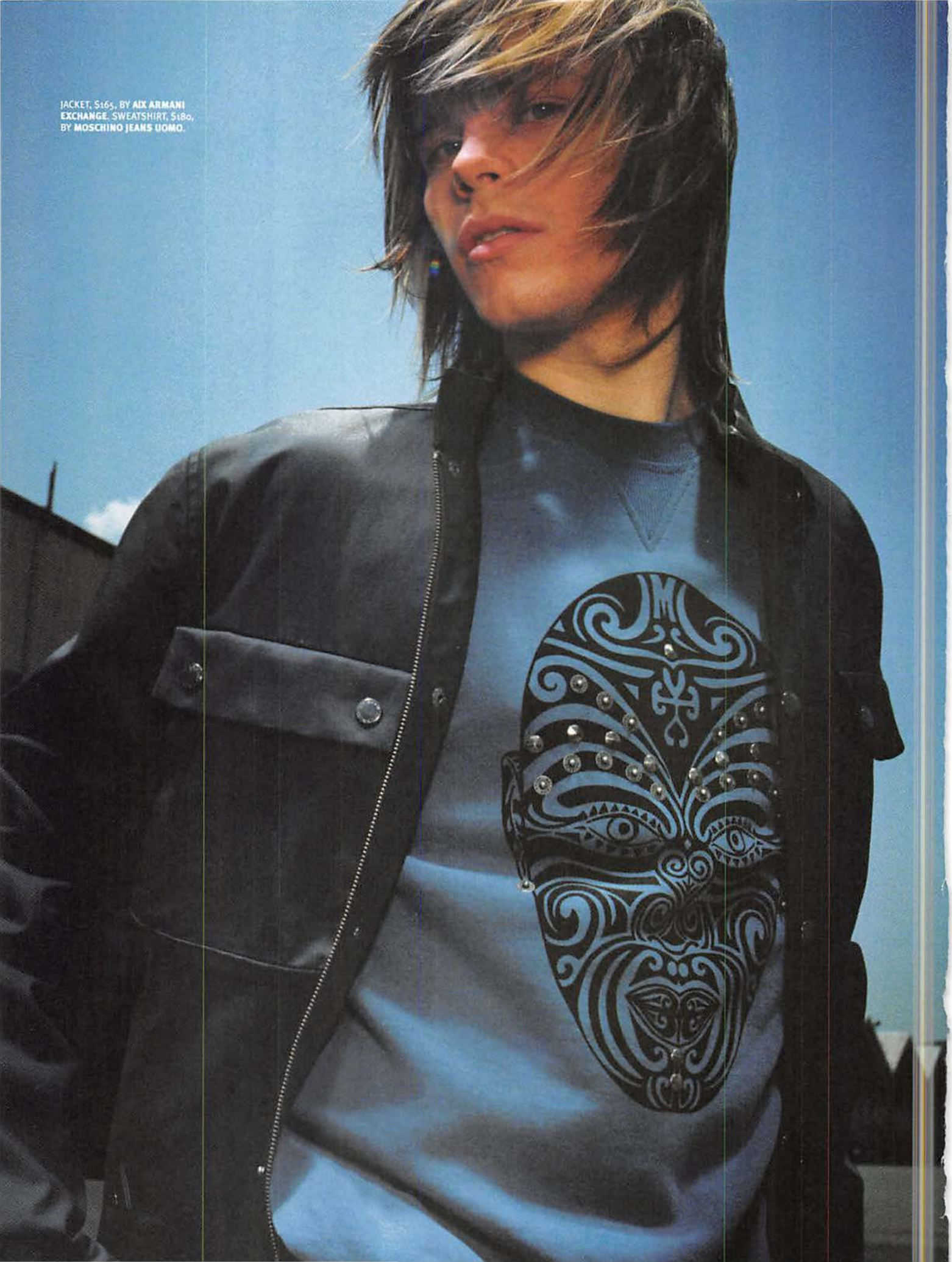


JACKET, $848, BY **EMPORIO ARMANI**. SHIRT, $80, BY **PARASUCO**. PANTS, $70, BY **TOMMY JEANS**. BELT, $70, BY **G-STAR**. SHOES, $120, BY **DIESEL**. HAT, $48, BY **ARMANI JEANS**.

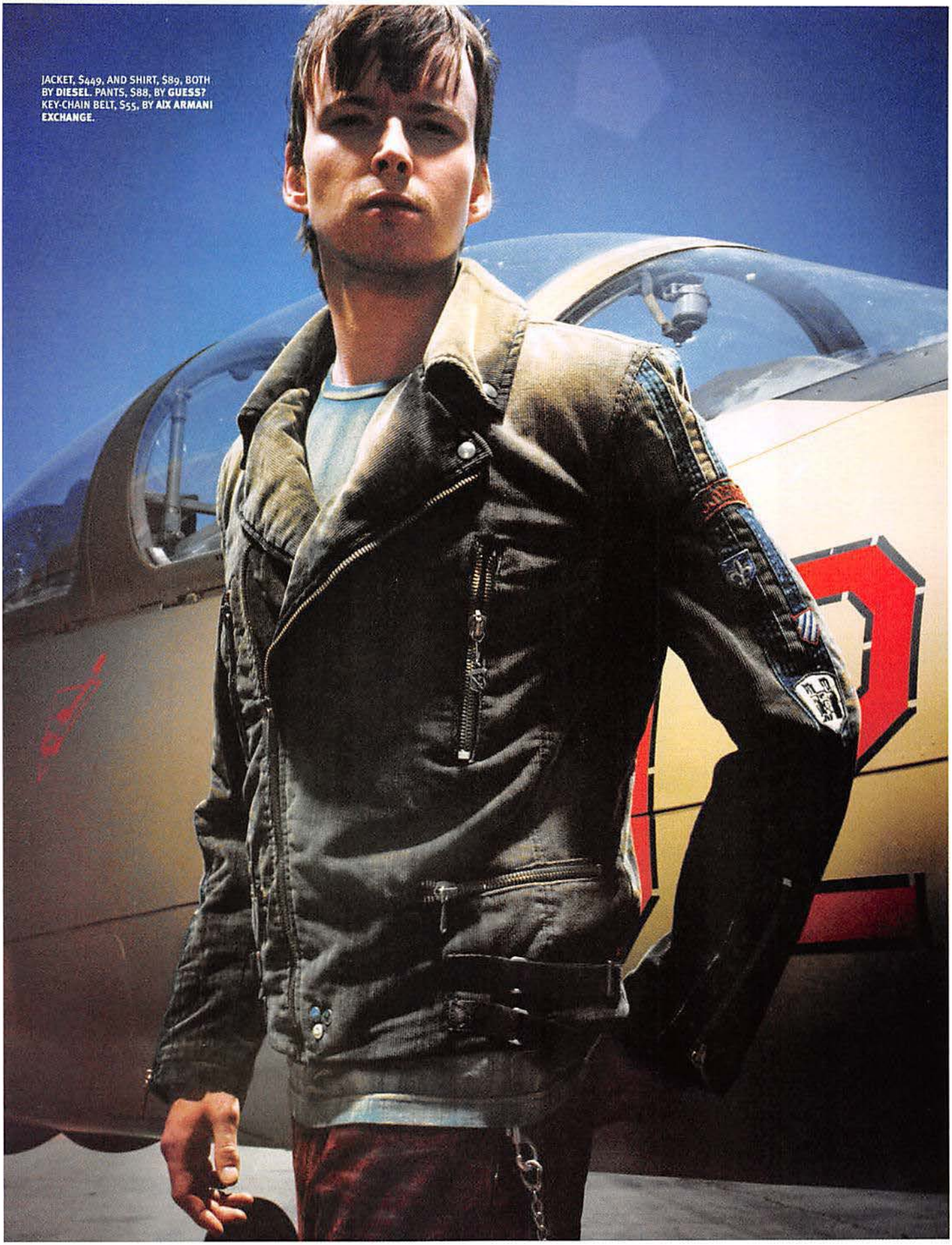
Grooming: Justin Cruz for Oliver Pro using John Sahag products.



JACKET, $800, BY **EVISU**. HOODIE, $74, BY **ECKO**. CHAIN BY **CHROME HEARTS**.



JACKET, $165, BY **AIX ARMANI EXCHANGE**. SWEATSHIRT, $180, BY **MOSCHINO JEANS UOMO**.



JACKET, $449, AND SHIRT, $89, BOTH BY **DIESEL**. PANTS, $88, BY **GUESS?** KEY-CHAIN BELT, $55, BY **AIX ARMANI EXCHANGE**.

COMING THIS FALL TO

Cool, crisp looks to suit any style—as long as you're into corduroy, velvet or rugged outdoorsy stuff!

Casual

Nothing says "texture" like corduroy. Nothing.

SEAN JOHN, RUNWAY EXCLUSIVE

D&G, $275

FRED PERRY, $66

J. LINDEBERG, $550

JPG BY GAULTIER, $305

PERRY ELLIS, $79

G-STAR, $89

LEVI'S, $99

ADIDAS, $100

Photographs: Mark Platt.

A STORE NEAR YOU...

Evening

What animal does velvet come from? We don't know. But we bet it's soft.

DIOR HOMME BY HEIDI SLIMANE, $260

SEAN JOHN, SPECIAL ORDER ONLY

TAG HEUER, $8,500

TOMMY HILFIGER, RUNWAY EXCLUSIVE

GUESS, $118

ENYCE, $164

ROCKPORT, $140

Outdoor

Be a deer slayer. Or just look like one.

VOYAGE PASSION, $450

D&G, $150

THE YEAR OF..., $200

NAUTICA JEANS CO., $70

WRANGLER, $25

D&G, RUNWAY EXCLUSIVE

BOSS HUGO BOSS, $1,295 (VEST)
POLO JEANS CO., $70 (SHIRT)

ARMANI JEANS, $250

TIMBERLAND, $120

TOM WYNESS
MIKE LYONS

go someplace better.
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Corona Light
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In a national survey 68% of women said they're unhappy with their lover's penis size. Now you can enhance your erection size with Colossal Capsules, the maximum strength doctor recommended choice for safe, natural, non-surgical erectile enhancement. Improve erectile stamina and enhance performance. *Guaranteed.* Give her all she can handle - with a thicker, rock-hard erection that will intensify orgasms for both of you.

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SEX SPY

SECRETS REVEALED! FLESH EXPO

JELENA ON THE STREET...

...AND AFTER THE STUFF TREATMENT

THE WOMEN OF 39TH & SIXTH

Take a look at the hottest woman to walk by our office this month. Wait, don't go—she's right here!

Name: **JELENA** Age: **25**

Profession: Personal trainer
War, what is it good for? A native of Serbia, Jelena moved to the U.S. almost five years ago because of the "bad situation" over there. So, well, *that's* what it's good for.
What's underneath her clothing? "Thongs." Mmm...more than one?
She had a good lawyer: "My brother and I got along growing up, but I killed him in soccer."
And threw it in their faces! "I worked in a coffee shop and got a lot of cranky old-lady customers. They made me bring everything back until it was just right. But I got back at them—when they asked for decaf, I brought them regular!"
Funny, we just run them over: "I hate drivers here. Old people, my God, they drive me nuts! They're so slow. I don't drive fast, but, well, sometimes...I step on the gas."
—*Stefanie Sandello*

For more exclusive pictures of Jelena, log on to www.stuffmagazine.com.

Photography: (Before) Matt Wilson; (After) Stephen Spagnuolo; Styling: Denise Greco @ Ad Finesse; Hair: Justin Cruz @ Oliver Pico; Makeup: Deborah @ aRTmiX

The Powder Room

DON'T DO THAT— DO THIS...!

Look at yourself in the mirror and say, "Would I have sex with that guy?" If the answer's yes, you're gay! If it's no, then read this.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN SPAGNUOLA

THE LOVELY DAWN

Do you know what your problem is? Eww! No! Not that one! See your urologist about that. Here's the problem I'm talking about: You're missing out on sex on a daily—possibly hourly—basis. I can't tell you how many times I've been with a man who's *so close*...until he does that one *tiny* little thing to make me remember my morals. (They're usually on my top shelf, but I always forget.) So I gathered four women to tell you how to prevent those kinds of failures. Caution: This information will cause every woman in your presence to become a viable sex option. So please tell your mom to leave the room now.

DAWN: What is the one thing a guy can do that will always work?

ERICA: When he's being funny and just himself. On my first date with my boyfriend, he was dancing like a fool—he was doing the Carlton, you know, from *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*? We were laughing all night, and he invited me to his apartment. Then it just happened.

ALLY: When he's sweet. I met this guy at a club, and on my way home he called me on my cell phone to see if I was OK because it was raining. I'm going out with him this week.

PAULETTE: I like a man who's very forward. At a party, one guy came up to me and said, "Let's go." He meant to go dance, but the confidence with which he said that was incredible.

ALLY: Go out with a girl who's decked out. Other girls will think, *She's with him for a reason. Maybe he's got a big one or whatever. Something's going on there, and I want to know what that is.*

DAWN: Will those same things work with a one-night stand?

PAULETTE: With a one-night stand, it's gotta be the total package—good-looking, dressed well, treats you like a princess. This one guy I hooked up with was *so* sexual. We were making out on the dance floor and he was whispering in my ear, putting his mouth on my neck. Then he put his hands down the back of my pants and said, "I want you." Coming from someone else it would've been ridiculous, but from him it worked. We went back to my place and practically fell through the door.

DAWN: I hate bad craftsmanship. Are girls on the rebound good for a potential one-night stand?

HAILEY: My last boyfriend should've been a rebound that lasted a week; instead it lasted for *three years*. I wasn't attracted to him in the beginning, which is why he pursued me so much. He caught me on a good

Styling: Denise Grieco for Ad Enem. Hair: Justin Cruz for Oliver Pro. Makeup: Deborah Ahize for affmiX the agency. Photography: (Dawn in black and white) Rod Spicer

"Sometimes I'll start fights with my boyfriends just so I can have crazy sex with them."

day when I was brawling with my ex, and I agreed to go out with him. I slept with him too soon, though, because he changed a few months later. I learned my lesson.

PAULETTE: A rebound guy is usually the complete opposite of what you've come from. After I broke up with my ex, I hooked up with, like, six people in three weeks. I wasn't out on the prowl looking—well, maybe I was. But they were older and more mature than my ex, who was younger than me and a bit of a sloppy dresser.

DAWN: Guys always love a woman on the rebound. How can they spot one?

PAULETTE: If I'm on the rebound, I find myself saying clever remarks that are quite naughty. Like this guy asked me to a formal dinner and said, "I'd very much like to see you in a dress." Then I said something stupid like, "I bet you'd like to see me out of it, too." He handled it well and was cute about it: His jaw dropped, but then he was like, "Yeah, that, too. *Definitely*."

ALLY: I was walking down the street recently and saw a cute cop. I had just broken up with my ex, and I said to this cop, "You're cute. What's your sign?" He said Scorpio, and that was it.

HAILEY: When a guy comes up to me, I'll say, "I just broke up with my boyfriend." And they're like, "Six shots over here, please!"

DAWN: What about after a fight—can a guy prevent a breakup if he just grabs you in the middle of an argument, kisses you and hopes you don't bite?

ERICA: No. It never works like the movies. I think it depends on who initiated the fight. We had a fight once because this girl was rubbing on my boyfriend at the bar I work at. I was like, *Are you kidding me?* I took the gun that you fill sodas with and squirted her. I was upset with how he handled the situation, and I wouldn't talk to him that night. But the next morning he gave me a rose, and then he kissed my ear and said, "There's no one else I'd rather be with; I'm not interested in her." The sex was incredible. He was talking sweet into my ear—but not the whole time, because I don't dig that either.

HAILEY: I might be into it if he kissed me in the middle of a fight—but only if [my boyfriend] didn't get me to the point where I absolutely hated him. I usually won't talk to him for about a week, and then I'll hook up with him because I'll forget just how bad the argument was. The best kind of makeup sex is when you don't think you're getting back together, but then you do.

PAULETTE: An ex and I always challenged each other during conversations about politics or whatever. We wouldn't be arguing exactly, but we'd each try to get the upper hand. Then suddenly he'd grab me and pull me down, and I'd go with it or flip him over. Once he fell off the bed and I went diving into the ground with my head. We termed it "fight fucking."

ALLY: For me, it's always in the middle of a fight. All he has to say is, "I'm hard," and I'm ready to go. But I'm a sexual maniac. Sometimes I'll start fights with my boyfriends just so I can have crazy sex with them. I love makeup sex—it's so much more passionate. ▷▷▷

THE BATHROOM TAPES

Learn about life, love and toe-sucking from our secret recordings taken in a women's rest room.

TAPE 1: SECRET STASH

GIRL 1 Your breasts look huge! What the hell are you wearing under there?
GIRL 2 This bra is amazing.
GIRL 1 Is it a water bra?
GIRL 2 No—look. [*Pulls down shirt*] It's a regular padded bra. It just really pushes me up. And I have these padded inserts in there, too.
GIRL 1 Can I feel one? [*Feels it through the bra*] Isn't that false advertising?
GIRL 2 Yeah. So?
GIRL 1 Whaddaya do if a guy grabs you and it falls out?
GIRL 2 I always go to the bathroom right before we're about to fool around and stick them in the cabinet.
GIRL 1 I hope you never get too drunk and forget.
GIRL 2 Yeah, me, too.

TAPE 2: BIG PIMPIN'

GIRL 1 I'm lovin' the guy in the white pimp hat.
GIRL 2 He is *so* hot. And his friends are cute, too.
GIRL 1 Yeah, now all we gotta do is get rid of Tom* and Dan—they are totally in the way.
GIRL 2 I know.
GIRL 1 Tom is usually such a horndog—I don't get it. I tried to get him to do shots with that Swiss Miss chick, but he just won't go.
GIRL 2 The girl in the braids? She's totally his type.
GIRL 1 She's everyone's type. Hell, I'd do her!

TAPE 3: TOE JOB

GIRL 1 I really wanted to get my toes done today. Do they look really bad with these shoes? ▷▷▷

DAWN: Yes! All that mascara and eyeliner! Mmm. What about at the office? What works at work?
PAULETTE: This one guy and I worked practically alone in an office, and we had a flirtation going on for a year. But we never addressed it until I said I was leaving my job, and then it was a mad dash for the finish, for each other. But that was wrong—naughty, *naughty*. We were both with other people at the time.
ALLY: At my old job, a friend told me, "He's really interested in you. He saw you in the hallway." We fooled around, but he ended up getting another coworker pregnant. I had no idea he was even seeing someone else.

DAWN: Hallways, they're like that. A lot of guys at work just want to be friends. How can you sexualize a platonic friendship?
ERICA: I had just broken up with a boyfriend who had cheated on me, and my friend took me out to dinner to get my mind off of things. Afterward, we were in his pool and were play-fighting in the water, throwing each other around, whatever—and I don't know what happened, but we *did it*. It was a onetime deal, and we've never talked about it.
PAULETTE: The second guy I ever slept with, we stayed friends and became sex partners. We established ground rules first and talked about other people we were interested in and were dating. But we started getting tender with each other again, and knowing that we weren't committed to each other, we had to stop.

DAWN: Describe your most inappropriate sex moment.
ALLY: I went to New York with this guy, and when we got off the plane we had sex in his car at Newark Airport. I wasn't wearing any underwear during the plane ride because I had planned it. But right afterward, we had to meet his mom. So I'm sitting there, with no underwear, after sex and a few drinks, talking to his mom.
PAULETTE: Sex in a cemetery—between the graves. It was so spooky.
ERICA: I had been casually seeing this guy, and I ran into him in Cancún. I didn't know he was going to be there. We had already kissed, but we'd never done anything else. We were wasted and in the pool with all our friends, and we floated away and had sex. No one could tell, though.

DAWN: Have pity on the pool boy! Is any situation off-limits for sex?
HAILEY: I would *never* hook up with a girlfriend's boyfriend or ex. No way.
PAULETTE: I wouldn't have sex in the bathroom of a club with a complete stranger. But then again, I *have* made out with girls in the bathroom before. But that's a little more forward than with a guy.

"I had sex in a cemetery—between the graves. It was so spooky."

DAWN: Oh, sure—of course. How can a guy get you in a more forward type of situation?
HAILEY: If you *really* kiss me, it gives me butterflies in my stomach and I'll go there.
ALLY: When I'm washing the dishes, come up behind me, pull my hair back, pull my strap down and start kissing my neck. It's so sensual. My neck *kills* me, so if you kiss it, that's it. But on second thought, *everything* kills me.
PAULETTE: I'd be awake, for starters. When you're asleep, incessant poking is annoying. And a little kissing first before you put your hands between my legs, thank you very much.

DAWN: You're welcome!

THE BATHROOM TAPES CONTINUED

GIRL 2 I don't think Rob'll be suckin' on them tonight.
GIRL 1 He did that once.
GIRL 2 He sucked your toes? Yuck! I was just kidding.
GIRL 1 It was awesome. I sucked his, too. But only one time. He gets athlete's foot a lot.
GIRL 2 That's nasty.
GIRL 1 I know. Try sleeping with someone who has yellow fungus on his feet.

TAPE 4: T&A FOR TEXAS
GIRL 1 The guy with the glasses is so hot.
GIRL 2 I know. He doesn't want me to leave. I don't know what to do.
GIRL 1 Hang out with him!
GIRL 2 What about Steve? He told me he loved me today.
GIRL 1 You're on vacation. This guy lives in Texas. You'll probably never see him again. And Steve's been a real jerk.
GIRL 2 You're right. He's too hot to pass up.
GIRL 1 Take one for the team!

TAPE 5: WESTWARD HO!
GIRL 1 I can't believe you're hanging out with Paul again.
GIRL 2 We're taking things really slow, so we'll see what happens.
GIRL 3 Go for Andy. He's nice.
GIRL 2 Boring. I love being with Paul. He's hot and not wimpy. Yesterday, Andy cut his hand playing basketball and couldn't meet us out. The cut looked like a mosquito bite. Gimme a break.
GIRL 1 I need a man's man.
GIRL 2 I know. If things don't work out with Paul, I'm going to go to Montana and get me a cowboy.
GIRL 3 Roadtrip! —*Dawn Bruno*

**All names and identifying details have been changed.*

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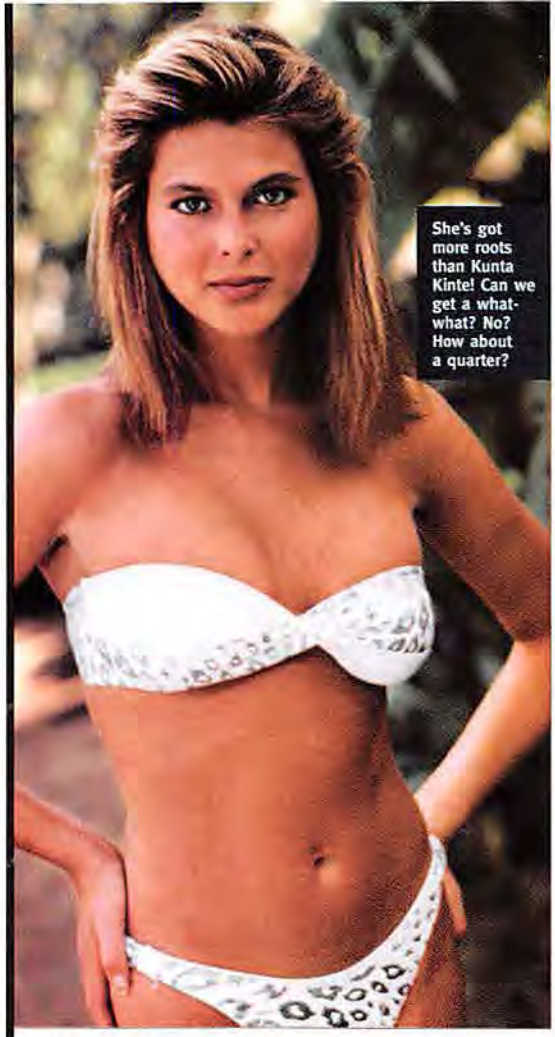

She's got more roots than Kunta Kinte! Can we get a what-what? No? How about a quarter?

Babes of Yore

CATHERINE OXENBERG

She was European royalty first, a model second and an actress... eh, maybe eighth or ninth?

1961 On September 22, New York City awakens to the arrival of Catherine Oxenberg, daughter of Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, descendant of Catherine the Great, and neighbor of several Burger Kings.

1974 Richard Burton becomes Catherine's acting coach. You can tell he's a coach by his felt cap and little whistle.

1979–82 Ox pursues a lucrative modeling career, with her pouty puss appearing on the cover of *Interview* and other magazines. Fun fact: Andy Warhol published *Interview*. Funner fact: He's dead now.

CATH FACT
Ox costarred in *Rubdown* with *Growing Pains*' Alan Thicke. Meanwhile, Kirk Cameron pursed his lips, frowned and continued with his Bible studies.

SEXSPY

"I've grown about four or five inches in my chest."

1984–86 Catherine stars as Amanda Bedford Carrington on ABC's *Dynasty*. An overnight sensation, she enjoys love letters from celebrated shut-in J.D. Salinger, who writes, "I'm J.D. Salinger, and I wrote *The Catcher in the Rye*...." He's still single, ladies!

1988 Stars in director Ken Russell's *The Lair of the White Worm*. While she shows critics very little, she shows viewers quite a lot by way of a naughty S&M scene. Well, naughty for 1988, at any rate. Back then, even fisting was considered risqué.

1990–93 Appears in such telltale titles as *Overexposed* and *Rubdown*. Somehow, during her half-clad run, Cathy births her first child, India. "Thank you, India," sings Alanis Morrisette several years later. Relax, little one. She wasn't talking to you.

1998 Catherine marries cocaine-addled producer Robert Evans. The couple annul their vows two weeks later. Minus Ox, Evans no doubt resumes lying around in his bathrobe while inhaling Himalayan amounts of blow. He's just like us! (We looove lying around in our bathrobe.)

1999 Catherine ties the knot with Casper "the friendly hunk" Van Dien. That same year, the two star in *The Omega Code*. "More like *The Omega Load*," quipped our snarky movie reviewer. You can do better, Snarky.

2001 The two spawn a baby girl named Maya. During her pregnancy, Catherine tells *Fit Pregnancy Style* magazine, "I've grown about four or five inches in my chest. Casper looks at my boobs and says, 'I've married a *Playboy* bunny!'" Did he? (We forgot what we just wrote.)

2001 The *National Enquirer* reports that, after a three-month separation, Van and Ox decide to give it another go as long as Casper agrees to get therapy in order to deal with his womanizing issues. Sadly for Cathy, therapy can't help with her seven-years-older-than-her-husband issues. —*Steven Chean*

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ALL LETTERS ON FILE

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"Just how I like 'em," cooed the photographer, whose cucumber sandwiches had just arrived. No crusts!

Applicant No. 19 Lisa Arroyo

WOMEN'S STUDIES

This month's applicant gets what she wants. And does she want our $4,999 scholarship prize? Eh, we didn't ask.

STUFF: You're a political-science major. If you were going to a political pajama party, who would you want as a sleepover pal?
LISA: Bill Clinton. He's not bad-looking—for a president. I'm not into messing around with men who are taken, but if he didn't have anyone, it'd be different.

A guy once gave you a $100 bill with his number on it. What did he get for his money?
I was in court fighting a traffic ticket when I met this guy. He wanted my number, but I didn't have a piece of paper. He pulled out a roll of money and started writing on a $100 bill. I called him because I thought it was a nice gesture.

Birthday
July 31, 1977
School
UCLA
Major
Political science
Future goals
Sports broadcasting, law

First-date sex: Yea, nay or you'd rather not say?
Not on a first date. You won't get much respect that way.

What about when things sexual finally do commence: Do you like it slow and easy or quick and breezy?
A combination of both. Sometimes I'm in the mood for a quickie, and sometimes I'm in the mood for *love*making.

Care to share a wildly scandalous episode?
I did it once in the stairwell of a parking garage. The elevator was taking too long, so we were like, "Let's just take the stairs." And there was no one else around—so we just decided to take care of business. A guy has got to be willing to do it anytime, anywhere, if that's what I want.

So if it's anytime and you're anywhere and you're alone, are you down for a onesome?
I've never heard of a onesome. I've always had a boyfriend, so it would have to be at a point where I don't have a boyfriend and I really need it bad.

You don't have to tell us, sister! – *Matt Schneiderman*

Attention, coed cuties: Send your pics and vitals to *Stuff*, Women's Studies Scholarship, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. For rules, see the Where to Buy page. For more pics of Lisa, plus a gallery of past applicants, go to StuffMagazine.com.

Man, if her hands could talk...it might indicate that she's a deaf person.

WHERE TO BUY

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Daisy Fuentes p.122–126
Silver-rhinestone bikini by La Perla. Shirt by Ralph Lauren. Red-rhinestone bikini by La Perla. Sharagand red sheer shirt at Bloomingdale's. Green and turquoise bikini by Eres. Multicolor jacket by Missoni.

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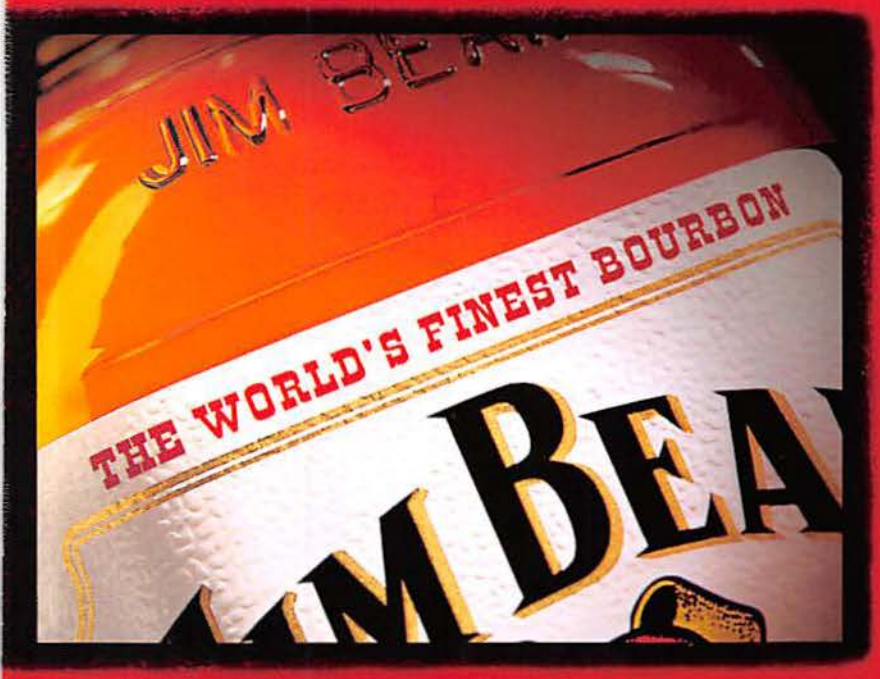

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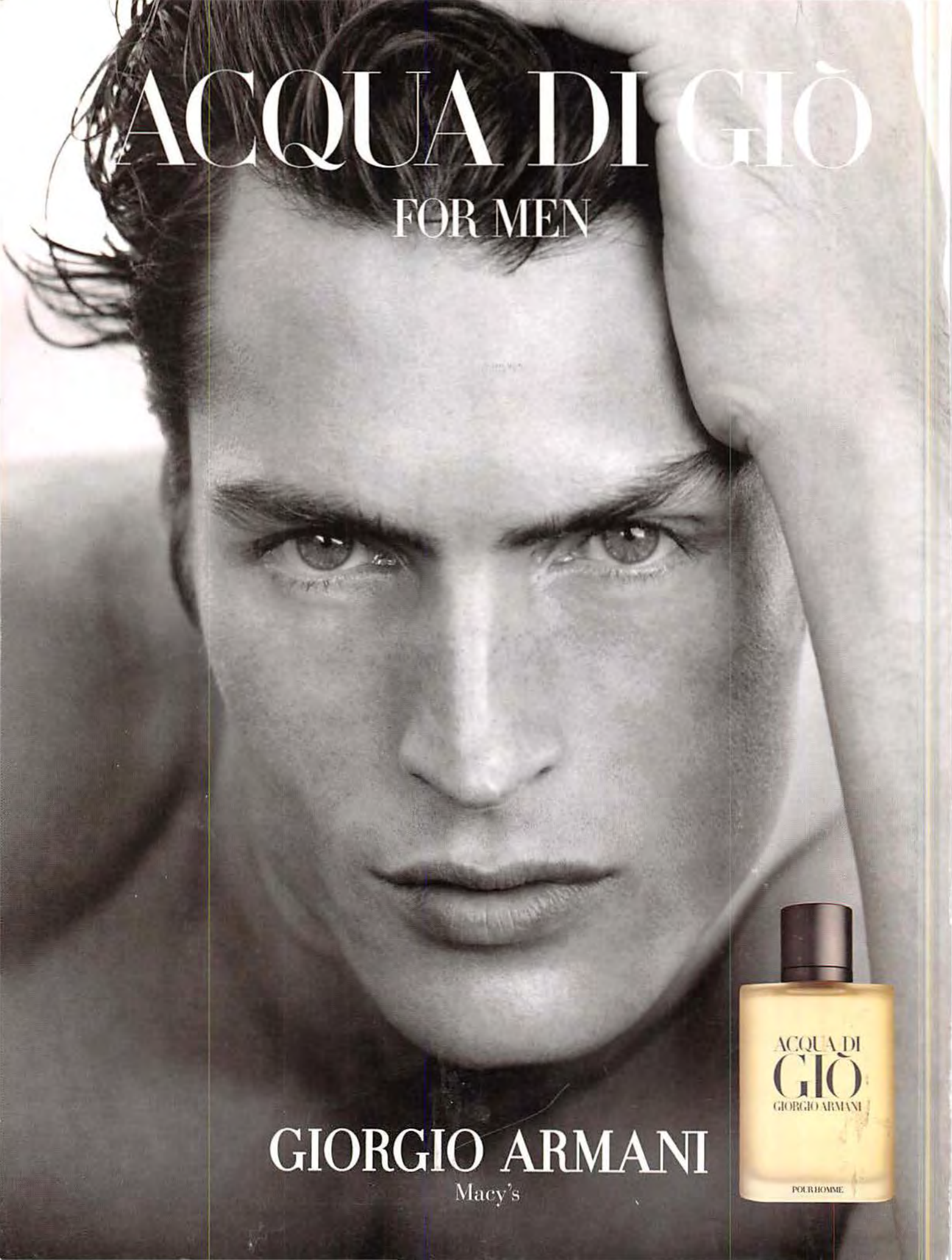
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